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APRIL-1912

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Vol. XV

No. 1

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A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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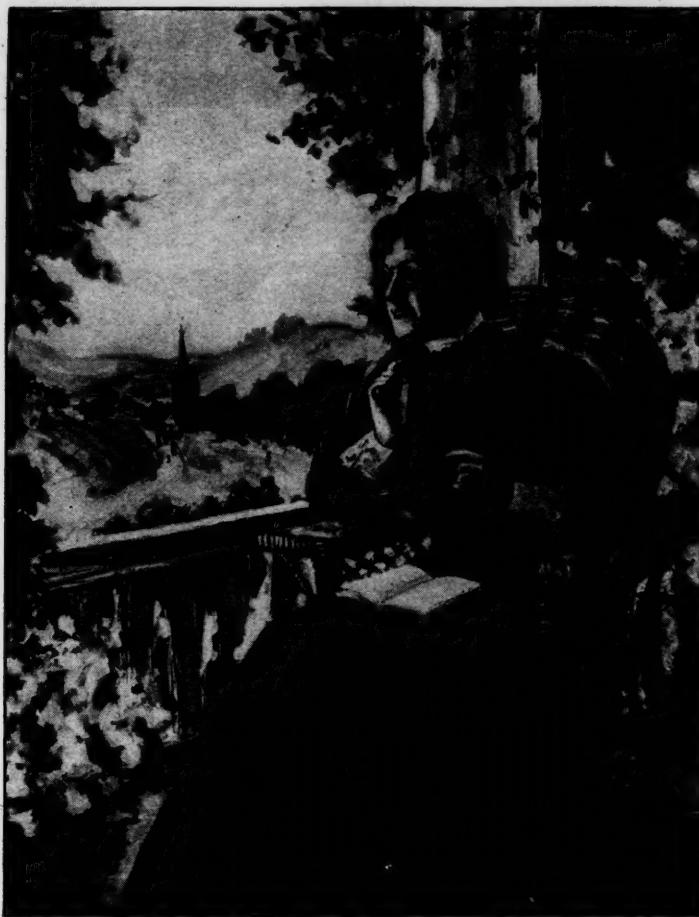
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For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head-noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of this magazine who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 195 C, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to anyone whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 15

APRIL, 1912

NUMBER 1

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METROPOLITAN AND BOSTON
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In "Ben Hur"

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In "A Butterfly on the Wheel"

Photo by Moffett, Chicago



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In "White Magic"

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MISS ANNA LAUGHLIN
In "A Lovely Liar"

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In "Betsy"

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MISS GEORGIA O'RAMEY

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THE SPIRIT of the LAW

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

Author of "The Point of View,"
"The Tug of War," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

CHAPTER I.

FAIRHAVEN is an anomaly, a new town in an old State. Northerners, Westerners, soldiers of fortune, the disappointed, the hopeful, pilgrims, and wanderers, gathered together during the last fifty years, and settled suddenly, as a flock of blackbirds might, by the James River, making a strange colony among those known to history, despised among its neighbors.

The pine forests outlying begin to show the encroaching spirit. Here and there one comes upon clearings, a tiny house—one room or two or three with a big chimney—a pigpen and a cow, a well or cistern, a small garden wrested from the wilderness by toil.

As the clearing grows, larger fruit trees are planted, and by and by it is a farm. Ugly little sawmills eat their way among the giant trees, the woodman's ax is devastating far and wide; and yet one has a sense of primal things, of virgin soil and deep, cool, quiet places.

The warm Virginia sun makes vegetation flourish, and in April young green floods the land as though spring had been dammed, and irresistible, had burst the gates to overwhelm the world.

The dogwood blossoms interlace, tree touching tree, a white veil waiting bridal while the new-stirring earth heart dreams of harvests not yet sown. The sad Judas tree weeps purple tears, the holly stands, an angry green, clanish, in sullen groups that will not meet the light birches and the parvenu spruce growth; and where the houses are, the languid, pale wistaria falls down like violet rain; and over all the pine trees rise—high—higher—keeping all their green until they break in brave, dark plumes against the sky.

The town is a group of houses scattered along one road that lies from the Old Mansion, back on Chipoaks Creek, straight to the river, and is crossed by two smaller ones. Uneven paths run out in every way, half-broken highways leading through the trees no-whither, crossed, and recrossed, and winding so that only one who knows his way may find direction there. This is its story.

When the war passed, like a tornado, over hearts and homes, the Old Mansion stood untenanted, almost unclaimed; for the heirs, Far West, had little interest; and the place was sold at auction to an adventurous Yankee of small sentiment, who promptly recognized the situation, and parceled out the land—timber, brush, and farm all

overgrown with vegetation of the long-neglected years—into building lots, small farms, all the list of the successful land agent. Thither flocked, as the advertisement went wide alluring, high hearts and dreams of plenty, to find toil and sorrow waiting. Every foot of land is wrested from the sullen fist of nature, and the few fertile farms cry out of weary hearts and hands that won them.

A few, stout-hearted, lived that first struggle through; some from inborn tenacity of purpose and the health that made it possible, and some because they had invested all and simply had no other thing to do; but half-cleared land, deserted, quickly covers with new growth, and wrecked, empty cabins tell pathetic tales to who may read their meaning.

Along the little streets the forest has been conquered. Smooth lawns lie tame under discipline, and the riot of fruit and flower has been brought into coherence in straight-lined orchards and tidy gardens. The sense of order startles one into consciousness of the human touch, which is forgotten in the forest lying north, and west, and south. Eastward the river lies, low-banked, with sandy shore, broad, brown, treacherous, with an undercurrent like the sea, mother of sudden storms.

A chilling rain fell slowly, so mingled with heavy mists that the doctor's umbrella seemed useless, for drops of moisture formed on his shoulders under its ineffectual shelter, and his face was wet. He came from a sick child, sad-hearted in the consciousness of futile skill. The mother's eyes, as she asked what he could not give, flowed into and became an integral part of his discomfort, and the medicine case he carried, epitome of human skill, wrested from disease itself to fight with death, mocked at the trial and sacrifice of learning come to the point where learning had no power. Moist, heavy clay clung to his feet, and when he came to the board walk he paused to scrape his shoes on its edge, shaking himself like a big dog.

Linden Avenue is the main thoroughfare, taking its name from three great trees in the roadway at the point where the street is crossed by a highway running parallel with the river. From the Old Mansion, back on Chipoaks Creek, it lies, and its length to the yellow James is paved irregularly with tar, cinders, or boards, as the property owners elect. In front of the "big store" cement stone gives firm footing for a little way. Doctor Nelson saw the light from two large lamps in the window there, making sharp lines against the shadows that hung low upon the earth.

The little town was still, and here and there a light shone in the window of some smaller house. He could hear Mrs. Babbit calling Leah, and the child's shrill voice rang, answering. She had been sent to the store for a box of yeast cakes.

"Evening, doctor," she said, passing, and he said "Good evening, Leah," very gently, but as a man who does not know he is speaking.

A door burst open at his left, and out into the night a man reeled, shrinking from the weather as a dog might, kicked from the warmth within. Men laughed to see him go, and lifted half-drained glasses from the bar to drink again, perhaps to the time they should follow, and unmirthfully a gay song tried to hide the soiled, dull horror of a place where only the unwise went in, and they came out despairing. He heard "Mis' Babbit" call again: "Oh, Leah! Leah!" And the child's shrill voice rang, answering: "I'm comin', maw!" And yet there were little feet that would run no more as Leah's ran—were they better still?

Doctor Nelson had never grown so used to death that he could leave the presence without awe. He was the physician called, to whom the calling gave a tenderness almost maternal, and he owned the heart of the healer, which was not the man, but the inner soul of the man, and stronger.

A sudden odor of syringa blossoms in a near-by yard came to him, and the rain began to fall more heavily, cut-

ting the mist. The flowers and the chilling air—the little, swift feet and the little, cold hands—and up in a tree as he passed a daring whippoorwill braved the storm, and shrilled his plaintive note. He heard the unsteady footsteps of the drunken man grow fainter, and he waited to see Leah reach the light her mother held in the doorway.

These were his children, and he held them all in grave, embracing care. He thought with a touch of anxiety of the home to which the reeling man was going, and of that other home he had just left with a sudden question which he as quickly put aside.

"Of course the good Lord knows," he told himself. "It's all right some way."

He turned from the avenue to a smaller street that ran across, and he saw his own light shining from his office window. Mrs. Seery, who was his housekeeper, stood in the door as he entered.

"You're wanted to the Mansion, doctor," she said. "I'll keep your supper hot. I reckon it's Mis' Warren. She looks kind of peaked."

The doctor drew up his broad shoulders, breathing deep.

"All right," he said, and turned from the comforting light and warmth within.

He was very weary and depressed. The mother's eyes haunted him.

Thick night had settled on the town, between the houses the roads were quite dark. As he came near the Mansion, a great light that hung over the gate flooded the way with a radiance that dazzled him.

The Old Mansion changed hands frequently. Attracted by the beauty of its situation and the glory of its gardens, a long line of strangers from the North came to Fairhaven, thinking to find there something of the old pleasant ways that make Virginia homes traditional. Great, white columns hold the high roof over broad piazzas, wide doors open upon hospitable halls, and over all the sunny, open rooms there hangs the ghostly memory of happier days; but every one who comes to lift

the broken thread finds the old fabric ruined. Whatever weaving may be done must be new-patterned after newer ways. In Virginia it is not of it.

Here, through the great pines, lie roads that lead to Shirley, Brandon, Eastover; all about are clannish settlements refusing to remember old, or make new ties, and "Yankees" quickly learn their place outside the charm.

Fairhaven is all new. Her people lack the grace of conquered folk, remembering their old pride. They have come uninvited, insolent in lack of reverence and unheard-of dreams of change and progress—and they "spoil the niggers." Various industries are set up in Fairhaven, property is cheap, and speculators come and go; but signs nailed on the trees along the forest highway are pulled down or riddled with shot, and marked with bitter scorn. Touched, as one needs be who lingers long enough, with the languor of the South, the Fairhaven people are more like the provincial New Yorker or New Englander without the leaven bred of a great city near. The only Southerners who come are not of the aristocracy—the Simmonses—the Perkins—kind and worthy people, but not of the breed that used to fill the corridors of the Old Mansion.

Mrs. Warren's companion met Doctor Nelson. She was a colorless gentlewoman, whom he had met before in the village streets. She greeted him civilly.

"Mrs. Warren is very nervous," she explained. "She has suffered from long strain and shock. It's more than anything physical. I hope you can make her more comfortable."

He bowed without speaking. She led him into the living room, a long apartment with many windows all closely veiled now by thick curtains. The room was brilliantly lighted, there were many lamps, and some candles burned faintly beside them.

Mrs. Warren sat in a low chair near the open fire. She rose as he entered, a slim, graceful creature, very kind, but without any trace of interest in face or voice.

"I'm afraid we've called you from your dinner, doctor," she said, indicating a chair for him.

He did not tell her that they dined at noon in Fairhaven. A great pity for her stirred him. She felt the magnetism of his gaze, and smiled at him.

"You have come to minister to a mind diseased," she said, "a thankless task, I am afraid."

His silence was not rude; neither of the two women misunderstood him; there was a great strength about the man. When he did speak, it was not to ask her any question, but to tell her simply of the woman he had just left. Her blue eyes filled with tears as he spoke, and Miss Watson, the companion, tried to stop him, but he stilled her with a motion of his hand. He could not have told why he instinctively spoke of the child; Mrs. Warren's black dress might have meant anything. He told of the poor mother, to whom life was endless toil, without hope now.

"We always say money doesn't help," he said, "but I don't think that is so. This woman can't get away to other scenes; she can't even put up the simple little stone she would like over her child's grave. She has a husband and a stepson who are not really unkind, but are not used to considering women very much. She doesn't speak English very well. Do you know German?"

Mrs. Warren nodded. She seemed frightened. Miss Watson was palpably uneasy, moving restlessly in her chair. For a minute they could all hear the little clock ticking on the mantel over the fire. Mrs. Warren was trembling. She caught her breath, waiting for the doctor's next words, but he did not speak again. He seemed to be waiting for her.

"You know——" she said at last, very softly, and as if it were an effort for her to speak at all. "You know—I haven't—I haven't been out at all. Since I came to Fairhaven I have not—felt —like—seeing any one."

He smiled into her eyes. She clasped her little hands upon her breast.

"Do you think," she asked; "do you think—I—ought—to go to her?"

"If you had lost your child," he said to her, "and were in a strange land, and poor, and very lonely, how would you feel?"

The fear and pain he saw upon her face were better to his trained vision than the vague, empty hopelessness he had seen there when he came in. She rose, and stood before him.

"I have lost my child," she said, and her voice grew very clear, "and my hope and my faith—in a strange world."

Miss Watson watched her, alarmed and helpless, a kind, impotent woman. Doctor Nelson did not speak, and after a moment's silence Mrs. Warren turned to him, standing erect, her chin lifted, her eyes burning with some strange fire.

"When shall I go?" she asked.

"I will come for you in the morning, about ten o'clock," he said.

He left a medicine that would insure a quiet night for her. She watched him go with a strange, new reluctance, and he stopped in the shadow beyond the light over the gate, holding to himself for a minute the memory of the room and her presence. He was himself excited, stirred to a point he did not understand.

Mrs. Seery had left his supper spread on the table for him—bread and butter, and a little dish of cold meat, with a baked potato on the back of the kitchen stove, and hot water ready for his tea, which he made for himself with the dexterity of a man who is much alone.

One or two people came into his office in the evening, and his day closed in the accustomed way. He woke the next morning with a curious, stirring sense of anticipation.

He was so accustomed to his loneliness that he did not often realize it, and he was very busy. He was not self-conscious or self-analytical, but the thought that he was to see Mrs. Warren pleased him, and he hurried through his usual tasks, and called for her promptly at the hour he had suggested. Miss Watson came out to meet him.

"I suppose it's all right," she said nervously. "I'm sure I hope it is, but I can't help being afraid."

"There are no burdens so heavy as those that are not mentioned," he said slowly. "I think open hysteria is safer than silence of this sort."

Both ceased speaking as Mrs. Warren came out to them. The old horse and cart seemed suddenly very shabby to John Nelson. He wondered why he had not long ago bought a new robe, and resolved to speak at once to Moses about cleaning the carriages.

She did not seem to notice anything amiss. He did not say much to her, and his silence soothed her. Once he called her attention to the mass of shaded purple violets that carpeted the roadside, once she smiled as she heard the quail calling close to the road as they passed.

He left her at the door of a little cabin standing in a half-cleared garden, and he was so unused to thinking of himself that he did not know how his mind was filled with her as he drove up and down the road, and waited for her reappearing. It seemed to him that she stayed a long time.

When she came out, he saw she had been weeping, but she smiled at him bravely. The rough, awkward mother clung to her hand. They were strangely unlike, these two women who understood one another.

She did not speak to him until they were nearly at home again, and then: "I think I understand," she said.

The doctor looked out over the little town.

"These people need so much," he said. "Not money—there are few very poor—but the kind of thing you can give them."

CHAPTER II.

"I think it'd be reel nice if he should take a fancy to Maria Terwilliger."

"Why, Mis' Pearsall!"

"Well, I dunno why you're sayin' 'Why, Mis' Pearsall!' to me. I said I think it'd be a good thing if he should take a fancy to Maria Terwilliger, an'

I do, too. Good fer Maria! An' I don't know but it'd be sort of good fer him an' them four childern."

"Ah didn't know Maria was thinkin' about gettin' married," remarked the youngest Simmons girl, with her soft, Southern voice and untranslatable vowels.

Pompadours had reached Fairhaven, and Laura Simmons boasted the highest one in the neighborhood, to the great disapproval of Mrs. Pearsall, who maintained unassailably that "if the Lord had a' meant Laura Simmons to hev a tremenjus bump on atop o' her head He'd a' put it there Hisself." She regarded that late descendant of the charms of a bygone siren with a baleful eye as she replied, not without satisfaction in the opportunity:

"Them's the kind gennally does get married, Laura. Them that's thinkin' about it eternal sometimes takes it out in thinkin'."

"But don't you think," interposed Mrs. Winterbourne, remembering that peacemakers are among the blessed, "it'd be sort of better to have him marry some *younger* person? Some one with jest a *mite* more *style* than Maria? Not but what Maria's the salt o' the earth, an' all that, but a minister's wife, you know—seems if she'd ought to look some's if we paid his salary regular."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Williams, with the sharp speech of the Western woman, and the manner of one who settles a question rather than expresses a personal opinion, "that if he's goin' to marry any one he'd better pick out some one that can sympathize with his writin'. Sermons is awful hard work, an' a wife that could put in a line now an' again 'ud be a dretful comfort."

Her broad r's contrasted strangely with the slurred speech of the woman, who answered in almost a negro's voice, wonderfully sweet in tone.

"Some laike Miranda, Mis' Williams?" she questioned.

Mrs. Williams snorted.

"No," she replied. "I ain't in no hurry to get red o' my girls!"

"No," said little Miss Tompkins

heartily, "you ain't been, Mis' Williams."

For a minute there seemed to be electricity in the air, and then Mrs. Pearsall came to the rescue.

"Of course," she said, "seein' he's only jest got here, there's no tellin' who, he will take a fancy to, but when there's a widower around with only four chil'dern, it must seem to some woman as though Providence had sent him. Seein's Mame Wilson give up, I think mebby Maria's got a chanst."

A few chairs were drawn nearer the speaker. A few shapeless missionary garments waved for a minute, while their creators settled in comfortable listening attitudes, and Miss Tompkins plunged into the question.

"Does anybody know what it was all about? I heard it was her election cake. Of course we don't want to talk about nobody, an' we're all Mis' Wilson's friends, an' all that, but it don't do no harm to say what everybody knows, an' she is dretful proud of her election cake, an' won't give the receet to nobody. She says it's the receet her gran'mother used to use way up in Connet'cut ever so long ago. Some one had ought to told him to admire it."

"He was up there to tea night before las'. He'd jest come, an' the Wilsons grabbed him right offen the train." Mrs. Pearsall rolled a sweet morsel under her tongue, and proceeded: "An' while they was all to supper, she says to him: 'I dunno what's the matter with my election cake,' she says, like that; 'it ain't what it had ought to be,' she says. 'I dunno what's got into my bakin' this week.' An' what does he do but push back his plate—'twas one o' them lavander sprigs that belonged to Lem's gran'mother. She sets a store by 'em, an' always uses 'em fer company, but I'd ruther hev a new set myself. He pushes back his plate, an' says: 'Then I'd better not partake,' he says; 'I hev to be dretful careful what I put into my stummick.' So she's goin' over to the 'Piscopals."

"For land's sake!" ejaculated Mrs. Simmons softly. "Mos' laikely he thought she was tellin' the truth."

"That's what I say," said Mrs. Pearsall, "but she won't hev nothin' but that he done it apurpose. Of course Mame's dretful disappointed. They had it all fixed about him an' Mame before he come, only he didn't know about it. Yes, they're goin' over to the 'Piscopals."

"She won't have nothin' to say there," said Miss Tompkins. "Mis' Manners has it all her own way—sewin' soci'y, missionary, an' all. Mis' Davis bein' so kind of peaked an' minchin' all time."

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Peters, "that if I was Mis' Davis, I'd find out what was the matter with me, an' get over it. It's dretful inconvenient fer the 'Piscopals havin' the minister's wife sick all time. If I'm a-goin' to be sick, I want to know what's the matter with me."

"I dunno what difference that makes." Mrs. Williams' broad r's rolled 'nto the conversation in battle array. "When I come to die, I dunno's I care if everybody in Fairhaven knows what I'm a-dyin' of or not. Folks ain't goin' around up there with 'typhoid' or 'fell offen a house' wrote all over 'em, an' if it don't make no difference there it hadn't ought to here, I say. We are given too much to care about the names of things."

"Ain't it funny?" said Mrs. Winterbourne, who always found it possible to be sentimental. "Our new minister is a widow man, an' now if Mis' Davis should be took worse an' die, the 'Piscopals wouldn't have a wife neither. Seems's if it had ought to draw us together."

"S'pose Mis' Davis got well?" inquired Mrs. Williams indignantly. "She ain't so terrible sick, anyway. I say, let them keep to their ways, an' I'll keep to mine. I don't hold none with candles, nor images, nor them that bows down to 'em."

"It seems queer not to hev a minister's wife in the tem'prance soci'y; Mis' Davis don't hardly ever get to go."

"The Methodists are doin' all the temp'rance work, anyhow," declared Mrs. Pearsall. "Mis' Temple's a good



pres'dent, I'll say that fer her, but when it comes to gettin' any work done, why, she appoints a committee o' Meth-dists."

"She'd better put Mis' Manners on some o' her committees. That there son o' hers——" began Mrs. Williams.

"Now, Mis' Williams," interrupted Mrs. Pearsall, "everybody knows Mis' Manners feels jest's bad about Tom's anybody can. I think we'd ought to pray for her."

A sympathetic murmur gathered around them.

Laura Simmons, who was a flighty creature and disinclined to long seams in the cause of missions, had been wandering about the room, playing with a pile of music on the little organ and prying into the hymn books, in failure of finding more interesting literature. As she stood by a window now, her attitude changed a little, and her fingers strayed, with certain approving pats, to the pile of hair that threatened perpetual avalanche upon her forehead.

"Ah certainly believe Mr. Tubbs is comin' in heah," she remarked.

Several of the women touched their hair or some part of their dress; one or two applied themselves with greater diligence to their seams; most of them changed their positions a little; and a few giggles and small screams came from one corner of the room as some one grew playful. A flutter, like a light breeze, swept over the group.

Mr. Tubbs entered rather shyly. He was a New Englander, with the reserve of the rural type. He had come South for his health, and had been given Fairhaven as his first charge under the Virginia Conference.

"You will find a good many Northerners there," he had been told.

He was looking for one of his own kind as his glance went about the room, but fate sent his eyes to Laura Simmons, who was pretty with a grace of which even her outrageous coiffure could not rob her.

He addressed himself to Mrs. Pearsall.

"I am greatly interested in all the work of the church," he said conventionally, "and I don't forget the ladies' societies. You are doing a good work here."

"An' a lot of it Laura Simmons has done," whispered Miss Tompkins, who had observed the new minister's eyes, but Mrs. Pearsall was unconscious.

"We do what we kin," she replied briskly. "I'm only sorry more of our ladies isn't out, but bein' cleanin' time, it's bad."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Tubbs.

He looked about a little helplessly at

the garments lying in various stages of completion, and seemed to wait another subject for conversation.

"How do you like Fairhaven?" inquired Mrs. Winterbourne.

"A beautiful spot," he answered, with enthusiasm. "A veritable garden. I have just come from the Mansion."

"The Mansion's most always 'Piscopal,'" remarked Mrs. Pearsall.

"Mrs. Warren was near the gate as I went by," explained Mr. Tubbs, "and when I spoke to her of the beauty of the place she offered to show me the gardens. She said she had not met any of the Fairhaven people yet, but hoped to know you all as she grew stronger."

Some of the women exchanged glances at this announcement. Former owners of the Mansion had been more or less friendly to the Fairhaven folk, but since Mrs. Warren had come the gates had been closed most of the time, and few of the village people had even seen her. The women were putting on their light wraps, and Mr. Tubbs went out of the chapel with them.

"I'm reel sorry Maria Terwilliger wa'nt out," said Mrs. Pearsall, as she walked with Mr. Tubbs. "I think you'll like Maria. She's neat's a pin."

Mr. Tubbs' eyes strayed to Laura Simmons' pompadour, which rose to majestic heights under her pert hat.

"Ah!" he said. "Another young lady?"

Mrs. Pearsall replied cautiously. She had not followed Mr. Tubbs' gaze, and was unconscious of the pompadour and its attendant charms.

"Maria ain't to say young," she ventured carefully. "She's kind of a maiden lady."

CHAPTER III.

Doctor Nelson saw Mrs. Warren frequently after that first day, and he learned from other sources that she had visited Frau Krause more than once and to some purpose. She had discovered that the German woman could do exquisite needlework, like so many European peasants, and she had given her orders with a promise of liberal pay-

ment; enough, indeed, to excuse the woman from field work in the eyes of her husband and son. Mrs. Warren thought she could find a market for this work in some Northern and Western cities, and had promised to provide the first materials.

Mrs. Warren consulted Doctor Nelson about buying horses after she had found the roads too bad for motor cars. He watched her closely, fearing over-exertion in this sudden change of mood. Miss Watson fluttered around her like a disturbed sparrow.

Doctor Nelson was called to Richmond for a day or two, and returned in time to keep his promise to Mrs. Temple that he would speak at the temperance meeting planned by the women's society as a prelude to the coming election day, when the question of local option was to be presented to Fairhaven.

Doctor Nelson took the "short cut" from the avenue to the schoolhouse, which stands overfield alone. A path was worn across the meadow where the white forget-me-nots shone white under the white moon and were crowded close by early violets. In the trees beyond the whippoorwills sang shrilly.

The schoolhouse has two rooms with folding doors that may be opened wide, making it all one when that is needed.

A row of lamps along the wall gleamed dimly as he entered, and a faint odor of smoke and kerosene mingled with the perfume of the blossoms every one was wearing—syringa, narcissus, and lilacs. A last wave of preparation fluttered over the assembly; whispers that grew faint, and rose again, and ceased; laughter somewhere, quickly hushed, a little stir of expectancy.

There was a platform at one end of the room, built out uncertainly, and balanced at one side by a small organ, and the other by a table bearing a lamp, and a pitcher of water, and two glasses.

Dora Temple played the organ. Dora would have been pretty if she had not been round-shouldered. She had a face like beautiful music, but she never knew when her choir got off the key.

Mrs. Temple was the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She rose now to preside—a portly woman clad in a close-fitting black gown with the inevitable flowers pinned upon her breast. She bore herself with an important manner, which contrasted strangely with her trembling voice when she gave out the hymn.

"We will open our meeting," she announced, in quavering tones, "by singing 'Cold Water for Me.'"

Doctor Nelson found himself sorry for her, and a little impatient, too.

"She'd die before she would let any one else run this," he reflected. "I hope she'll call on me first."

He was in sympathy with the meeting, but his work had accumulated during his absence, and he grudged the time.

Confidence and embarrassment were mixed in Mrs. Temple's manner as the choir took up the strain. Fresh-faced and sweet they rose, singing variously, here and there a voice in the audience joining the chorus.

Dora Temple wore a bright-blue dress, fantastically trimmed, and her pride in it was evident. Dora's personality was touched with vanity, a shade she never lost.

While they were singing, Mrs. Warren and Miss Watson came into the room. Doctor Nelson saw Mrs. Warren's eyes sweep the poor, bare rooms with interest newly born. He felt at once the wish to have her pleased, and the desire to protect these simple folk from all misunderstanding. They were real, the thing they fought was real. No one knew this better than he knew it. How would they seem to this strange, graceful woman who was so unlike them?

She saw him, and smiled, with a little, friendly gesture that sent all his pulses rioting.

After the hymn was ended, Dora lingered for a minute bending over the keys like the conventional pictures of Saint Cecelia. The president arose again in panoply of power, and once more her voice refused to join her presence.

"Will Mr. Tubbs please lead us in prayer?" she murmured, and Mr. Tubbs arose, and looked over an assembly strange to him, with deepening interest.

Among the voices here he caught his own New England speech, the soft, slurred syllables of the South tongue, and the burring articulation of the Western States. Here were men with eyes that had looked on want, and hands that had met bitter toil for scant reward. A woman who sat near him wore at her throat some barbs of exquisite old lace, but her dress was poor and coarse. He felt a great pity for these people sweep from his heart, and he prayed fervently.

Doctor Nelson was grateful for the dignity he gave to the occasion. He wanted Mrs. Warren to understand what it was all about. There was much drunkenness in Fairhaven, and these people were trying honestly to meet and help the situation.

Mrs. Temple rose again. She had wanted to be there, she would be proud of having been there, but the actual moment was full of terror for her, as it would have been for her more timid neighbors. She read a brief address, of which only a few words could be heard in the back of the room where the young men sat. There was a little movement among them, a shuffling of feet, and clearing of throats, reproved by their elders with glance and frown. Mrs. Temple's voice broke and rose again, hurrying to the end, and the whippoorwills in the trees outside cried as though they were calling for some one in the room.

Then an old man stood up. Bob Perkins, every one knew him. He was clothed with the dignity of truth, touched by the tragedy of literal circumstance, and in his speech, dull as it was and obvious, there ran the chord to hold attention that the man had seen the depth and risen. It was not in very good taste. He confessed in the curious pride of having sinned, but the temperance lesson told, and the room was still before him.

As the old man rambled on, Doctor

Nelson stirred uneasily in his chair. He was seeing it all through alien eyes, hearing in the fear of being bored or misunderstood. He tried to thrust the mood from him. He asked himself impatiently what difference it made if Amy Warren did think this meeting queer and dull. These were his people, and he loved them.

Then Deacon Peters rose, old, kind, and slow. He laid his hand upon the curly head of a small boy who sat near him.

"Nice boy, isn't he?" said Deacon Peters.

The child looked up, startled. Deacon Peters went on speaking:

"Pretty boy. His mother loves him. We've got a school for him, and a teacher for him. We give him toys and candy. We'll see that he gets work by and by to earn his daily bread. But who's going to save his soul? Is the saloonkeeper looking out for that? Is the rum seller getting teachers for him, and work for him, and telling him about the glorious kingdom of the Lord Almighty? What's the saloonkeeper doing? Is he getting rich? Are the people who frequent the saloon getting rich? Are they getting rich in money? Are they getting rich in the wisdom of God? Are we alive, my brethren, and my sisters, to the train of sorrows that is poured into the drunkard's cup? Are we aware that to-night, as we are talking about it, hundreds of boys, just as promising as this one, just as good, just as much loved, are going down to a hopeless, Godless, drunkard's grave?"

"I ain't," said the youngster, wriggling under Deacon Peters' hand, very red and very mad. "I ain't not."

The old man smiled down on him.

"I hope you're not," he said. "God grant you'll let the stuff alone!" He sat down.

Doctor Nelson leaned forward, trying to catch Mrs. Temple's eyes, but they were elsewhere.

Frank Pelham rose.

"I wan' to say," he began noisily, "that I am on the side o' temp'rance. I wan' to say I'm agin' the saloon. I wan' to say I'm fer no licence. I wan'

to say there ain't never a drop o' the stuff passed my lips, an' with the help o' God, there never won't. I wan' to say I think every man an' every woman in this here place had ought to set down an' think, an' then had ought to get up an' say that he or she is on the side o' temp'rance. I wan' to say it's a glor'us movement, an' I wan' to say that on 'lection day my vote is a-goin' to be cast to make a no-license place o' this here town."

Doctor Nelson started to rise at this point, and would have spoken, but he was interrupted by Maria Terwilliger, who sat far front near the platform.

"I can't vote," said Maria, "but I can talk."

"Nobody ain't never said she can't," murmured Mrs. Pelham irreverently, "an' if she onct gets started, nobody'll get a chanst."

Mrs. Pearsall replied behind her fan.

"I was hopin' Maria wouldn't get to talkin' to-night," she said; "I wanted —" But Maria continued.

"If I could vote," she said, "things 'ud be dif'runt."

"That's why we don't want her to," whispered one of the young men in the back of the room. "We ain't sure we'd like her ways."

"I wanter vote," went on Maria, with the obsession of the average woman in temperance work. "I wanter go to a poll, an' say how things had ought to be done."

"She might as well," drawled Laura Simmons softly. "A right healthy poll would pay as much attention to her as we all do."

Mr. Tubbs smiled quickly, and watched the apple-blossom flush in Laura's cheek deepen as Maria continued her protest.

"When the women o' this here country wakes up to the insults that is bein' heaped onto 'em, when the women o' this here country wakes up to the fact that they are bein' classed with idjuts, an' paupers, an' criminals, when the women o' this here country rises in their might an' shakes off the shackles o' bondage, an' goes out with a ballot

in each hand instead of a broom an' a dishrag——"

"A woman's spear is to hum," remarked Frank Pelham positively. "A broom an' a dishrag are her nat'r'l weapons. A woman can't vote. She ain't got the brains."

Maria turned upon him with an eye suggesting personal violence. Mrs. Williams spoke from the other side of the room.

"I dunno's I ever went out anywhere carryin' a broom or a dishrag," she remarked. "I ain't customary to seein' my neighbors carryin' 'em to church or visitin'. I keep mine in the kitchen."

"Let us sing," said Mrs. Temple firmly. "Let us sing 'Yield Not to Temptation.'"

The audience joined lustily, and the room rang with the refrain:

"Each victory will help you
Some other to win."

Maria Terwilliger subsided, and a calmer atmosphere prevailed.

Doctor Nelson rose before the hymn was finished to be sure of speaking first. He spoke with the clearness of a man who understands his subject. He was really telling Mrs. Warren what the meeting meant. Her eyes, fixed on his face with a new light in them, stirred him to unaccustomed feeling. He left the room when he had finished speaking, and as he went the choir sang again. He heard them as he crossed the field, inaccuracies of tone being softened by the distance:

"The bird with a broken pinion
Never will soar again."

The air lingered in his mind, and he found himself repeating the words to himself as he went.

The meeting was unsettled after he left. A baby, restless in the heat and flutter of the rooms, began to fret and cry out. The air was heavy with the perfume of dying flowers, and people moved in their seats.

Lemuel Wilson rose, the most prosperous man in town, smug, sleek, self-satisfied. He had a slow, complacent

speech, with undue attention to the division of syllables.

"The e-vil of strong drink, my friends," he began, and wandered on into self-righteous preaching, during which the women gathered their light wraps together, and the young men slipped outside to wait for the girls to come down and join them. "And the end of these things is fin-al, and but two," droned Lemuel Wilson, none too clearly, but well pleased with his peroration.

Then they sang a closing hymn, and Mrs. Temple, having quite recovered her self-possession, descended from the rickety platform, and acknowledged greetings with bland condescension. She had found her voice, and attached a tone of patronage. She greeted Mrs. Warren and Miss Watson.

"It was very good of you to come to our little meeting," she said blandly. "I hope you are interested in the work."

"I know very little about it," replied Amy Warren sweetly, "but I have been very much interested in the meeting."

Mrs. Temple bowed a little and smiled, divided in opinion. She was pleased and flattered, but she did not know just what to think of a woman who confessed herself ignorant of "the work." It seemed to savor of heathenism.

Mrs. Wilson, excited by the prominence in which she found herself invested by her change of faith, was prominent in the social amenities that followed the meeting. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was one of the few places where Episcopalian and Methodist met on a common plane. There are two churches in Fairhaven, and the Episcopalians are "society," the Methodists being divided between those who admire and would emulate and those who affect to scorn.

Upon her erstwhile coworkers in the church, Mrs. Wilson bestowed small favors of recognition, as one who had been away for a long time and barely remembered. They raged, but were quite helpless before her. Mr. Tubbs she neglected to see. Mrs. Pearsall was baffled, but sought opportunity for ar-

gument; Mrs. Simmons was lazy, and inclined to admire; Mrs. Winterbourne fussily attempted to make peace.

Without understanding the byplay, Mrs. Warren was both interested and entertained. She caught snatches of conversation that made her wish to understand more.

"Mis' Davis ain't out to-night," said Mrs. Winterbourne to Mrs. Wilson, in an effort to be agreeable. Mrs. Warren knew that Mrs. Davis was the Episcopal clergyman's wife.

"No," replied Mrs. Wilson sadly; "she's in very poor health. We're very anxious about her."

Mrs. Pearsall laid her hand on Mrs. Warren's arm.

"Will you listen at that?" she exclaimed bitterly. "She ain't been 'Pis-copal more'n a week an' she's puttin' on airs because the minister's wife's sick."

"How strange," said Mrs. Warren.

The girls came slowly down to the door where the young men waited. It was like a well-conducted drill. The girls held virgin eyelids down. They fell into couples silently. A little farther out where the path was lost in shadow, voices began to be heard, laughter and calling from group to group.

Only once did Mrs. Temple's complacency falter. She watched Dora go down to the doorway with the rest, and saw Tom Manners join her. Quick mother love and fear flashed out, anxiety she could not quite conceal. Mrs. Pearsall saw it.

"It's a pity about Dora goin' with Tom Manners," she said to Miss Perkins.

"Well, it won't hurt him none to get to a temp'rance meetin'," replied that lady.

Mrs. Warren was getting tired, and Miss Watson led her away. It was a long time since she had been so fully roused.

"I forgot for a little while. I forgot," she said.

The old pain came back to her heart like a blow, but she was really tired, and this fatigue meant peaceful sleep.

Mr. Tubbs had seen Mrs. Temple's troubled eyes, and had waited a minute before speaking to her. Mrs. Pearsall, at his elbow, claimed his attention.

"I want you should meet Maria Terwilliger," she said. "She's from up New York way; her an' me both come from the Hudson Valley. Bein's you're from Connet'cut, we're neighbors, so to speak."

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded Mr. Tubbs, and turned to meet Maria, but that lady was unmindful of the coming honor, and withdrew, pursuing Frank Pelham and the question of a woman's sphere.

"She'll come back," explained Mrs. Pearsall, disappointed. "Maria's reel anxious to make your acquaintance."

Mr. Tubbs saw Laura Simmons make her way down to the door, a slim, lazy, graceful thing. A sleepy child escaped his mother's hand, and grasped at her dress as she went by. Laura smiled down at him, and rumpled his hair with a caressing hand.

"Good night, honey," she said. "Good night, Susie," to another child who called to her.

She looked back over her shoulder carelessly, and then went out of the room with a tall boy who had been waiting for her.

CHAPTER IV.

It was four weeks later that John Nelson stood with Mrs. Warren in the garden of the Old Mansion. The sweet cool that comes at evening after the hot May day enveloped them. Miss Watson sat on a low bench beyond the terrace, bending over her book. She was an inveterate novel reader, and forgot the real world in fortunes of a mythical one. Doctor Nelson and Mrs. Warren walked back and forth along the narrow, gravelled walk at the edge of a green terrace that sloped to the quiet stream below. He was growing accustomed to his evening dress, so long laid away in cedar and camphor.

He had been thinking of himself as an old man, and now he had found, with a shock, that he was young, with

the pulse of youth and the eagerness and the hope. It seemed to him that the part of himself that was not used in Fairhaven had fallen asleep, to be wakened suddenly. He had been so busy and so interested in his work that he had not realized what he was missing.

Once before he had dined at the Mansion, in company with Mr. Tubbs and Mr. and Mrs. Davis. The Davises had been expected on this occasion, but as Doctor Nelson arrived a messenger had come saying that Mrs. Davis was ill again, and that they would not be able to come. Doctor Nelson was surprised at his own satisfaction when he learned he was the only guest. Mrs. Warren had seemed a little disturbed, he thought, but she recovered her poise at once.

Excepting that morning when he had taken her to the stricken mother, they had never been alone together. He knew little of her history. She had lived in a small New England town before her marriage, and her husband had taken her to New York. She had lost two children, and she had been very ill. He had not heard her husband mentioned, and of late he had found himself speculating what manner of man he had been.

The air was heavy with the scent of roses and narcissus, evening primroses were opening their yellow hearts and pouring out their sweet. A whippoorwill sang in the trees, and Mrs. Warren raised her head with an answering smile for it.

"As soon as the quails are still the whippoorwills begin," she said. "We always have music."

"I like them," he said.

"Yes?" Her reply was half a question. After a moment she spoke again.

"When I first came I hated them. I couldn't bear the twilight either. I had all the lamps lighted at the first shadow. I am stronger now. You have helped me, and I thank you."

"I am glad," he said. She could not know how glad. And then: "It was a little like an operation," he explained, smiling gravely. "There was a wound

that had to be touched. If I was clumsy, you must remember I was working in the dark. I don't know why I felt so sure that you had lost a child. Of course your black dress might have meant your husband."

She stopped at once, and raised her head with a gesture half alarmed. Her blue eyes flashed a strange, hot light upon him. He was sorry he had spoken. But it was not grief he saw in her white face. Her pale dress swept the grass as she stood back from him. It was a soft, purple thing she wore. He told himself that she was like the pale iris blooming behind where she stood. Her little hands hung empty with the palms turned toward him, as though she had dropped something.

"My husband is not dead," she said.

Through the gathering dusk, a great light swept upon his mind and heart, searching him like pain along a sensitive nerve, and followed by impenetrable darkness. Her eyes were fixed on his face, and she was frightened by what she saw there.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

And they stood staring at the truth. What the truth was to mean to each of them was typified at once, for she held out her little hands to him involuntarily, like a lost child who suddenly sees one he knows and gratefully, unquestioning, seeks haven. But to the man, long used to simple, direct ways and laws, trained to accept the idea of pain, bred to conventional aspects of plain morality, a high wall seemed to rise and separate them.

The call to dinner came before they could say more. As long as he lived, John Nelson could remember every detail of the hour that followed; how Miss Watson came to them with commonplace words, and how they followed her through the old garden; how Amy's dress caught on a thorn, and how he freed it; the light of the candles on the table, reflected in glass and silver, the very food they could not eat; how Miss Watson was so interested in her book that she left them alone soon after dinner was over; the stupid, idle things they tried to say.

When they were alone, he stood before her.

"Tell me," he said. "I must know everything."

"I was a child when I married him," she said. Her little hands were clenched, and she held them out from her body at either side as she stood, with her head thrown up and her body trembling, before him. "I didn't know what it meant. I didn't know!" The last word was prolonged in a plaintive note. There was a moment's silence before she continued: "I was an orphan, and the aunt with whom I had

as though it were a thing apart from her.

"It was five years before I had a child, and then it was a girl." She drew in her breath sharply. "Paul was disappointed, and I fretted, and of course that was bad for both baby and me. She wasn't ever very strong. I suppose I was trying. Paul isn't a patient man."

Miss Watson lifted her book closer to her eyes as the light failed. She was absorbed in her story. Doctor Nelson glanced across the terrace at her with an impatient contempt, unreasonable,



"I am greatly interested in all the work of the church," he said conventionally.

lived died suddenly, and Paul was there, and he asked me to marry him." She chronicled her story in brief, staccato phrases. "I don't know why he wanted me. I was pretty, I suppose—and I had some money."

John Nelson felt as though she were a frightened child that he might lift and comfort.

"Paul didn't care for me," she said, "after the very first. He wanted a son. There are some men, I think, to whom marriage means only that. It is a curious vanity."

She analyzed the type indifferently,

because she was so dull and could so easily forget a real tragedy in an imagined one. This was real, he told himself—real—real. He was enveloped by pain. Amy's eyes looked over the blossoming garden, and into the shadows that crept slowly down upon the earth. She didn't seem to see at all. Her voice was very low, but singularly clear, with a little silvery note, like ringing bells.

"I wasn't strong enough to bear another child, and so I lost it." Silence rested between them. What John Nelson felt could not be said. "Paul thought I had been careless," she told

him, "but I wasn't. Really," she pleaded with him to believe her, "I wasn't. I simply wasn't strong enough. It was a boy, and he was born dead. I was terribly ill, and while everything was at the worst, my little girl died. Oh! Oh!" she wailed. Her voice rose sharply in a cry of bitter pain.

The shadows had gathered close. Miss Watson had taken her book to the piazza steps where there were no trees. They stood at a turn of the garden walk where a tall hedge hid them from the road. He took her in his arms, and she clung to him, sobbing, bitterly at first, and then more gently as he soothed her. She raised her head at last.

"Everything went badly after that," she said, ending her story. "The doctors said I mustn't have another child for at least five years. Paul couldn't forgive me. I was disagreeable, I suppose. We quarreled every time we met." She dried her tears. He brushed back her pretty hair that had fallen over her forehead. "I heard about this place, and I thought it would be safe and quiet. Paul didn't care. I think he was glad to get rid of me. Miss Watson was an old friend of my mother's. I asked her to come." She drew herself away from him. "I didn't expect to meet any one," she said, "and then you came—and—well—a doctor and a minister don't seem just like other men. You had been so kind. It didn't seem much to ask you to dinner—I never thought—" She could not finish the sentence. "I can get a divorce, I think," she said. "So many people do that now."

The man was puritan bred, permeated with the faith and prejudice of a bygone generation. A bond was a bond to him, his word his word. He could not say "for better or for worse," and then reject the oath because it chanced to be for worse. It was a lie to him. How could he say this to Amy Warren? He felt all a man's anger for this other man who had failed her. In his narrow life, where everything had given way to the demands of his profession, alone as he was, his code had

grown very simple, and his will very strong: He was not used to compromise or to consider his own pleasure. He felt as though he were teaching a little child the mysteries of sacrifice.

"Of course I wouldn't like it," she admitted. "I hate to think of all those horrid jokes about divorce colonies, and yet—people do it all the time. I don't know just what plea I could make. I suppose incompatibility."

"Oh, I can't let you say these things," he cried. "It's like—it's like hearing a child swear."

"It does seem vulgar," she agreed with him. Then the whole meaning of life seemed to unfold before her. "You are so good," she said. "I suppose you don't believe in divorces." She spoke quietly, but she was growing cold with fear.

He shook his head.

"I am afraid I don't," he said. "I don't mean that separations aren't necessary, but—there is the divine law. I believe in that."

His lips were white. She could not question what he felt.

"It seems very cruel," she said.

"Yes, and no." He argued the point with himself. "There are so many people, dear, who will not face the truth. It isn't a happy world we're living in, and it doesn't mean that life's all wrong when some one suffers. I can't define the mystery of pain, although I've seen its ministry."

He took her hands in his, and held them up against his breast. She caught her breath, and turned her face to his, and he smiled gravely.

"I can't think it all out now. I'm rather slow, I think. I've got to have time. I can't forget—I can't let you forget—that above all we want or ask—there's right and wrong. What other people do doesn't change our responsibility."

She did not recognize his gentle obstinacy. She felt at war with fate, restless and eager, even reckless, rebellious.

"I haven't got to wait," she cried. "I'm sure. I've been unhappy all my life, and then God showed me heaven.

I'll start for Nevada to-morrow if you are willing to have me."

Although he did not speak, she felt his negative.

"Oh, I know," she said, "I know all you think of it. But I don't care."

Her spirit broke, and she sobbed bitterly. He tried to comfort her.

CHAPTER V.

He went about his next day's work like a man in a dream. He was busy, and he had no time to brood, but it seemed to him as though it were another man and not himself who smiled, and spoke, and moved about, and met the village life.

He had promised to go back to Amy in the evening, and all day he prayed for words to tell her what he felt. He was ever slow of speech, and he was so unaccustomed to opposition that it proved doubly hard for him to be at once tender and firm. He never thought of yielding to her; the end of every effort he put forth was to convince her of what he believed to be the truth and right. He knew so few women, socially and mentally his equal, and he was so used to being considered an authority that he did not in the least realize what he was meeting.

Through the long day he turned the matter in his mind with no idea that Amy would not, eventually, accept his convictions. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Temple asked him to come out and see Dora, who had a slight cold.

He found Dora lying on a couch, with her abundant hair carefully curled and hanging loose on her shoulders. She wore a light dressing sack and a pink shawl pushed up against her cheek, and she held a branch of apple blossoms in one hand. Her whole appearance was too studied for the effect she wanted, and the anxiety of her mother vexed Doctor Nelson as he had often been vexed before. He looked at the thermometer he had put in her mouth, and spoke cheerfully.

"You're no more sick than I am," he pronounced. "If I were going to prescribe, it would be for your mother

who is tired. I'd tell her to rest and let you get supper."

Dora flushed, and spoke fretfully.

"I feel very bad," she said, and her tone suggested tears.

"She's felt bad all day, doctor," explained Mrs. Temple.

"Any one would feel bad if he shut himself up here without any air or exercise," responded the doctor cruelly. "Let her get up and do something."

Dora pulled at her curls.

"I haven't even felt well enough to do my hair," she fretted.

"You'd better get out," he insisted more gently, realizing the futility of argument. "The air will do you good. Can't you go and see some of your friends?"

"Mother knows I'm not well enough," said Dora reproachfully.

There came a rap at the door, and Mrs. Temple admitted Tom Manners, a good-looking boy with traces of dissipation touching eyes and mouth. He bore himself with an unconscious grace, a charm not easily defined. Mrs. Temple received him without cordiality, but Dora glowed, putting out her hand to him, and brushing back her curls with the branch of blossoms she held.

"Not sick?" asked Tom with real regret.

Dora smiled patiently.

"I don't feel very well," she said, and dropped her lids over her violet eyes an instant, smiling at him afterward.

Mrs. Temple's tired eyes surveyed them both, while Doctor Nelson, exasperated, looked from her worn face to Dora's affectations, his irritation gaining a quick touch of anxiety, not unlike the mother's, as he recognized the marks Tom's life was leaving on his face.

Tom spoke with a pleasing diffidence.

"We're getting up a ride to Surry Courthouse," he said, "to have supper there. I'd certainly like to carry Miss Dora if she's agreeable."

Dora sat up.

"I think I feel better," she said slowly. "If you're sure it wouldn't hurt me, Doctor Nelson?" She rolled her big, purple eyes at the physician.

"I don't want to do anything foolish," she said sweetly.

Tom's eyes were very tender. He spoke with sincerity.

"Do you-all think it would hurt her?" he asked. "I wouldn't for the world want to carry her anywhere it would hurt her."

Dora had risen, and Tom put out his hand to help her. She brushed back the pink shawl, and smiled at him.

"I think maybe it would make me feel better," she said.

She held the trailing shawl to her breast, and let the apple blossoms fall against her skirt. She stood in the door for a minute looking above them all, and then gently disappeared, going to her room to dress. Mrs. Temple hesitated.

"I always help Dora dress," she said.

Doctor Nelson left at once, and Tom sat down to wait, touching the pillows where Dora's head had rested with fingers that half shrank from the contact. Dora never seemed quite real to him.

Doctor Nelson carried some of the mother's anxiety as he drove down the Temples' lane.

"Something must be done about these saloons," he told himself. "They're ruining half the boys in Fairhaven."

He meditated on the situation. There was very little outlet for the pleasure love of youth in this small town; the growing boys and girls were thrown upon the resources of shallow love-making, and for the boys there were wilder rollickings. John Nelson knew each one of them; he felt definitely their separate needs and dangers. He could not realize that all this day, so full of interests for him, Amy Warren had walked alone, through the halls and gardens, pursued by her own restless spirit, with nothing to think of but her own desires.

The weight of his pain pressed hot upon his heart, but it was habit for him to put himself aside. His sense of responsibility was stronger than his desire for ease. He was a part of these people, and their lives had long been his life. He rejoiced and suffered with them, and though this new pain racked

his soul, he was not able to think wholly of himself. He had dealt with pain so long that his philosophy of life was tempered with endurance—to face the truth, that was the main issue.

He stopped to see old Mrs. Peters, who had lost her husband, and sat waiting till the feeble thread of life that held her should give way and let her go to him. She told him stories of her youth and her long love. He called to a man passing, and asked about the baby. Farther down the road, he found his way effectually blocked by a ramshackle old wagon which had broken down and scattered various household goods and gods. A burly negro wrestled with the awkward weight of a couch bed that dangled perilously over one wheel, while a half-grown boy was mending, insecurely, the side of the vehicle that had given way. A host of small black children crawled like bugs amid the confusion, and a voluble negress voiced advice and admonition.

"Are you moving again, Moses?" asked the doctor superfluously.

"Now, Doct' Nelson," began Moses, "ah jes' nachully hatter move."

His whole aspect suggested tragedy.

"I suppose that's why you didn't get around to harness up for me this morning," said the doctor. "David is doing so much of your work now that if you don't look out, he'll be doing all of it."

With characteristic ease forgetting the labor at hand, Moses leaned against the couch, and entered upon explanation, assisted by the woman with interruption and correction.

"You see, Doct' Nelson, Flo-ra heah." The long articulated o and half suggested r made the name a slow song. "Flo-ra, she jes' nachully know when thar gwine ter be a ha'nt! She tell how de doah open an' de doah shet—an' thar ain't nobody theah!" Moses rolled up his eyes until only the white was visible. "She tell how de wind wiskle down de chimbly—ha'nt!" Moses' long fingers spread and closed dramatically, disclosing and concealing the lighter color of his palms. "An' bimeby," he continued, "bimeby, erlong come Mister Ha'nt. Hit war ha'nt shu 'nuff——"

"Hit smacked Gram'p Dixon 'long-side he's haid," remarked Flora, hastening the climax. "Knocked he's mout' cl'ar over 'longside."

Doctor Nelson recognized at once the customary explanation of the paralysis so common among their old and the futility of any argument.

"Yassah, Doct' Nelson," continued Moses, "en I wa'nt gwine ter stay theah 'twell I git smacked."

The personal motive seemed to quite exclude the wife of his bosom and their offspring.

"Where are you going?" asked Doctor Nelson. "And when?—for I want to get by."

"Anybody sick, Doct' Nelson?" inquired Moses solicitously, willing to prolong the conversation indefinitely.

"Old Mr. Green died this morning. I'm going now to see his wife."

"Foh de Lawd's sake!" ejaculated Flora.

"De Lawd am preservin' ob us," remarked Moses. "Li'l' bit moah, an' we'd been smack inter Marse Green's ha'nt. You Li'nel, come push erlong dish yer bed."

He hastened the various overflow back on the cart, and turned the be-draggled mules in the road.

"Whar we gwine, pa?" asked one of the little boys in the cart.

"De Lawd knows," replied their parent piously, and Doctor Nelson went on his way, his day full, and his own pain subordinated to the needs of other men.

In the Old Mansion there had been no such diversion. Amy had walked, like a wild thing caged, fighting her bonds. Miss Watson soon was made aware of what had happened. She was a good, dull woman.

"Why," she said. "Why, Amy! It seems so strange. I suppose we shouldn't have asked him to dinner. I never thought of that. A doctor, you know, always seems to be just a doctor; I almost forgot that he was a man. And rather good-looking, too. This is dreadful."

Amy had walked to the wall. She pounded on it with her little fists, so

they were marked with an angry red. Miss Watson exclaimed, and drew her away.

"I want it to hurt!" Amy cried. "I want it to hurt!"

She stood up, straining every muscle of her body until she was weary. She staggered a little, and fell into the chair Miss Watson pushed toward her.

"Why doesn't he come?" she cried. "What do you think he is doing?"

"He probably has patients, dearie," soothed Miss Watson.

Amy stared at her.

"How can he think of them?" she said.

She felt that he ought not to think of any one but her. She went to the window nearest her, and pressed her face against the blind, looking for him.

"I suppose he would go to all the suffering," she said at last slowly. "He is so good. He wouldn't neglect any one." Her voice was plaintive. She was very tired.

"No," said Miss Watson, "I don't think he would."

"I'm going to walk," said Amy. "I'm going out. Will you come with me?"

So they walked, about the garden at first, and then out on the road. In the distance they saw Doctor Nelson's cart going away from them. Mrs. Warren watched it, beating her hands softly together. A kind of comfort came to her as she saw him go. He was so faithful, so good. She could be so sure of him. Of course he would be good to her. Of course, when he had time to think, he would see that it was not reasonable to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of an antiquated prejudice. She became quieter, and they went home. The knowledge that he had gone about his duty faithfully, in spite of pain, comforted her, although at intervals she raved because he did not come to her.

"He ought to come!" she cried. "He ought to come!"

And then she would try to picture to herself what he was doing, and she thought of him by beds of little children, and forgave him for staying away, and then she thought of her own

children dead, and all her sorrows, and she demanded happiness from an opposing fate.

He was delayed in the evening when he would have gone to her. Lemuel Wilson came to talk about the coming day when Fairhaven was to vote upon the saloon question. An effort was being made under the local-option laws to eliminate the evil. Doctor Nelson cared deeply; he did not love these people less because his own heart was breaking, but he excused himself as soon as he was able, and went to the Mansion where Amy was pacing the halls in restless protest at his delay.

CHAPTER VI.

"I don't want to be brave," she said. "I want to be happy. I've never done anything very bad. Why can't I have what other women have?"

He smiled sadly, standing aloof as one watches a naughty child. She recognized his attitude at once, and the understanding came upon her vanity like a blow. Paul Warren had quarreled with her as another child might have done, meeting her arguments with others like them. He had had no standard for her. Their disagreements had been simply a war of wills. Amy was undeveloped, but she was rather clever. She had the sort of temperament that understands, with flashes of clairvoyance, the mind of the person nearest, and as her eyes met those of the man standing before her she grew suddenly quiet—not tranquil, but stilled.

She had not met his passion with an equal love. His personality had brought to her the comfort many women feel in the gentleness that is born only of great strength. He had been the first force that had touched the deep weariness that had followed her illness, and her grief, and her anger, and her sense of outraged womanhood. She was like one waking from a long sleep filled with troubled dreams, and she feared life as a child that wakes in the night alone.

The revelation of his love had star-

tled her, and this shock had been followed by an intense longing for the rest and sense of safety his presence gave her. The fear of losing him engulfed her, and she had spent the hours between their parting and their meeting battling against threatening fate with a fury that exhausted her.

It was her old way, the way in which she had always met Paul Warren. She encouraged her rebellion until it became a part of her flesh, and her muscles ached with the strain she set upon them.

John Nelson was a revelation to her. In the instant she stood before him, and caught with her whole understanding, as on a sensitized plate, the man's attitude toward life and law, she realized forever that any purely feminine tricks would fail her utterly, and she began to partake of the contempt she knew he would feel for that variety of argument, even while she resented being disarmed.

She saw, too, that he did not suspect her of invidious attack, and she realized that he would regard hysteria as a purely physical symptom, not bearing on the question. He was expecting her to be big, and fine, and honest; and she loved him for it, immediately and intensely.

They went over the old, commonplace arguments wearily, with only flashes of deep feeling flaming through, because each knew what the other was going to say, and, no matter how dearly one loves, it is always irritating in a vital argument to hear shopworn phrases. It seemed to each of them that the other ought to bring some wholly new weight to bear upon the matter. When he pleaded the oath of marriage with its definite provision, "for better or for worse," she answered him hotly.

"The error is in the wording of the service—not in the idea of marriage," she protested. "One man wrote it—let another man change it."

"How do you know what God thinks?" she cried, interrupting his speech. "Most of His old favorites had three or four wives. One can argue

anything from the Bible, it's dreadfully confusing. Oh, it isn't fair. It simply isn't fair! You can't make it holy by calling it holy. It's a mistake of terms. My life with Paul Warren holy? It was infernal!"

"Yes, I think sometimes when there are children it is better to bear a great deal, but I have not children to consider."

"Do you mean that you think I ought to go back to him?"

"Oh, no! No! No!" he cried.

His hand had been resting on the back of a little chair, and he twisted it now, throwing the chair against the wall, where it struck and fell, shattered upon the floor. She looked at it curiously, with the interest one gives to the extraneous in moments of strong feeling. He came nearer to her, and took her hands in his own.

"Do you think," he asked her slowly, "that I ask a greater sacrifice of you than I have set before myself?"

"It seems as though you must," she answered. Her eyes were full of wonder, and of pain, and her whole aspect clothed with a complete and singular simplicity. "Because, you see," she said, "I'm not really very nice. I'm selfish, and irritable, and idle. I never thought of being anything else until I knew you."

She was like a child confessing fault. Her attitude moved him as no argument could move him. He caught her in his arms in momentary loss of self-control. She knew it was a temporary weakness, but it comforted her.

"Don't let me go," she said. She laid her face against his arm. "I can be good here," she told him. "I can think of letting you go."

And she could. As she felt his arms about her, she seemed able to plan any sacrifice. She was not convinced that divorce was an evil, but she was sure, with the passion of a woman's heart, that her lover could not be wrong.

Doctor Nelson had lived for so long in such simple, lonely fashion, and without opposition, that their difference of faith seemed to him a far greater gulf than it was to her. Her nearness

and tenderness moved him as strong wine a man who has drunk only water. He was alarmed when he found he could not reason while Amy Warren's face was so near to his that her hair touched his cheek. She seemed so slight, so frail; a fear unreasoning assailed him. He hated Paul Warren as he had not known he could hate another man, but he was not used to changing his mind; he was not used to thinking a thing could not be done because it was hard to do. He could not change his theory of life in twenty-four hours because he wanted to change it.

Amy was more facile. There are women who are like cats that, when spilled out of one chair, can, after a little pawing and a few turns, settle down as comfortably as though they had not been disturbed; and they are usually lovable women. Amy could grasp in a flash her lover's mind, but she could foresee its course, and, like many women of quick intuition, she sometimes overestimated her understanding. She was capable of boundless faith in him, but she could not wholly give up her argument. She was the kind of woman who comes back to a subject with the regularity of tides, and, even when seeming to yield, she cherished a hope of convincing him.

"To have what we want." It seemed to him that the whole world was crying it. The night rang with questions, and he was weary. He spoke to her as though she were a child. Their attitudes were plain enough, and common enough; neither had any new light upon the matter of divorce and marriage; only the man was permeated with the old idea, the churchman's standard, while the woman fought with all the eagerness and restlessness of a winged thing that sees its way to freedom.

"You are so strong," she said, "so good!"

She whispered tender, flattering words.

It was all new to him. He wondered as he realized how barren his life had been. He found himself telling her about it. He had a theory in surgery

he had not mentioned before to any one. He was giving his life to it, in study and research, and he told her all about it. He threw aside all the reserve that had wrapped his life for years. He told her of his childhood and his college days, of everything he hoped and feared.

They talked far into the night, but they came to no conclusion. They were tender, and sympathetic, and full of intimate interest, until they came back to the one point that meant most to them.

She had grown very quiet when he left her, but he did not sleep that night.

CHAPTER VII.

Election day dawned brightly, clear sun that later developed into blinding heat. The quail cried all about the meadows and the forests; their sweet, sharp, whistled notes monotonously accented the air that seemed too clear and perfume-laden.

The polls were at the engine house of the Fairhaven Fire Company. At a proscribed distance from the door were groups of partisans, who whispered, and conferred, and waylaid voters as they came.

The saloon was supposed to be closed, and about its dark shutters hung an air of mysterylike illness that may any hour be death. The voters came from all about the countryside, encountering friends and enemies, arguing plentifully.

There was small political interest;

only the liquor traffic was involved. There were homilies on virtue that might well have driven men to drink, and there were specious arguments for the saloon that made one's eyes turn anxiously upon the young men's faces; and there was withal an air of subdued gayety, for families came in with the voters, making parties on the river beach.

There was to be a dance in the evening. Along the street were flashes of gala dress; every variety of costume brought out from long-closed boxes that held memories of other days and times. The young folk were anxiously gay, and in the patient faces of the older women seemed to bloom again something of the pleasure love the struggle with the forces of primal world had not yet all driven out. By contrast with these forest folk, the people of Fairhaven were metropolitan, and, conscious of this, assumed patronizing airs.

Through the day's heat the serious voters came, and, having fulfilled duty and exchanged man gossip with their fellows, they repaired at last to the wide beach, where the white sand lay stretched from the forest's edge to the river, clean, dry, and full of gay shells which the children gathered, shrieking with pride when they found a shark's tooth washed up by the tide.

Here the cool air swept from the wide river, and the farther shore lay dimly green. North and south the long beach waited for them, and they



He took her in his arms, and she clung to him, sobbing, bitterly at first, and then more gently as he soothed her.

walked with the children who sought treasure in the sand or gathered in groups where the bold cypress trees lived at the water's edge, and rested in the shade. Here, as the day grew older, almost every one except the workers at the polls were found in the abandon of holiday.

Toward evening, Maria Terwilliger approached the engine house, demanding a ballot.

"I reely can't let you in," protested Wash Williams, much embarrassed.

"Am I a crim'nal?" demanded Maria.

"Oh, no, ma'am," he assured her respectfully.

"Am I an ijut?" inquired Maria, with deadly calm. "Don't I know mor'n Pete Peters?"

"That ain't what's agin' yeh," explained Frank Pelham, appearing to his colleague's great relief. "Only male ijuts is allowed to vote, Miss Terwilliger. Females must stay to hum."

"Where's your wife an' daughter?" demanded Maria unexpectedly. "Are they to hum? They're down on the beach cavortin'—that's where they are, while I'm a-tryin' to save the town."

Mr. Pelham felt called upon to express the situation clearly.

"Females is permitted to cavort," he began, and drew a long breath while he tried to think of what he could say next, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Pearsall, who appeared opportunely.

"You can't vote," he started to say to her, but Mrs. Pearsall waved him to silence.

"Good Lord, I don't want to," she replied. "I come to see who's elected."

"There ain't nobody gettin' elected," he explained; "it's the license question."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pearsall. "I thought mebby somebody had to do it. Mr. Tubbs, now, or somebody like that. I should think you'd elect him, an' let him do it. Wouldn't that be a good way?"

"You'll have to move on," remarked Joe Peters, who was constable for the day. "Nobody ain't allowed to stand an' talk within fifty feet o' the poll."

Maria left peaceably enough.

"I allers come," she explained to Mrs. Pearsall, "jes' to see how pizen mean they treat a female when she stands up fer her rights."

"That don't do no good," said Mrs. Pearsall. "I wonder why they call it a pole?"

They walked along the village street, almost deserted now. A group of men stood arguing noisily at one corner, but there was no one else in sight. The men did not seem to notice the two women who halted, waiting for room to pass. Tom Manners came behind them, his face flushed, and his feet unsteady. He swept off his hat with a long flourish.

"Jes' look at 'im," said Mrs. Pearsall. "Saloon closed, is it? Well, he's had some."

Tom smiled upon them affectionately.

"Don't be 'fraid," he stuttered, reaching out to pat Maria's shoulder. "'Sh all right. I'll take care o' you."

Maria snorted with indignation. The men turned from their argument.

"No way treat ladish," said Tom reprovingly.

He regarded Maria with an air of respectful admiration wholly wasted.

"Get-out-way," he commanded the men.

One of them drew back immediately with a word of apology, and the others followed, as they understood the situation; but one, a young fellow whom the other men called Jim, refused to move.

"The fellow's drunk," he said.

He was a raw country boy, conceited and untrained. Tom's handsome face and careless, easy grace proved irritating to him.

"I ain't," protested Tom indignantly. "Ain't drunk. Who shaid—drunk?"

"I said it."

Jim shook off the hand laid on his arm by one of the older men.

"Best leave him alone," they counseled, but Jim was blatant and hot-headed.

"I'll fight any man that wants to fight me," he said, with an air of self-satisfaction that would have annoyed a sober man.

Tom lunged at him wildly. The boy parried the blow.

"Stop it, Jim!" commanded one of the older men. "You can't fight a drunken man!"

"Can't he?" asked Tom, with a dreamy smile.

He struck at the boy again, and Jim, distracted by his friend's advice, was all unready. He fell heavily, and lay upon the earth without a struggle.

"For the land's sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Pearsall, but Maria knelt beside the prostrate figure.

"Get some water, quick!" she cried. "And some one take Tom Manners home! There's Leah Babbit. Oh, Leah! Leah! Go get Doctor Nelson right away!"

Leah ran, her long legs making grotesque shadows as they went. The sun was getting low, and the shadows lay long; they lay upon the earth where the still figure was. Jim's neck was broken.

To the picnic parties on the river beach came hurrying feet and breathless voices bringing the news:

"Tom Manners has killed a man!"

The story went from group to group, gathering detail as it went until it moved at last like a live thing among the people, changing all their plans for the evening's gayety.

The dances in Fairhaven were held in a large room over the "big store." It was a pleasant place, well lighted, and the walls were hung with bunting and with flags, while great pails and jugs held masses of the flowers that flood the world in early June.

To-night the scene was most unlike the one that had been planned. A committee of young men were there with grave faces; they spoke almost in whispers among themselves, and told the tragic story to the few guests who had not heard, and came for revelry. Then laughter was hushed on the stair, and the young folk went out wondering, and the stars looked down on wakeful eyes, and the sad whippoorwills foreboded.

There was a curious revulsion of feeling toward Tom Manners, and

wiseacres who had shaken their heads and gossiped now spoke tenderly.

"The boy was drunk," they said. "It's the saloon's fault."

They spoke of the saloon as though it were a person. There was a general feeling of satisfaction when it was learned that the vote was overwhelmingly for no license. This made the nearest saloon ten miles away, but it could not undo the fact that a still body cried aloud for vengeance.

Mrs. Warren had heard the news before Nelson saw her. She was really interested and sorry about it, and a little surprised to find that she could be interested at this time in a thing that did not seem to touch her.

She analyzed her feeling, and told herself that she was growing. She was passionately anxious to be bigger, finer, worthier this man she so admired. She was warmly sympathetic to his distress when he came to her that evening, and she offered money for Tom's counsel. But when she found that Doctor Nelson meant to go to the courthouse with Tom, and personally attend to his defense, she was stricken with amazement and dismay.

"The boy has no father," he said to her, surprised that she did not understand at once.

It was many years since any one had questioned what he chose to do. He would have listened reasonably if he had felt there were any room for argument, but his sense of duty was involved, and when he had decided that a thing was right, it was not easy for him to understand why he should be asked not to do it.

"I listen to you," she said. "You won't let me get a divorce. Yes, I'd start for Nevada to-day if it would do any good. But it wouldn't bring me any nearer to you to have fifty divorces. I must go away from here, of course. I wanted to talk with you about that—where I'd better go and if I am to see you at all—so many things—"

Her voice grew plaintive with a weary note, as though her submission were born of exhaustion and the death of hope.

"Will you write to me sometimes?" she asked.

She seemed so slight and sweet, so very tired and unhappy, so alone, that his will faltered for the moment.

"There is nothing under heaven I will not do for you," he declared, "short of dishonor and sin." She shrank from the last phrase. "I can't desert this boy in his extremity." She had forgotten Tom, absorbed in her own grief.

"How long will you be gone?" she asked.

He could not say exactly—a day or two, perhaps. She came back to herself.

"I can see why we are forbidden to steal or lie or kill," she said. "That's reasonable. But why am I punished because I couldn't satisfy Paul Warren? Haven't I done all I could? I go to church, and hear some preacher talk of justice, and mercy, and the love of God. Where is it? Oh, where is it?" She flung the question at him.

"I don't understand, Amy," he told her, "but this is perfectly plain to me: There's only one excuse for divorce. Marriage is an indissoluble sacrament. I can't see that we have any right to choose what we like, and reject what fails to please us. It's all true or all false; there is a law or there is none. You are striking at the very foundation of society."

She turned away from him, not petulantly, but possessed for the minute by some thought he could not fathom. When she looked at him again, he felt a subtle change in her, a new temper, the memory of which haunted him for months to come. She laid her hand on his arm.

"It seems," she said, "that we don't agree, and you are stronger. Well, I do not love you less for being stronger. But don't think I agree with you, for I don't. I don't understand. I can't understand. If you feel you must go with Tom Manners, go. I will not question you. I will not doubt you."

She had spoken bravely, and then, with the quick motion that had so soon grown familiar to him, she laid her face against his arm, and rested so a minute.

It was harder for him to be firm with her when she yielded than when she struggled with him. They spoke of many things, and she seemed self-controlled and quiet. It was agreed that he should go to the courthouse with Tom the next morning, and she insisted that he offer Tom a sum of money for the extraordinary expenses he must now meet.

"Tell him he can repay it when he is able," she explained. "Don't let him feel too great an obligation in taking it."

She was sympathetic, and interested, and tender, but through it all he was conscious of a new spirit in her. He hoped that this was submission to what he believed inevitable. He left her reluctantly, and at the last minute, as he was about to go from her, she clung to him for an instant of utter abandon, pressing her lips to his in a burning kiss, and then she released herself, and pushed him gently over the threshold, and closed the door softly behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

The constable took Tom to the courthouse in the morning. They were to drive in an open surrey. Tom was pale and very quiet; he said little, and made no remonstrance when they told him to be ready.

A crowd had gathered about the house to see him go, and murmurs of sympathy arose, and of pity that he seemed not to hear.

Mrs. Manners wept aloud, and upbraided him.

"See what you've come to," she sobbed; "you've brought shame on your mother!"

She stood on the little porch where she was seen and heard.

"That ain't right," rose Joe Peters' voice from a group that stood near by. "This ain't no time to nag at him."

And the crowd agreed, with demonstrations of friendship.

Dora Temple approached with her mother. Dora's costume was carefully prepared. She wore a white muslin dress, new ironed by her mother's

skillful hands. Her hair was curled and held back from her face by a white ribbon, and she carried a long spray of white peony. It was the only white flower she had been able to find near her home. She had tried a few roses first, and then discarded them.

She drooped as she walked. Dora never walked well—she was round-shouldered—but she had moments of rare grace. She put one hand over her heart when she first met Tom's eyes, and she gasped, and her step faltered while her mother's arm went tenderly around her.

Tom stood quite still; his set face did not change. Dora was very quick. She heard Mrs. Manners' fretful voice lamenting: "I'll never get over this! I'll never get over it!" and she recognized that the crowd felt tenderly for Tom. He possessed that singular grace of person, all unstudied, never to be acquired, that wins favor without asking it.

Every one made way for her, and she came toward him slowly, every fiber of her dramatic little soul quivering as she realized that she was holding the center of the stage. She went up to him, and held up the white peony, and as she did it, it occurred to her that perhaps the roses would have been better.

Tom didn't take the peony. His set lips quivered a little, and he put his arms about her, burying his face in her shoulder. No one spoke or moved; the crowd was breathless. After a minute he raised his head. He did not know any one else was near him; the rest of the world seemed to have melted away from him.

"I must give you up, Dora," he said.

Dora lifted her eyes to the heaven whose color they had stolen, and then turned to him with a faint smile, ineffably sweet.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'll wait for you."

She was keenly conscious of the wave of approval that gathered around them. Mrs. Manners' eyes were fixed upon her with a wondering stare. She held up her lips to his.

"Good-by," she said.

The man's face grew set again. His arms left her. He drew from his pocket a little box, and he opened it, and showed her the ring that was in it.

"It was our wedding ring," he said.

She put out her hand to take it. He slipped the ring on her finger, and he kissed her, and then he put the little box back in his pocket, and turned to the constable.

"I'm ready, Mr. Peters," he said, and they stepped into the surrey.

The good-bys were very quiet. Every one watched the carriage until it was out of sight, and then the groups disintegrated, leaving Dora and her mother with Mrs. Manners, who had grown more quiet, and who regarded Dora with some perplexity, not untouched by resentment.

Doctor Nelson had not been with them; he had taken the early morning train, and reached the courthouse in time to make arrangements for Tom's reception, engaging an attorney for him, and meeting him when he was brought to the county jail. The father-who had died when Tom was a child could not have been kinder or wiser than his friend. The attitude of the jailer was definitely influenced by the dignity and courtesy of the physician, and when Tom arrived, his own singular beauty, touched by the shadow of tragedy, won him a certain respectful attention among the attendants.

Doctor Nelson sent a brief note to Mrs. Warren that evening, and late the next afternoon, finding there was nothing more he could do for Tom at this time, he went back to Fairhaven.

He was delayed on his progress from the station by persons who stopped him to ask news of Tom. He had little to tell them. The trial was set for September. Tom was meeting the situation with surprising dignity and courage.

Doctor Nelson went past the cross-road that led to his own house, and straight on to the Old Mansion, drawn by an irresistible force and longing. He was frightened to find how he had missed Amy Warren. He wanted to tell her every detail of the hours he

had been away from her, to learn everything that she had thought and felt.

He soon could see the great gates at the entrance where the light had shone on the first night he went to her. The gates were closed, and there seemed to be a bar across. He found the shutters of the big house closed, the place deserted. He paused in the road, overwhelmed, in utter loneliness and confusion. After a minute or two he turned sadly, and went home.

Mrs. Seery heard him enter, and called out to him.

"How's Tom, doctor?" she asked eagerly.

Every one asked that. He looked at her dully. It seemed to him a thousand years since he had seen Tom Manners. Then he pulled himself together, and answered her gently, telling all he could.

Mrs. Seery was sympathetic.

"You're wore out," she said. "You look awful tired. I'll get supper right away. There's some letters for you, and, oh, there's a note or somethin' from Mis' Warren. She brought it herself just before she went away. She's reel sweet, kind of. Nice, but awful funny. She wanted to see your office, an' then she kind of looked all over the house, reel interested. She said she was goin' away for a long time, an' she looked like she'd been cryin'. I felt awful sorry for her. I'll get your supper right off."

He went into his office, looking eagerly for the letter on his desk. Mrs. Seery had put Amy Warren's envelope with the others. It had seemed quite a natural thing to Mrs. Seery that Mrs. Warren should come in to pay her bill before going away.

It was not a long letter. He had known that she must go; he had faced the idea; but that she should be gone was quite another matter. He had expected that it would be pain to him, but that his loneliness would crush him to the earth he had not understood. He thought, at first, that it was the shock that had stunned, but he soon began to realize that it was the fact.

He sat for a long time with the letter in his hands, reading it over, and telling himself that it was true; that she had gone; that he might never see her again. Mrs. Seery called him, but he did not hear. She called again, and came at last to tell him that his supper waited. She set food before him, and retired, strong in her confidence that beefsteak and coffee are cunning comforters for weary men.

CHAPTER IX.

Fortune, being a double-minded deity, often caresses with one hand while buffeting with the other, giving cakes and kicks to a dog in a corner.

While Doctor Nelson had been at the courthouse, he had met, at his hotel, a famous surgeon, an old man who had been his teacher and was still his friend. To him Doctor Nelson had unfolded his discovery.

Your "country doctor" gets a pretty wide experience. As a type, he is fast passing from the stage, the telephone and possibilities of rapid transit bringing hospitals and specialists so near that one man is not often asked to-day to minister to the emergencies of a whole community. The comparatively isolated position of Fairhaven and the limitations of transportation in that part of the country had left Doctor Nelson for fifteen years an arbiter with death, high priest for the community. He had performed all the minor operations necessary, and had ministered to every variety of malady, and he had found what had at first seemed a mere hope to be a literal truth. A condition that had been thought could be reached by medicine only, and then with little hope, was operative. It was of this he had spoken to Amy Warren.

Doctor Brown-Forbes was interested, but reserved his opinion. He was willing to consider the possibility, and upon returning to the hospital, where he had for many years been an unquestioned authority, he wrote to Doctor Nelson, offering him opportunity for the development of his theory.

Doctor Nelson had begun to find Fairhaven unbearable. The summer had dragged on wearily in blinding heat, tempered only by the cool, damp evenings with their heavy dews.

Fairhaven folk went their accustomed ways. Dora Temple was seen on the village street or in the church on Sundays, dressed always in white, and with the gold ring on her finger. Doctor Nelson grew to think of her as the visible spirit of that day he had returned from Tom Manners and the courthouse, and found his life empty. Her mother was with her always, watching her with tenderness unflinching. It was well known in the village that she went several times during the summer to visit her lover, and, though she gave no sign, she reveled in the approval she recognized on every side.

"The doctor looks tired," his friends said to one another.

The day for Tom's trial came at last, and he went to the courthouse, having made arrangement with a younger man, fresh from the medical schools, who was to come to Fairhaven and live in the doctor's house, and attend to his practice, for after Tom's fate was settled Doctor Nelson was to go to Doctor Brown-Forbes, and give himself wholly to surgery.

He had written Amy several times during the summer, and had received brief notes in answer. Amy could not trust herself to write freely. She was going through a process of development with newly opened eyes. For the first time in her life she looked upon herself with searching criticism, instead of pity. She loved this man, and she strove honestly to make herself what she thought he would have her be.

He did not know how faithfully she tried to follow every suggestion he made to her. When he advised her to find interests in sorrows not her own, she went to a School of Philanthropy, and deliberately prepared herself for that, and, of course, did find interests, though she loved him none the less for it.

Separation is always a little harder for the one who stays. It is a limited

intelligence that can utterly fail to find diversion in new scenes, but the familiar thing, when its dear meaning is lost, falls like repeated blows upon one spot, and tends to madness.

Through the open windows of the courtroom came a murmur from the street, a rumble of wheels, and greeting called by friend to friend in passing. A market was across the way, gay with its little stalls of fruit and flower. In the morning housewives lingered to learn what had been developed in the trial the day before. Every one was interested, and the story took upon itself expression of romance, with Dora's gentle beauty and Tom's futile regret.

Doctor Nelson sat like a man in a dream. Mrs. Warren had sent money for Tom's expenses. He was glad to have her. He clung to her interest. He derived a curious, fierce comfort from the consciousness that she was waiting to hear, through him, the outcome of this week's work, and that he could break his rule of writing only once a month.

The battle is not always to the strong, and Amy, turning avidly to follow his advice, throwing herself without reserve upon her faith in him, bore the strain far better than he did.

Tom had gained in these weeks a touch of dignity never before his. He seemed older, and the simple fare and regular life of his imprisonment obliterated, in some degree, the marks of dissipation in his face. His personality won favor here, as everywhere. The Virginian loves grace, and ease, and beauty; that is an inheritance of which no defeat may rob him.

The counsel for the State referred to his "sad duty" and pleaded for the safety of the individual.

"A man must be safe on our streets," he said, and could not help reminding those who heard that Fairhaven was not of Virginia, though under its laws. "These strangers who make their homes upon our soil," he said, "must learn the value of a life to our State."

The jury listened gravely.

Tom's lawyer was more sentimental. He presented a touching picture of



The patient mules drew them, at last, piled on the rickety old wagon, pots, and pans, and little black babies sprinkled among the heavier furniture.

Dora, which was published in the papers the next morning, and drew all the quivering vanity of her little soul up to the surface. Dora floated on a sea of sensation those days. The defense appealed to the chivalry for which their fathers had been known, and made much of the fact that Tom had come to aid a woman.

"My client has admitted that he was under the influence of intoxicants," he cried, in an impassioned manner, "but no drink could cloud his innate chivalry when he beheld a gentle creature in distress."

During the description of the scene that followed, Doctor Nelson sat quiet. The emotion he controlled was a desire

to laugh. With every sense alert to claim and responsibility, alive to horror, deadened to all normal sensibility, he recalled Maria in her extreme moments, exaggerating her personality and opinion into caricature. He put himself in Tom's place. He argued mentally on all murder, sometimes for the defense, sometimes for the State. When it was necessary, he spoke clearly and with dignity, but he found it was an effort to speak at all. He wanted to throw back his head and laugh and laugh at men, and murder, and the world.

He realized the value of public sentiment, and from the first encouraged Tom's attitude, which was one of dig-

nity and sorrow. Maria was suffering from a severe ivy poisoning, and was not able to come into court. An indictment for manslaughter was accepted, and Tom pleaded guilty, so the trial resolved itself into formalities. It was over at last, and Tom was sentenced. Five years—which might, by good behavior, be shortened into little more than three. Tom drew a long breath, and accepted his fate with a kind of gladness.

"It's all right," he said. "You-all don't know how I feel. I did it, and I want to pay. Five years of my life ain't much."

He looked at Doctor Nelson with eyes that were childish in simplicity and earnestness.

"You-all don't know how it feels," he said, "to kill a man." He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the little box that had held Dora's ring. "I wonder if they'll let me keep it," he said. "You know they take everything away."

"I'll see what I can do about it," said the doctor.

And he went to the prison, and made a plea to the warden, and Tom was allowed to keep the little box.

He dreaded going back to Fairhaven, but it was necessary for him to attend to some details there before going on to Doctor Brown-Forbes and his new work. He seemed to have reached a climax of confusion and weariness at this time. He looked forward, longingly, to his hospital work.

"I must keep busy," he told himself. "I've done nothing but think lately."

Moses, who seemed to spend most of his time at the railway station, met him on his arrival, and took possession of his bag.

"So dey done sent Mars Tom ter jail," remarked Moses solemnly, and then, with an effective gesture of his head, his hands being occupied: "Gits dat-all fer killin' folks," he concluded wisely. "Hit doan't pay, Doct' Nelson, hit doan't pay."

So they went through the village street, giving greeting and answering questions. He was very weary. They

passed Mrs. Manners' house, and found the dooryard all neglected and overgrown. Several large packing boxes stood on the porch, and Doctor Nelson remembered having heard some one say that Mrs. Manners was moving out of town. She said she couldn't stand the disgrace.

The doctor looked sadly up at the windows where the shades hung awry. He was both pitiful and scornful of her weakness; his sympathy was with the boy whose mother had not helped him.

Mrs. Manners saw him and came out, voicing her shame and confusion. He felt annoyed.

"The woman talks too much," he told himself impatiently, but he was very gentle with her.

He met Mrs. Temple and Dora, who were driving a lean horse attached to a buckboard. The vehicle was not graceful, but Dora sat leaning back against the low support, dressed all in white and with a few roses in her folded hands. The gold ring glowed on her finger. She bowed to the doctor, with a slight droop at the corners of her mouth; she held her head forward, which accentuated her round shoulders. She was self-conscious in every line. Doctor Nelson knew that Mrs. Temple's hands kept those white dresses fresh, and he felt his old impatience with Dora deepen as he watched them, but the mother's eyes were blind to all but beauty.

"I wish you'd come out to see Dora before you go away," said Mrs. Temple, drawing the willing beast to rest. She was really anxious.

"I will come, Mrs. Temple," he assured her. He spoke with his old affection for his people. "You have both been under a strain," he said.

He looked at Dora sharply. She never wholly deceived him; he always, in a measure, pierced her affection, but he had been pleased with her attitude toward Tom, and he had seen how much it had meant to the boy who based all his courage on his faith in her.

"Tom was very brave," he told her. "I was proud of him."

Dora's eyelids fluttered down, and rose again. Her eyes were beautiful, long-lashed, of wonderful blue color. She held her roses to her breast.

"I wrote to him," she said.

"Write to him often," said the doctor gravely. "I'll try to get out in the morning," he said to Mrs. Temple. "I must leave at one o'clock."

And so he left them. He went straight to his home, and did not look, at the corner, down the road that led to the Mansion.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Pearsall's little house was painted white with green blinds, and had a piazza running across the front. A mass of jasmine vines and crimson rambler roses climbed luxuriously over the trellis built for them, and offered pleasant shade when one sat there on a warm afternoon.

Mrs. Seery came often for a bit of gossip. The confusion of Doctor Latimer's arrival and Doctor Nelson's departure had kept her from coming at once to see her friend after Mrs. Pearsall came home from the courthouse, where she had been one of the witnesses at Tom's trial; but the day after Doctor Nelson left Fairhaven she came, late in the afternoon, to hear Mrs. Pearsall's experience.

Mrs. Pearsall had naturally much to say, but she wrapped herself about with an air of unconcern, perfectly conscious that she was an object of interest and importance. The occasion was not one to be treated lightly. She received Mrs. Pearsall with a degree of formality.

"Set right down," she urged superfluously, for Mrs. Seery was already in the act.

"How nice your chairs look," remarked Mrs. Seery, not to be outdone in society manners.

"Well, 'tain't much," protested her hostess politely. "I varnished 'em all over the day before I had to go to the courthouse. Here I was, fussin' 'round, touchin' 'em up with what was left in the can—I allers like to use it all up,

don't you?—when that there sheriff man come walkin' up with the papers. I felt like I was bein' arrested. Nobody in our fambly ever was arrested, but that's what I felt like."

Mrs. Pearsall seated herself, and began to rock comfortably.

"Well, now, it was reel kind of pleasant," she began, "not but what I was sorry for Tom Manners. Land, how he has changed! Everybody talked about it. He jes' sat there quiet, an' didn't try to excuse nothin', but that lawyer, Doctor Nelson, got for 'im—Land! He can talk! You'd ought to heard 'im. It was grand. They was all terrible nice to me. I wore my black brilliantine, an' it did look nice, though I ain't the one to say so. I told 'em all about it. Some of 'em tried to interrupt me, but after a while the judge says to 'e, he says, 'Let her go,' he says; 'you can't stop 'er,' he says, like that. He see I'd made up my mind to do my duty, an' I done it. When I'm called upon to testify, I testify.

"Seein' as Maria wa'nt there, I felt special called not to leave nothin' out. An' I must say, Mis' Seery, not meanin' no harm to Maria, that pizin ivy couldn't ha' come at a better time than it did come. When Tom's lawyer went to quotin' po'try about him standin' up fer ladies, an' then tellin' about us, I couldn't help bein' kind of glad Maria wa'nt there. Not but what Maria's got an awful good character, an' all that, but you know's well's I do that she don't look like she needed Tom Manners to perfect 'er.

"It was a lovely speech, an' lots of folks cried. They was awful good to Tom. He said right out he was guilty, an' the judge give him five year in State's prison. He kin get some off fer good behavior. It was manslaughter. I didn't know before that wasn't the same's murder, but it ain't. Law's queer. I learned a lot about law day before yesterday."

"Dora's gone to see him," said Mrs. Seery.

"Dora's doin' the right thing," said Mrs. Pearsall. "The lawyer talked mighty pretty about Dora. I think it's

reel good of her to stand by 'im. Mis' Manners ain't no use to nobody—an' she allers talkin' about liftin' the fallen."

Dora had been at the courthouse, a pretty, pathetic figure, winning quick, chivalrous deference from the men who were near her lover. She was conscious of every shade of their feeling for her, and went through the corridors with lids dropped over her violet eyes that yet saw every glance that turned to her. She was very gentle with Tom, offering no word of reproach. She was swimming on a sea of gratified vanity and dramatic self-consciousness. Newspapers were sent to her from all the countryside, from the north and west, with flattering tributes to her beauty and devotion.

Her visits made Tom strangely happy. His pride in her lifted him above the horror of the prison brand. The consideration shown him during his trial touched him deeply, rousing all that was best in his nature. His case had been presented as a hot-headed boy, under influence of intoxicants, resenting an insult to women, striking without intent to kill.

Dora figured as a devoted sweetheart, standing by her lover in his extremity.

He was gravely conscious of his guilt. Overwhelmed by what he had done, he honestly determined to change all his way of life, and he possessed, withal, so rare a gift to please that he always found friends.

Mrs. Seery sat listening to her friend's experiences, and rocking comfortably until the lengthening shadows warned her of the end of day.

"I've jest got to go," she announced, and rocked a little harder.

"You'll have to come again," said Mrs. Pearsall. "I ain't told you half."

Mrs. Seery rose reluctantly, and her skirt parted from the chair with a little, ripping sound as the cloth clung to the varnish.

"Oh, my dress!" she cried, in some dismay.

"Oh, my chair!" exclaimed Mrs.

Pearsall simultaneously, with equal concern.

Mrs. Seery was twisting her portly body in a vain attempt to discover a part of her anatomy not to be self-observed, and Laura Simmons, who was going by, met Mr. Tubbs, who had also seen and heard. Their eyes met in understanding laughter.

All the summer he had watched her—light, inconsequent, kind, gay. She had gone by him with a careless word. He always saw her, remembering some bit of color in her dress or sound of soft laughter or the flush on her cheek, but they had never met before, with understanding.

He turned, and walked with her. She was very sweet, a little graver as she talked with him. He left her at her father's gate, and went back to the parsonage, refreshed and comforted. He had been ill and lonely. Health was coming back to him in this sunny, open place where the scent of the pine needles brooded; and now a new interest stirred him.

And Mrs. Seery was so interested in that part of her dress she could not see, and Mrs. Pearsall was so distressed because the paint had peeled off her chair that neither of them witnessed this beginning. A few days later, however, when Mrs. Seery came again and settled placidly to rock and listen, she found Mrs. Pearsall struggling to maintain an attitude of calm indifference, which was equivalent to the announcement of a sensation in reserve.

"Did you see Mis' Manners before she went?" she asked, somewhat perfunctorily, as she knew quite well that Mrs. Seery had.

"Yes," said Mrs. Seery. "She takes on somethin' awful."

"Well," answered Mrs. Pearsall, "it's an awful thing to think of Tom Manners bein' in prison bars and stripes. When I was testifyin', I kep' thinkin' all the while how much better it was not to kill nobody. You don't realize, Mis' Seery, not havin' been in court."

Mrs. Seery had no reply ready for that.

"Well, it's an awful thing," she re-

marked safely. She was waiting for the news she knew could not be withheld much longer.

"Do you know what I jes' seen?" demanded Mrs. Pearsall suddenly. "Wha' do you suppose I jes' seen? Mis-ter Tubbs a-drivin' by with Laura Sim-mons! Yes, ma'am! Laura Simmons, rats an' all, a-settin' up by Mis-ter Tubbs, an' gigglin' like there wa'nt no hereafter."

"It ain't the first time," remarked Mrs. Seery.

Then the bond of friendship suffered a slight strain.

"There ain't many," said Mrs. Pearsall, with much dignity, "as I'd let on to that they knowed it first, but bein' it's you, I will say it would ha' been the part o' friendship to ha' told me."

"Well, I've had so much onto my mind," said Mrs. Seery, apologizing. "Gettin' Doctor Latimer settled, and packin' Doctor Nelson. I see them night before las', drivin' out Brandon way, but I didn't have time to run over an' tell you about it."

"Well, I can't understand it," said Mrs. Pearsall, mollified. "It beats me. How do you like Doctor Latimer?"

"He's reel nice," said Mrs. Seery.

So they rocked comfortably in the shade of the rose vines while Dora swung in a hammock with a novel, pretending she was the heroine, and Mr. Tubbs and Laura Simmons drove in the holy quiet of the narrow road between great, brooding pines that are never still, but sway their tops together like a green, unresting sea.

John Nelson stood in the operating room of a great hospital, his theory demonstrated, and accepted by the surgeons who had watched his work. He was stronger in his consciousness of achievement, but he felt that for him all achievement was empty glory, and the pain and longing of his heart were no less in honor than in obscurity.

CHAPTER XI.

There is a common sentiment in the minds of those who are unhappy that, as grief is a cataclysm in which they

find themselves involved, some definite upheaval may presently occur and re-adjust affairs. The monotony of life seems to them unnatural, the unconsciousness of other men abnormal.

Amy Warren had long felt herself the victim of unfriendly circumstance. She was not naturally of independent fiber, and she had never been wholly thrown upon her own resources. When she was troubled, she believed, without process of reason, that somebody, somewhere, could do something about it, and she looked around her for the support it seemed to her should be forthcoming. If Doctor Nelson had been hampered by no scruples against divorce, she would have turned to him promptly as the agent of Providence sent to relieve her necessity. She was like many women who fancy themselves clever when they are only quick, and she possessed a certain rather dangerous gift of momentary understanding, recognizing the mental attitude of some one near her.

It was this very quality that made her impatient and scornful with Paul Warren, for she soon learned to despise his domestic qualities, which were all she recognized in the man. He was a money maker, possessed by what Aristotle has called the chrematistic instinct — to get money, and to hand his name down to a son. He was the type of man who is amiable until his vanity is disturbed, and when he found Amy did not admire him, he became irritable and suspicious. To another woman, he might have been what is called "a good husband."

Amy had loved her little daughter with the intense animal instinct of some human mothers, loved her defiantly because Paul Warren would have preferred a son. She had not been wise in her attitude to either the child or its father. She had grieved bitterly, rebelliously, at the child's death, and she had assumed that the child's father felt no grief.

Basing her opinions upon the instinct of a minute, she allowed them to include more than she understood. It was not fair to assume that be-

cause Paul Warren was greatly disappointed in the sex of his child he could not love it. It was not fair to assume that because he was selfish and vain and, perhaps, at times, a little cruel, that he could not be reasonable or kind.

He was, indeed, heartily tired of his wife, and saw her go from him without regret.

It was like Amy to think she had grasped the whole situation, and could settle it in one move. When she realized that John Nelson believed earnestly in his plain moral code; when she recognized that she had neither argument nor trick to influence him, her old instinct would have led her, while seeming to yield, to recur to the subject again and again, to fret against the bars, to plead and to recriminate; but now a strange, new influence had come upon her, for she loved the man absolutely.

It was, perhaps, the first purely unselfish, strong emotion she had ever known. She had been amazed in that last interview to find herself arguing passionately that her own grief didn't matter if he might be comforted. When she had told him that he asked a greater sacrifice of her than of himself, she had meant what she said, feeling herself unworthy of him.

So she went away at once, leaving him bewildered, for, like many persons of strong mind and will, he was slow to accept conclusions, even when the conclusions were his own, and no one could have convinced him to the contrary. He called this "thinking it over," even when he had no idea of yielding. Amy's swift conclusions disturbed his accustomed habit.

Amy had established herself in a small city in the North, and was interested in a Settlement House there, to which she gave liberal and intelligent help, and in which she found real and lasting interest. She had met a few pleasant people, and, though she accepted little socially, soon found herself settled comfortably. She literally existed upon her faith in the man she loved. Waking in the night, and through the daily round to which she had become

accustomed, for she always adapted herself quickly to her surroundings, she would repeat to herself something he had said or written to her, finding unfailing strength and comfort in his words.

"It doesn't mean that life's all wrong when some one suffers." "There are few things so useless as to try to understand the mystery of pain. We are concerned only in its ministry." "This is our measure, Amy; how well we bear the thing we cannot help."

She had felt that her pain could be helped; but slowly, as the days went by, she found herself realizing that he could never have been happy in a thing he believed wrong, and she grew to care more for him than for the question. She grew even to exult in his obstinacy, for without doubt his will was overstrong at times. She heard of his professional success with the satisfaction possible only to a woman who loved him.

She had grown very fond of a little boy who had been left at the Settlement House, and had taken him to her home, and considered adopting him.

She was playing with him one morning when Miss Watson brought in some letters to her. The boy held her by the arms; flushed and laughing, she pulled herself free.

"Let me see the letters, dear," she said, and he stopped, breathless and reluctant while she looked at them, ready to renew the game as soon as she should look at him. Miss Watson, who was never observant, did not notice the flush that crept over Amy's face or the pallor that followed it.

The child saw, and with the ready sympathy of love caught at her hand, and kissed it. She looked down at him.

"Oh!" she said. "Yes—I can't play now, dear."

And she left him, and went from the room.

"Will you keep Tommy, please?" she said to Miss Watson as she went.

Miss Watson found it difficult to amuse Tommy, and wondered with some impatience why Amy wanted him.

A day or two later, Doctor Nelson

found a letter in his mail that caused him some anxiety.

Amy's letter ran:

Do you know that I write you every day? Long letters, where I tell you everything that I would say to you if I could, and then I burn them because you must not see them. This is to be a long letter that you must read, because I am in perplexity and do not know what to do.

I have heard from Paul Warren, through his lawyers. He is going to sue me for a divorce, in Nevada, on the ground of desertion, though he was perfectly willing to let me go. The communication is amiable enough. He evidently bears no malice, but wants to be free. I suppose he wants to marry some one else. It seems that if I will appear there the divorce can be obtained in six months.

Oh, I know what you will feel when you read this! We have not either of us one inch of ground to stand upon except that we do not like each other. There is one State in the Union, it seems, where we can explain this simple matter, and have it undone.

I used to think that what I wanted was the only law, but now I have grown to feel that what you want is the only law. So I will do what you say. I can't pretend to understand, I'm not sure I'm convinced, but I believe in you, and that keeps me good and strong.

I have several weeks to decide. I need not go before July. The lawyer calls my attention to the fact that Paul is a busy man, and longer residence there would be inconvenient for him. It seems he cannot give too much time to getting rid of me. He is to go the first of June. Shall I help him? Or shall I stay his legal wife as long as I can, though I would rather feel a knife in my heart than see him again? I don't know that a knife in my heart would seem very strange; I think I have felt that more than once.

He read the letter many times, and with varying emotions, as his mind dwelt upon one sentence or another. The issue perplexed him because he hated the dog-in-a-manger attitude of letting an assumption of superior virtue inconvenience a man he disliked, delaying what could not be prevented, and causing deliberate annoyance to no ultimate good.

He did not, on the other hand, believe in compromise with what he held to be wrong. If Amy were to go to Nevada, she must give sanction to a law he so despised that he could not really believe she did not also hold it in contempt. Holding the doctrine of "the

greater good to the greater number" a fundamental principle of civilization, he believed the occasional sacrifice of an individual to be necessary to the common good, and he was not the kind of man to change his view when he found himself the victim. He had small sympathy with weaklings, the contempt of the physician for the man who cannot "take his medicine," as the saying is.

He wondered, with a kind of horror, as he looked out on the world of thoughtless men, at the inevitable result of action, the rippling to the shores of time caused by the smallest pebble cast by a careless hand, the vibrations through space that, once started, can be stopped or delayed by no human power. He feared the first break in the bond of marriage as the first step to ultimate moral anarchy and chaos.

He argued that every possible means should be used to make man and woman careful about entering upon this relation, and then that any suffering must be endured rather than cheapen or vulgarize a sacred thing. We have not, he said, so many sacred things that we can well afford to lose the best.

He was not wholly without that slight cruelty of fanaticism so often found in very tender hearts. When he longed for Amy Warren most, he looked upon his pain as he would have considered a cancer or an amputated limb.

He waited, for a few days, before answering her letter, as his habit was when asked to express a definite opinion; and just as he was about to write to her he was asked by a telephone message to go to New York to visit a man suddenly stricken with the malady for which he had operated with so much success.

It was late in May, and warm for operations, but the call came from a well-known physician, not himself a surgeon, who urged Doctor Nelson to come at once. So he sent a note to Amy, telling her that he would answer her letter later in the week. She knew his habit of mind by this time, and smiled at his caution, for she knew very well what he would say.

CHAPTER XII.

Doctor Nelson found his patient irritable; a pale man with a black, pointed beard, close cut, through which his teeth gleamed small and very white, and rather sharp when he spoke. His body seemed thin under the light cover of the hospital bed. He threw back the cover with an accurate, nervous gesture, and replied briefly to the surgeon's questions.

"I want to get through with this at once," he said, as though he gave command to fate.

Doctor Nelson shook his head.

"I'm afraid you must give it a little time," he said. "It is not as sudden as you think. You should have had attention months ago."

"Make your examination," ordered the patient, as though he were speaking to a servant.

Doctor Nelson understood that men meet danger each in his own way; one man becomes sentimental, and another callous to outward appearance, while the heart knows its own bitterness. He felt no resentment, only sympathy and pity, so he obeyed, speaking little and then very gently.

They gave the patient an anaesthetic, and discovered that his only chance for life lay in an immediate operation. The man regained partial consciousness while they were speaking. Doctor Nelson was fingering his little knives; the nurses stood ready to do his bidding. The other physician stood by the operating table, and spoke to the sufferer with that curious cheerfulness that is supposed to inspire confidence.

"I'm going to give you a little more of this, Mr. Warren," he said, holding the cone over the white face.

Doctor Nelson's glove fell to the floor. One of the nurses picked it up, and put it in the disinfectant bath.



She read that Paul Warren had died the night before.

"Is that man's name—*Warren*?" asked Doctor Nelson.

"Yes," said the physician, without looking up. "Ready, doctor. Paul Warren."

It seemed to John Nelson that a thousand years went by before his scattered senses gathered to coherence. To those who waited, it was an imperceptible hesitation, during which his lips moved as though he were speaking. There was a strange light in his eyes. One of the nurses moved uneasily. The man made her afraid.

Doctor Nelson's discovery had not been accepted without question by the whole medical world. There had not been wanting scoffers, and those who hesitated to believe, and those who felt that no good can come out of Nazareth

and resented the radical opinion of an obscure, provincial surgeon.

Doctor Brown-Forbes had been able to give him a certain standing, but his reputation, so far, had been local, and they had been careful to avoid sensational exploitation. Doctor Robertson, who watched him to-day, was an admirer of Brown-Forbes, and, finding Paul Warren's case desperate, had advised his patient to send for this new surgeon and take the chance.

Paul Warren had met his condition with the annoyed surprise of a man who had refused to notice warning, and had persuaded himself he could defy disease. He was accustomed to thinking that things could be bought if one had the price, and he gave himself to the surgeon, impatient at the loss of time involved. His body was very slight as it lay on the glass table, slight and terribly still. Doctor Robertson had his finger on the pulse. The silence was like another person in the room.

Doctor Nelson found his hand steady. He said to himself:

"This is Paul Warren. Amy's husband. Amy's husband. Paul Warren. Paul Warren."

It was like the ticking of a big clock. His hands moved like some wonderful machine. Doctor Robertson watched him with reverent understanding. The nurses seemed to catch an inspiration from him.

He was wholly without theoretic artifices. He worked as he had never worked before. There was only one desperate chance for life. It would be so easy to let this man die. He lay so still, so white, and slight; and still. Why need he ever quick again? A very little carelessness, a very little lack of skill, a little lingering, for the pulse was growing weak. Suppose the work took a second or two too long?

It seemed to John Nelson that he was two men, the man who thought and the man who worked. The man who thought wavered, but the man who worked was swift and very sure. It was all over in an hour, and it seemed to John Nelson that he came out of the anaesthetic with his patient.

"Successful, I think," he said.

His voice was almost indifferent. One of the nurses, who was keener than the other, looked at him sharply. Doctor Robertson grasped his hand.

"That was a wonderful piece of work," he said; "wonderful!"

Doctor Nelson looked after the figure the orderly was wheeling away. It was still, very still, like the figure of a dead man.

"He'll have to be careful for some time," he said. "He ought not to go out of the hospital for six weeks, and he won't be good for much for six months."

"It will be hard to keep him," said Doctor Robertson.

It was all commonplace, there were no signs of tragedy. Doctor Nelson looked at the men he met in the street, and wondered what they carried in their hearts. He wondered upon the abortive tragedies that are buried in the commonplace. Amy received a letter from Paul Warren's lawyer, telling her to wait until she had heard from them again before she went to Nevada. He did not seem to doubt that she would go.

CHAPTER XIII.

Moses, scorning the commonplace, declined to recognize the relation of wet clothes to rheumatism. He came home drenched in a heavy shower, and suffered a chill that yielded slowly to Flora's brew of bitter herbs. In the morning he discovered that he had been visited by ghosts, which he announced with a series of groans that brought in the neighbors, who were half alarmed and half delighted by the circumstance, for the negro loves emotion well enough to take a certain satisfaction in his fear.

"Ah's been rid by a ha'nt!" roared Moses, emphasizing the difficulty of rising and pretending to ignore the audience that gathered closer.

"Ah knowed it!" declared Flora solemnly, as befitted the occasion. "Hit wa'ar ha'nt suah 'nuff. Hit wa'ar round heah yestidy. Hit blowed in de doah,

hit blowed out de doah. Hit say: *Woo-oo-ah!*"

She prolonged the cry into a barbaric wail, and a ripple of assent ran through the little company as they felt stir in their blood the memory of old pagan rites.

Moses moaned with due effect, and white eyes rolled at him as the crowd came closer to hear his experience.

"Ah carnt ezactly recolimember how-all hit come about," Moses explained. "Fust thing Ah knew Ah was a-runnin' an' a-runnin', an' Ah couldn't seem to get to stop nohow. Seemed laike Ah was 'bliged to run—an' run—an' run—an' run—"

"An' run," interpolated an irreverent youthful member of the company, who was perched safely on the window sill where he could disappear from the afterwrath.

"Ah jes' nachully don' know what's a-comin' to them young culled folks," remarked Malindy Pearline, who was related to the culprit. "They're gettin' that bigotry."

"Ah know what 'u'd come to that young culled pusson if he wa'ar kin o' mine," said Flora ominously.

Anything that definitely interferes with manual labor is sure of a deep and abiding welcome in the negro breast. Moses enjoyed immunity from toil, and the distinction of having been chosen by the "ha'nt." He sat in comfortable state while Flora and the children made their arrangements to move on in the quest for an unhaunted home. The patient mules drew them, at last, piled on the rickety old wagon, pots, and pans, and little black babies sprinkled among the heavier furniture.

Doctor Latimer had dubbed him "peripatetic Mose," and the cognomen pleased him.

"What-all does dat mean, Doct' Latimer?" he inquired, as he drew his mules to standing, meeting the young doctor coming down the village street.

Doctor Latimer smiled slowly. He was a personable young man, with an air of familiarity with the great world that made deep impression on the Fairhaven folk. He had very beautiful

white teeth, which gave his smile an added charm.

Dora Temple passed with her mother, and saw the doctor's carriage standing by the wagon on which Moses conveyed his family and his household goods.

"It has a reference to the moving habit," explained Doctor Latimer, "and you've got the habit, Moses."

Dora flashed a look at the young man from under her drooping lids as she went by him slowly, posing her whole figure to the ideal she had formed for herself. Mrs. Temple walked with her, perfectly absorbed in the girl, surrounding her with tenderest care.

Doctor Latimer saw them go. He had felt very sorry for Dora, and he admired her loyalty to her lover, but at this moment he found himself wishing he could do something for her mother. The little, bent figure seemed so tired and forlorn. Dora's white dress was very fresh, the mother's black, rusty, and bedraggled. The older woman walked as though she were weary.

Dora knew he was looking at them, and immediately began to enlarge the little drama of which she was the heroine. Tom was settled in the routine of the prison. She was not getting so much attention as had at first been given her. The entrance of another figure gave the play a new interest.

Mrs. Temple was happier that night.

"I think Dora seems better," she told herself.

She began looking over some of her old temperance papers. The Temperance Society had dwindled since Fairhaven had become a no-license town, but the meetings were still held alternately in the two churches. Mrs. Temple came to one of them, and was welcomed cordially by the women there.

"Well, it seemed as if I could get to come," she told them, flushing with pleasure at the attention she received. "I know I ain't been anywheres. It seemed as if I couldn't leave Dora. It's reel nice to come again."

"Mis' Warren's at the Mansion," said Mrs. Pearsall, whose idea of being agreeable was always to give information.

"For land's sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Winterbourne, to impart news to whom it was always a pleasure.

Mrs. Temple entered upon the village gossip with the fresh appetite of one from whom these morsels have been long withheld. She came to the business of the meeting with a return of her old interest.

The little group solemnly conferred, and exchanged reports of the work of temperance unions, as thousands of insignificant societies do every day, unnoticed in the rush and clamor of a busy world, remembered, perhaps, by the promise given to the faithful two or three. They sang a closing hymn, and Mrs. Temple half promised to take office again when they should next choose their officers.

She was conscious of a slight exhilaration as she walked home. When she came near the gate, a touch of her accustomed anxiety returned. She wondered what Dora had been doing in her absence. Then she heard the sound of wheels in the lane, and Doctor Latimer's carriage came, with Dora sitting by him, smiling, and with a touch of color in her cheeks.

"We tried to overtake you," said Doctor Latimer, as he helped Dora alight at the gate.

He jumped back into the carriage, and spoke to Dora with his quick, sunny smile.

"I hope you won't have any trouble with that ankle," he said. "Let me know if it troubles you. Good night, Mrs. Temple. I'm sorry you walked so fast."

And he drove away.

"Have you hurt your ankle?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Just turned it a little," said Dora. "It's silly of him to worry about it."

She smiled in a little, pleased, self-conscious way. Mrs. Temple did not often question Dora, but at this time it occurred to her that Doctor Latimer had not seemed to be worried.

Dora was feeling better, there was no doubt about that. Mrs. Temple heard her singing softly in her room upstairs after supper, and she came downstairs a little later with some ribbons and a hat, and sat on the porch making experiments in millinery.

"I don't reckon there's any reason why I shouldn't wear pink," she said.

"Of course there ain't," agreed her mother. "Are you sure your ankle don't hurt?"

Dora fussed with her ribbons, and her mother rocked contentedly. Tom sat in his lonely cell, wrapped in the dullness of routine, weary at evening, without diversion, but, through shame and remorse strong in strength of purpose and of faith that did not waver, he sat waiting with a little box in his hands that gave him comfort.

CHAPTER XIV.

Paul Warren's case attracted some attention, and Doctor Nelson found himself received with courtesy and respect. He was weary, and one or two of his new acquaintances, recognizing the symptoms of his fatigue, urged him to rest during the summer.

He accepted, at last, an invitation to join a hunting party in the Canadian forests.

He had written Amy briefly of the circumstance that had brought him to her husband. His letters were always laconic, and would have seemed cold if she had not understood him well enough to read between the lines.

Paul Warren was annoyed and impatient at his own weakness, but when he found himself an object of interest to great surgeons, that singular egotism, common, it would seem, to all men who narrowly escape death, asserted itself, and he became rather interested in himself and more willing to remain at the hospital the whole time considered necessary.

He was permitted to leave, at last, but warned that he must be very careful for some time to come.

So the summer went by, and as he began to regain his strength, his natural

disposition urged him to haste. He had waited, he felt, nearly half the time he had expected to spend in Nevada. His residence there would now take him well into the winter, and cause some confusion in his business affairs, and he hated both disorder and delay.

His lawyer had received no answer to the letters sent to Amy, and while they discussed the matter one day, the lawyer suggested that it might be possible to persuade Amy to go to Nevada and get the divorce, since there was no principle at issue, but they wanted only legal freedom. He suggested nonsupport as a plea, and Paul smiled grimly.

"She's got as much money as I have," he said, "but I suppose that would do. What about incompatibility?"

He was not at all sure she would go, but they decided to ask her.

Doctor Nelson was in the North woods, and could not be easily reached. Amy was growing more unselfish, and she was not willing to disturb his holiday; she was also growing stronger and more self-reliant, so she considered the question alone.

She was asked, at this time, to make an automobile trip with some friends, and so she left Tommy at one of the resorts on the Jersey coast, with a nurse and Miss Watson. Amy had grown greatly attached to the boy; she was a woman of intense maternal instinct; but Miss Watson assumed her charge reluctantly, murmuring under her breath that children made her nervous.

Amy turned the matter in her mind, arguing now on one side and now on the other. She disliked, as Doctor Nelson had, the consciousness of deliberately inconveniencing her husband as she must by refusing his proposal. She could spend the winter as well in Nevada as in any other place. She realized that the sense of legal freedom would be a real relief to her.

She began to wonder if Doctor Nelson's resolution would hold after she was really free. It was her natural disposition to come back to this point.

She wrote a letter saying she would go. She wrote at a hotel in one of the North Jersey towns, and, finding she

had no stamp, she put the letter in her hand bag, thinking she would buy some stamps at the hotel office as she went out. Some trifle engrossed her thought for the moment, and when she next thought of it they were well under way on an open road.

She then decided that she would get the stamp and post the letter when they stopped for luncheon.

They had come up along the Jersey coast and across the northern part of the State, and were going into New York. They came, at noon, into one of the beautiful towns near the three great cities where the sound and river meet. Her companions had no idea what was in her mind. She had grown able to conceal her thought, and to control her voice and manner.

Amy had changed greatly during this last hard year. As they came along the beautiful, wide street to their hotel, Amy's hand closed suddenly upon the little bag she held, and every muscle in her body became tense for the moment. The car was moving slowly, and she had full time to see Paul Warren. He was very white, emaciated; he looked very ill. He was stepping into an automobile that stood by the road in front of a small shop. A woman was with him.

She was fair, with the appearance of intimate attention to detail that alone keeps very blond women from fading while they are still young. Her hair was burnished gold, and very carefully dressed. Her attire was immaculate white, a trifle too closely fitted. She was a handsome woman, with a beauty not wholly artificial, but evidently assisted. One could not tell at first glance if she were a lady; one could not be sure at second that she was not; and Amy, who wanted the divorce, who wanted herself to marry another man, felt outraged by her very existence.

The emotion was quite unreasonable, and she soon acknowledged this. She saw that Paul did not recognize her; he had not, indeed, looked at her as she passed. She opened her little bag, and took out the letter, and tore it in shreds.

One of her companions looked at her

with an inquiring smile, and she forced herself to smile in answer.

"It's a letter I've decided not to send," she said, and she scattered the fragments along the road.

Her decision was immediate. She could not put herself beside this too carefully kept blond woman. She refused to think of herself as in the same class.

"Well, what's the difference?" the new self within her asked of the old self. "Would you not have gone gladly with another man if you had been permitted? Some slight scruples you have, no doubt—a few words to be said or unsaid—a document to be signed—that would have satisfied you. You would make one law for yourself, and another for this woman. Are you then so much more delicate than she?" She flushed under her veil.

That day she sent a letter to Paul Warren's lawyer, saying briefly that it would not be possible for her to go to Nevada, and then she sent word for Miss Watson to meet her, with Tommy, at Fairhaven. She knew that Doctor Nelson would be in his remote camp for four weeks yet, and she felt it was safe for her to go to his old home. She wanted to see all the things that would remind her of his presence. She longed for the very signs that she had hitherto felt unable to bear. She wanted to be among his friends, and to hear him named. She came in a very passion of renunciation.

The village folk received her affectionately. She was always susceptible to friendship, and while she had many acquaintances, she had never formed the close intimacies that are common in smaller settlements. Her emotions were now at a high pitch, and when she found herself remembered and met cordial greeting, she was deeply touched and responsive; so people felt kindly toward her, and they came to see her, and asked her to join their simple pleasures.

She offered to the two churches the use of her lawns and gardens for a fair they were planning to hold together. It was not usual for the two churches

to work together, and so this occasion took to itself an air of great importance. There were to be booths for the sale of "fancywork," and Rebecca was to preside at a well of lemonade, and there was to be a supper served in the early evening.

Mrs. Warren became really interested, and even Miss Watson rose to the occasion.

Amy soon discovered a thing that troubled her a little, because she knew how Doctor Nelson felt about it.

Dora's little drama had developed to her satisfaction. She wrote to Tom regularly long, pleasant letters, in which she told him all the village news. Dora wrote a very good letter; she made trifles interesting. It was nearly as easy for her to write to one person as another. Persons were to her either conductors or nonconductors for her sentimental vitality. The nonconductors she quickly recognized and avoided; the conductors she used with a certain discretion, governed by her consciousness of the degree of their interest.

If Dora felt she was being ignored, she was as uncomfortable as another type of woman is made by overmuch attention. To be pointed out and watched, to know that people spoke of her, were to her what light and heat are to an opening flower. Always there stirred in her a little, restless longing for distinction. Anything that caused her emotion gave her a certain pleasure.

Doctor Latimer was unacquainted with the ways of rural folk. He did not understand the weight attached to any small attention he might pay a girl in Fairhaven. He drove daily past the Temples' house on his way to visit a suffering child in one of the cabin homes beyond. Dora was usually in the front yard or on the piazza, and he would stop for greeting.

He was very pretty. He was rather sentimental. The gold ring gleaming on her left hand never failed to move him to real feeling for the man behind the prison walls. He admired heartily the faith and loyalty he thought she represented.

Several times he asked her to go with

him on the long drives through the forest roads when he was called to patients in outlying places. Dora would tell him stories of the countryside, strange tales of struggling and toil, of disappointment, and of rare achievement. The stranger who buys a Virginia farm seldom foresees the difficulties he must encounter, the unending fight with nature, and the unsolved problem of the freed slave. Then contrasting, she would point out stately homes, wrapped in their memories of happier days, touched with the tragedies of war—the old life and the new that cannot seem to meet. Every family had its story, every house; and Dora told the stories very well.

She was perfectly conscious that she interested this young man, and she appeared to best advantage, as she always could when her vanity was fed; but she was feeling always for a touch of sentiment she did not find. Fairhaven had but one opinion, and was interested, not quite approving; but Dora was not sure, and that kept her interested.

She realized that Doctor Latimer felt strongly concerning her loyalty to Tom. She made a little game of the situation, planning to circumvent this without losing his admiration. Doctor Latimer's real self was no more to her than a clay puppet she might have set up in his place. She had no interest whatever when he told her of his friends and his home. She would listen, or appear to listen, sweetly, with a smile curving her red lips and shining through the sadness in her eyes. Dora's eyes were always a little sad, in part the effect of her slightly drooping lids.

The man was lonely, and talked freely. They became very good friends.

The postmistress was authority that Dora's letters went no less regularly to Tom, and also that Doctor Latimer sent other letters with a degree of regularity to a young woman in Norfolk. Once or twice Dora came to the post office in Doctor Latimer's carriage, and he took in her letters to mail them. The postmistress could not have been persuaded that he had not investigated the addresses.

The day before the lawn party, Doctor Latimer came by as usual. He stopped only a minute, but Dora's supersensitive nerves were conscious at once of a new element in him. Swiftly responsive, she smiled full into his eyes. He was eager for sympathy, and he received the message gladly.

"I have something to tell you," he said, "but I can't stop now."

He gave her some letters that he had brought out with him. He had fallen into the way of bringing out the mail to her. Dora's eyes followed him as he drove away, and she put Tom's letter aside unopened.

She went about the house that day thoughtfully, with the exaltation she always knew when her emotions were stirred. Mrs. Temple never interfered. She watched Dora's moods and her health. When Dora was sad, Mrs. Temple fussed over her, forgetting everything else; when Dora seemed to feel better, Mrs. Temple slipped back into her old ways and interests, and became busy again with the church work and the Temperance Society.

She drove into town that afternoon, on some business concerning the morrow's fair. Dora watched her go, after having tucked a light robe about her, and repeated some message she wanted delivered. After her mother had gone, Dora made a little ceremonial.

She took Tom's unopened letter, and a white rose, and she drew the gold ring from her finger, and she laid the three in a small pasteboard box, and tied it with a ribbon. She stood for a minute, with the box in her hand, whipping herself to action with the memory of the new light in the young doctor's eyes.

She would not have to face Tom. It would be fully two years before he could leave the prison. The old fascination was growing a little vague. Doctor Latimer seemed to belong to another world, and Dora dreamed of herself in other and larger spheres. She fully believed herself fitted to live in palaces, and meet the great men and women of the earth.

Dora never admitted the possibility

that Doctor Latimer might stay in Fairhaven. She dwelt upon all she had heard of Doctor Nelson's successes, and exaggerated them. Her dreams ran wild.

She planned to tell Tom gently. She composed a letter that brought tears to her own eyes. She was occupied for the next twenty-four hours in planning that letter.

She went out into the garden to where a few late roses clung to a sturdy bush, and she dug a little hole, and she buried Tom's letter, and the gold ring, and the white rose; and then she went back to the house.

CHAPTER XV.

Paul's lawyer was somewhat troubled at Amy's letter. Not only was he annoyed by her refusal to what seemed to him a perfectly reasonable request, but he feared the effect of the disappointment upon his client, who was far from being strong, and did not seem to be making material progress in his recovery.

Paul had indeed reached that stage almost inevitably following serious illness when the process of recuperation seems to halt. He was not a good patient. On the days when he felt somewhat better he tried to do much, and when he was not so well he became rebellious and ill-tempered.

He smiled sardonically when he saw Amy's letter.

"I expected this," he said; "it's like her."

He had persuaded himself that Amy opposed him in everything. He had been disappointed in life. Everything he wanted had seemed to evade him. He was so tired now that he had almost stopped wishing for anything.

"I'd go myself if Doctor Robertson wasn't such an old woman," he said, and smiled mirthlessly, a mere flash of his white teeth through his close-cut black beard. "His prattlings begin to alarm me."

"Doctor Robertson thinks you are not careful," said Mr. Stuart. "These automobile trips—"

Paul raised his hand wearily to stop him, a bored gesture.

"You are, I believe, a lawyer," he said, "and an excellent one." He bowed slightly. "I prefer to speak of business matters."

Mr. Stuart knew him too well to be greatly annoyed.

"I am also your friend," he replied. "Business, if you wish, with all my heart, but incidentally I am your friend, and I hate to see you make a fool of yourself. You know you've got to be careful."

"Careful?" The invalid smiled again. "It's an exciting life, Stuart, being careful. Again, business. I want to speak of Mrs. Anderson. Some provision must be made for her, and not by my will, I think. That might be protested, and cause unpleasantries. My wife"—his faint smile flickered again for an instant—"my wife might not understand. Let us be respectable, by all means." He lifted some papers from the table by which he sat. "I have made a list of securities," he said, and gave a slip of paper to the lawyer. "Have them ready, please, to give her in case"—he paused for a minute—"in case my recovery is not rapid."

Mr. Stuart was glad to find that Paul realized he could not go to Nevada. It would not have surprised him if the invalid had started at once, reckless of consequences; but Paul seemed very tired, not only physically, but mentally. His voice had a note of unutterable weariness. Mr. Stuart looked at him, and spoke with a burst of irritation.

"Why don't you go to some good sanitarium, and let yourself recover? You've got a fair chance, and you're throwing it away."

"I've always loved sanitaria," Paul drawled. "They're so inspiring. Old ladies with indigestion, young ones with nerves, paralytics, apoplectics, and poor devils like myself who have come through 'successful operations.' They always call them successful, I believe, if the patient lives through them."

Mr. Stuart felt helpless. Paul fingered the papers. "To return to Mrs. Anderson," Paul said, "she's going to

be rather vexed about this." He indicated Amy's letter indifferently. "But if I can't go, and Amy won't—" He shrugged his thin shoulders. "It's rather a pity, isn't it, that the most civilized State in the Union is so inaccessible? I wish women could vote in New York."

Mr. Stuart was really concerned. He rose, and laid one hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Paul," he said very gravely, "please don't talk like a fool. I don't care a hang about Mrs. Anderson, but I'd give a good deal to see you brace up and take your chance like a man."

Paul shook his head, but he dropped his light tone and all trace of irritation.

"It's no use," he confessed. "I've lost my grip. I don't care. I don't care a hang about anything." His friend could make no impression. "It's rather nice, you know," he said, with a smile slightly less bitter than was his wont, "to feel that some one cares."

Mr. Stuart never saw him again. He went for a long automobile ride that afternoon, and came home quite exhausted. A faithful servant received him, and called Doctor Robertson, but he passed from one attack of faintness into another, and died before midnight, quite unnecessarily, the physicians said.

Doctor Robertson wrote to Doctor Nelson regretfully, for he had greatly admired the surgeon's work, and was sorry to see it willfully undone. Doctor Nelson, coming out of the woods rather earlier than he had at first planned, found the letter waiting for him.

The lawn party was in full progress in Fairhaven, and all the town was there. Little Japanese lanterns twinkled absurdly in the early twilight, and were later reënforced by more substantial lights hung in the trees and shrubbery. The supper was served at six o'clock. There were booths for the sale of handiwork and homemade candy. Rebecca giggled cheerfully at the well, and dispensed gallons of lemonade to her thirsty admirers; and the whole village came in gala dress. Mrs. Flint

and Mrs. Peters were cutting cake in the improvised kitchen at one end of the long veranda.

"Mis' Rogers has made one o' her pecan cakes," announced Mrs. Flint. "When she does that, the rest of 'em might's well give up."

"Miranda Wilson's a good cake maker," said Mrs. Peters. "I always speak up for Miranda. It don't go to pieces under the knife, an' yet it ain't tough. It's jes' right."

"There ain't anythin' like nut cake, to my way o' thinkin'," persisted Mrs. Flint, "an' pecan cake beats 'em all."

"I found a piece o' shell into it las' time," said Mrs. Peters.

"Well, I'd ruther have pecan shells than raisins with the stuns left into 'em," replied Mrs. Flint, loyal to the last, and eying Miranda's cake with disfavor.

Josie Wilson came up, and set down her tray with a bang.

"Mis' Winterbourne wants hot water in her coffee," she remarked impatiently. "If there's one thing that makes me madder'n another, it's to have folks ask me to bring 'em hot water for their coffee when there's about a million other folks hasn't got any coffee yet. It makes me mad."

"Don't pay any attention to her," advised Mrs. Peters. "Go down to the other end o' the table, an' pertend to forget."

"Oh, I might's well get it," said Josie, "but it makes me mad!"

"I want two cups o' coffee and some raised biscuits," said Nora Peters, breaking into the conversation. "Land, how folks does eat! Here comes Dora an' Mis' Temple."

Mrs. Temple and Dora came up the veranda steps, and went into the long drawing-room where the women left their light wraps. They came through the long windows to the place where the supplies for the tables were kept, and Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Rogers filled the trays the young girls brought to them.

Mrs. Temple was to help, and came with apologies for being late. Doctor Latimer stood on the driveway just be-

low, and Dora leaned over the railing, and smiled down on him with the full sweep of her fathomless blue eyes.

"You know I have something to tell you," he said softly.

Dora's pretty mouth puckered into a reproofing smile. She really shrank from him a little, reaching out to her dreams of the full life that his success and larger effort promised to her fancy.

"Oh, not here," she said, as softly as he had spoken.

"Why not?" he asked her.

They were interrupted by Lemuel Wilson, who came toward them. Just across the driveway were the tables where the supper was being served. The whole company was concentrated, and as Lemuel stood on the steps he could address them easily. Dora started a little as he turned to her after he had demanded the attention of the assembly.

"Is there any reason, Miss Dora, why I should not tell our good news?"

Lemuel Wilson always took the stage when it was possible. He loved to make speeches. Dora looked at him, wondering, and he continued:

"Tom's lawyer wrote to me because Doctor Nelson is not here. The whole town will be glad, I am sure, to learn that the governor has pardoned Tom Manners."

Dora swayed, and fell to the floor.

Doctor Latimer sprang up to and over the railing, and lifted her in his arms. He carried her into the drawing-room, followed by her mother, bewildered but faithful. He laid Dora on a couch there, and bent over her, solicitous and sympathetic, and she recovered gracefully, without undue haste.

She was really deeply moved, and she liked the audience. She wanted time to think.

Doctor Latimer was very kind. He expressed cordial satisfaction over Tom's pardon; he assured Dora of his admiration for her loyalty which he said, quite sincerely, had increased his reverence for all women.

"I've told Miss Fairchild about you," he said, "and she wants very much to meet you."

Through the confusion in Dora's mind, there came a flash of light. Miss Fairchild's name was familiar to her through the stories to which she had paid so little attention on her long drives with the young physician. Dora was always capable of looking sweetly interested while she was thinking of something else. She was so gentle that no one looked to her for real response. She was very quick-witted. She laid her hand on one of his.

"I shall love to see her," she said softly. "And so this is what you were going to tell me."

Her blue eyes were moist with unshed tears. She was really relieved. She slipped promptly into an attitude of sympathetic friendship.

Mrs. Warren and Miss Watson went about among their guests. Miss Watson liked the importance of her position, and was overbusy. She was a kind, silly soul.

Mrs. Warren moved with a weary grace. She had grown very grave and sweet. She wished it were possible for her to live always in this quiet, beautiful place among the people John Nelson loved. She was looking frail, and a little worn, for she found herself exhausted in surrender, as though after a physical struggle.

She was pulling Tommy out of a fight with one of the village babies when a boy brought her a telegram. He was one of the village children, and she took him to a table, and asked the girl there to give him his supper, holding the yellow envelope unopened in her hand. She thought it was a message from a friend who was expecting to visit her, and she glanced at it, at last, without emotion; and she read that Paul Warren had died the night before.

The little lights all ran together before her sight. The hum of voices, pierced by laughter, the clatter of the dishes, all grew faint, and died upon her sense. Dora, and Mrs. Temple, and Doctor Latimer came toward her. She drew her faculties together to greet them.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Warren?" asked the physician.

"Oh, no," she said. Some news had startled her.

"Not bad news, I hope," said Dora sweetly.

Doctor Latimer watched Dora with open admiration. She laid her hand upon Mrs. Warren's arm. Amy could not answer definitely.

"It is the death," she told them slowly, "of one who used to be a friend."

They did not understand, and murmured vague regrets as one offers limited sympathy to an inconsiderable grief.

"I wonder if Paul ever really was my friend," she asked herself. She spoke to them of Tom Manners' pardon.

"I think I'll go to Richmond to-morrow," said Dora, with her ineffable smile.

It seemed strange to Amy to hear them speak of Doctor Nelson as though they knew him better than she did. They told her little things about him. Every one was saying how glad the doctor would be. She wondered what he would feel when he heard that other news.

She went about the lawns and gardens with the telegram thrust in her dress.

"I wonder if I tried hard enough?" she asked herself, as vain regrets swept over her.

She moved, in her freedom, like a man who missed an accustomed fetter.

"It's too horrible," she said. "I mustn't feel relieved because he's dead."

She came near Mrs. Pearsall, who stood by one of the booths. Mrs. Pearsall held in her hands a concoction

of ribbon and lace, which she was regarding with respectful admiration.

"What is it for?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pearsall, "unless it's for a present. They most gennally have a lot o' things for presents to a place like this. I'm thinkin' of gettin' this for Louisy. She'll be expectin' me to send 'er somethin' for her birthday."

Amy smiled, but to herself she was saying: "I wonder if I could have helped it at all—I wonder—"

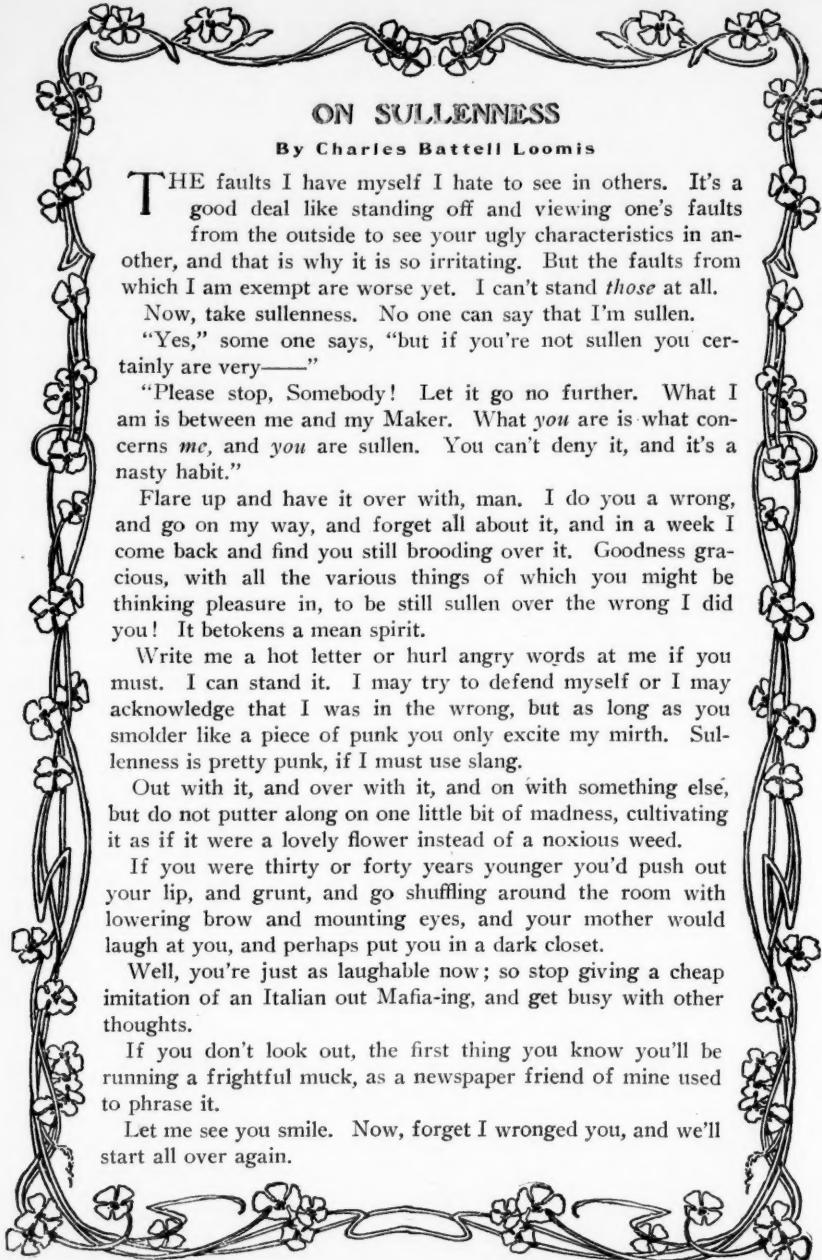
If she had felt more respect for Paul Warren, she would have been unhappy. She was shocked and sorry, and she regretted, not the man, but the sordid tragedy of it all. There is no argument like that last unanswerable one of lying dead.

Then she thought of her lover. Did he know? What would he do? When would he come?

A great peace settled upon her soul as she realized that she need feel no anxiety at that point, for he would do what was right. What she really meant was that what he did would seem right to her, for just as she had never been quite fair to Paul Warren, so she assumed that John Nelson could do no wrong.

When Dora and her mother reached home, Mrs. Temple went to the back of the house on some errand, and Dora slipped out of the front door. She took a little trowel from a box of gardening tools under the porch, and she went to the rosebush, and she dug up the little box she had buried there. She put the letter in the front of her dress, and the ring on her finger, and she threw the little box under the porch, and went back into the house.





ON SULLENNESS

By Charles Battell Loomis

THE faults I have myself I hate to see in others. It's a good deal like standing off and viewing one's faults from the outside to see your ugly characteristics in another, and that is why it is so irritating. But the faults from which I am exempt are worse yet. I can't stand *those* at all.

Now, take sullenness. No one can say that I'm sullen.

"Yes," some one says, "but if you're not sullen you certainly are very—"

"Please stop, Somebody! Let it go no further. What I am is between me and my Maker. What *you* are is what concerns *me*, and *you* are sullen. You can't deny it, and it's a nasty habit."

Flare up and have it over with, man. I do you a wrong, and go on my way, and forget all about it, and in a week I come back and find you still brooding over it. Goodness gracious, with all the various things of which you might be thinking pleasure in, to be still sullen over the wrong I did you! It betokens a mean spirit.

Write me a hot letter or hurl angry words at me if you must. I can stand it. I may try to defend myself or I may acknowledge that I was in the wrong, but as long as you smolder like a piece of punk you only excite my mirth. Sullenness is pretty punk, if I must use slang.

Out with it, and over with it, and on with something else, but do not putter along on one little bit of madness, cultivating it as if it were a lovely flower instead of a noxious weed.

If you were thirty or forty years younger you'd push out your lip, and grunt, and go shuffling around the room with lowering brow and mounting eyes, and your mother would laugh at you, and perhaps put you in a dark closet.

Well, you're just as laughable now; so stop giving a cheap imitation of an Italian out Mafia-ing, and get busy with other thoughts.

If you don't look out, the first thing you know you'll be running a frightful muck, as a newspaper friend of mine used to phrase it.

Let me see you smile. Now, forget I wronged you, and we'll start all over again.

Megaphone Margery



by WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

MRS. JANE HAMMERSMITH paused at the end of a brilliant peroration. She was greeted with a salvo of applause, accompanied by shrieks of delight—feminine, not masculine, they were, and therefore shrieks, not yells. There is a line in vociferousness that ladies cannot pass. Jane Hammersmith stood with folded arms, her chin tilted toward the roof of the old skating rink, waiting for the outburst to spend its force.

Once it was on the wane she raised her hand; as if by magic, silence dropped like a thunderbolt upon the huge and particolored crowd. Jane Hammersmith, Esquire, gestured toward the northeast, and continued.

"In the little village of Peabody, New Hampshire," she continued, in strident tones that could have been heard half a mile away, "there are fifty men; there are two hundred and fifty women. The fifty men own but one-tenth of all the property, real, personal, and mixed, in Peabody. The women own nine-tenths of it. And yet, my masculine friends"—here a glare of defiance toward the press table—"my masculine friends, that insignificant one-tenth of Peabody property rules, governs, taxes, and dictates the other nine-tenths. The fifty men, twenty-three of whom are merely bums and loafers, without a dollar to their name, control the entire situation. Why? Because they vote. The two hundred and fifty women have the privilege of paying taxes—heavy taxes, my masculine friends—for the purpose of paying salaries fixed by the fifty men. And yet, not one of those women has the privi-

lege of selecting—or helping to select—the mayor, the council, or the constables who are to conserve her interests, who are to protect her property. Each one of those two hundred and fifty women has the privilege of paying—always paying—but not once is she permitted to follow her dollar with her vote."

She paused again—another salvo of applause. In the midst of it, Barlow, of the *Morning Mail*, leaned over to one of his colleagues.

"Bully stuff, eh," he whispered enthusiastically, "like old times—the spellbinders back in the nineties. Great!"

The other man nodded. "It's the way she does it," he returned; "she's got the voice, the manner."

"Nop," returned Barlow. "It's the stuff. It's goin' to *read* well—great copy! This speech is goin' to rake the State fore and aft. See if it don't. Say, bo," he went on, "don't look now, but when you get a chance. The girl—platform—front row—with the eyes. Who is she, anyway?"

The other man flushed guiltily. He had been watching that same girl all the evening; he, too, had wondered. She seemed, somehow, out of place; she was too very feminine. She was the kind of a girl who ought to have been somewhere in a cozy corner getting engaged, getting kissed, getting hugged; or in a church getting married; or in a home getting the children—kids with eyes like hers—dressed, and ready for school, or for anything else.

There was something in her manner, however, that discounted all this, that

stamped her as a thoroughgoing Woman's Party woman. It was her intense enthusiasm throughout Jane Hammer-smith's address. It was not noisy, this enthusiasm; it had been evidenced merely by her attitude and the expression on her face; she had been sitting forward in her chair, her lips parted, her eyes fastened on Jane Hammer-smith, drinking in every word. Her only relief from this had been, now and then, to watch the newspaper reporters as though to make sure they were taking it down word for word.

Now that Jane Hammer-smith had finished, the girl sank back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

A chairman gowned in black velvet sprang to her feet. "One moment, ladies," she shrieked, for the crowd, having heard the great Jane Hammer-smith, was passing out; "one moment—important announcement—next week—secretary—county committee—Miss Margery Elder—one moment, please!"

Her pleading was quite in vain. The audience melted rapidly away. The reporters sat on.

"We're here, you know," yelled Billy Barlow to the chairman; "we'll listen, anyway. Go on!"

The chairman sat down. Another woman rose. It was the girl with the —eyes.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Barlow, of the *Mail*. "That's who she is—Mar-

gery Elder, secretary of the county committee. Put her name down, boys, and get it right."

Margery Elder stepped to the front of the platform. Her face was flushed, but she was otherwise self-possessed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "on the twenty-fifth—"

Every man at the press table stiffened as with sudden shock. There was some strange, vibrant quality in her low tones of voice that made them sit up and take notice; in it there was an unconscious note of pleading, of appeal. It was a voice full, resonant—so far as it went. There was the rub. For a radius of thirty feet the voice of Margery Elder was heard perfectly. Beyond that distance it failed to reach.

"Louder!" cried some female auditor.

The young secretary of the county committee flushed a deeper scarlet, and obeyed; and therein she made a fatal mistake. Jane Hammer-smith had inherited vocal machinery of a masculine order. Not so Margery Elder—she was all woman, nothing else. She raised her voice, and it flew from music into discord; it rose from true to a ridiculous false; it was nothing less or more than a pitiful squeak.

"I don't care," said Barlow, of the *Mail*, after it was all over, as he gathered up his copy. "I love her just the same."

Two hours later Margery Elder, secretary of the county committee of



She raised her voice, and it flew from music into discord.

the Woman's Party, was seated at a small table in room forty-three on the second floor of the Mansion House, writing away like mad. There was fire still in her eye—a fire that burned more brightly as she wrote. Around her head was wrapped a wet towel. At her side stood a pitcher of ice water. The tapping of her foot kept time with the movement of her pencil as she wrote. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Margery Elder rose, carefully covered up the sheets of paper, and stepped to the door. She unlocked it. Then her face lighted with pleasure.

Jane Hammersmith, Esquire, strode in. She waited until Margery had locked the door, and then she stepped to the little table. Without the slightest hesitation or apology, she uncovered sheets which Margery had so carefully covered, turned them right side up, and started to read.

"This is my speech for to-morrow noon—Wayne Valley?" she inquired.

"Yes," responded Margery, "it's all finished, governor."

"I am not governor—yet," returned Mrs. Hammersmith.

"You shall be, though," replied Margery. "I hope," she added fearfully, "that you'll like the speech. I—I've done my best."

"What is it about?" queried Mrs. Hammersmith.

"Power of veto from the Woman's Party standpoint," replied Margery. "I've lightened it—it isn't over their heads, I'm sure."

Jane Hammersmith read the speech aloud. It was a masterpiece of logic—it was a gem of oratory. Jane Hammersmith knew it for the thing it was.

"Child," she exclaimed, "you are the salt of the earth—the living wonder of the age! What would I do without you?"

Margery's eyes gleamed with pride. But she shook her head.

"It's your delivery, governor," she exclaimed.

"No," responded Jane Hammersmith; "credit where credit is due. It is true I have the voice—"

"I wish I had," sighed Margery, in musical tones.

"I may have the voice—the manner," went on Jane Hammersmith, "but it is your speeches that get into the newspapers. For the first time in the history of the party have we been able to command the attention of the press. Every speech I make is reported verbatim; is spread throughout the State, among the people that my voice will never reach. And it is you who write my speeches—you, Margery."

Margery put her finger to her lips.

"S-h-h-h-h!" she whispered. "Some one may hear—"

"True," replied the candidate, sinking her own voice to a whisper, "and no one must know. You"—she shivered suddenly as a horrible thought assailed her—"you will never tell! On your honor as a woman, you will never tell?"

"On my honor as a woman," returned Margery.

"When I am governor—" went on the candidate.

"As you shall be," interposed her enthusiastic supporter.

"When I am governor," went on Jane Hammersmith, "you shall have the fairest office in the State. Ask it now—ask of me now, and I shall promise—"

Margery nodded.

"There is a vacancy," she exclaimed, her eyes dancing, "on the bench. Supreme court justice. I am a lawyer. I am qualified. Promise me that."

The Honorable Jane Hammersmith winced, and with reason. But she did so imperceptibly.

"It shall be yours," she added, without a tremor. "And now," she said, "about my speech to-morrow night."

"Half finished," returned Margery, settling once more to her task.

It was four months later. Margery Elder, white-faced and angry, stood before the governor in the governor's private room in the Jersey capitol at Trenton.

"I want that job of supreme court justice," she exclaimed, pounding the

governor's desk with her small white hand. "I want it. It was promised me. And I mean to have it."

"You can't have it," returned Her Excellency Governor Hammersmith calmly. "And for a very good reason—the job has gone and had to go to Josephine Bleecker-Jones."

"You promised me," responded Margery angrily.

"Ah," replied the governor, "I promised others, too. That's politics. But Josephine Bleecker-Jones had twenty thousand votes at her command. What was I to do? She put me into office."

"It was I put you into office," retorted Margery hotly. "It was the speeches that I wrote that brought you into prominence. You know that I speak truth. You promised me—I insist upon holding you to your promise."

The governor smiled.

"We'll run you for assembly next fall, my child," she said. "Wonderful opportunity for you to make your mark."

"Wonderful nothing!" cried Margery. "The majority in both houses are members of the Men's Party—how can I make headway there? I want the job you promised me, that's all."

"And if you don't get it—what?" asked the governor suavely.

Margery's brow darkened.

"You'll see," she said.

"You—you will expose me?" asked the governor—but without a tremor this time, for she knew with whom she had to deal. "You will tell all about the speeches that you wrote for me?"

Margery turned on her heel.

"No," she retorted, "I don't do things that way. I keep my promises, I'd have you understand."

In the State of New Jersey the governor is elected for the term of three years. During that term, Mrs. Jane Hammersmith occupied the executive chair to the satisfaction of the common people. She did not talk at great length—she merely uttered commands. She said to her servants "Go," and they went; "Do this," and they did it. In this brief period, Jane Hammersmith tore the constitution of the State into

shreds, and got so many bills passed through the legislature that it would take a decade to print them all in the shape of session laws. The Men's Party simply sat back, and looked on.

"They'll all be declared unconstitutional," said the masculine lawmakers, "so what difference does it make?"

It got to be at such a pass that the introduction of new measures—in fact, the making of new measures into laws—attracted no attention whatever; there were too many of them. Once in a while the male legislator would sit up and take notice, but these occasions were few and far between.

Governor Hammersmith had one or two great virtues, however. She made no speeches. She wrote no messages. Her reasons were very obvious—to her. She didn't write, because she couldn't write. She had learned enough of politics to satisfy herself that it would be disastrous to seek aid from any other source. She could trust no one save Margery Elder. And Margery was eternally miffed.

The one thing that the public must not know was that the candidate who made the speeches hadn't written them. That was a secret that Governor Hammersmith grappled to her soul with hoops of steel. She used her voice for the purpose of giving orders only.

In the midst of all this, one day there rose from among the multitude of legislators in the assembly chamber a wisp of a girl, fumbling with a sheaf of loose leaf papers.

"Mr. Speaker," she exclaimed, in low, dulcet tones, vibrant with appeal, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to—"

"Louder!" cried a member. "We can't hear what you say."

And then—in that very instant—Margery Elder adopted the policy that has revolutionized Woman's Party politics in America—aye, and in England, too. In that instant she bridged the chasm that separated man from woman. During her brief career she had come to realize one important fact—a fact that had held woman back throughout the ages. This fact crystallized itself into an epigram—the difference be-



Down through the ranks of the delegates there moved a solid phalanx.

tween man and woman was a difference in voice. Man had triumphantly held his foremost place because he had been able to make himself heard; he could shout, he could yell, he could command by word of mouth. Woman had wailed, shrieked, squeaked herself through the centuries; once she raised her voice, she became a travesty on oratory, a side show, side-splitting; she became a burlesque.

In this one instant, Margery Elder changed all this—*she raised a megaphone to her lips.*

"Mr. Speaker," she proceeded, in tones now quite as wonderful, though magnified a hundred times, "I rise to advocate the passage by this house of my own bill, assembly number seven hundred and fifty-three—a bill to prohibit married women from holding any office in the State."

She might as well have dropped a bomb into the midst of the assembly. While seven hundred and fifty-two bills had been introduced, the legislators male had slept and droned away the time. But this was something new—something highly proper.

And Assemblyman Elder's support of it was superb. Turning her megaphone now upon the Speaker, now upon the gallery, now upon her fellow members, she kept hammering in upon them

in her own sparkling, glittering English, Assembly No. 753. It was received with enthusiasm—and with good reason, too. The Men's Party recognized that it would cut the horde of women office seekers in twain, were it to become a law.

So much for the legislators male. As for those female, their views were quite as surprising. The great majority of legislators female were *femmes soles*; they were unattached. The big offices of the State were held chiefly—from the governorship down—by married women of uncertain age and large experience.

Margery Elder was only one of many youngsters in the Woman's Party who were dissatisfied with their respective berths. The assembly supported the bill with enthusiasm. So did the senate.

And there was good reason for the bill. It was sound doctrine, after all. Margery, in her imitable way, had made them see the force of it. An unmarried woman is a woman unaffected, theoretically, by the opinion or influence of a man. A married woman, on the contrary, must be affected by her husband's views.

"How much, for instance," Margery said sweetly, through her megaphone, "is Governor Jane Hammersmith af-

fected by the views of Peter Hammersmith, the big department store man, and her lord and master?"

Now, Governor Hammersmith, and Peter, and all the world beside knew that Peter didn't dare to say his soul was his own; but the pithy illustration drove the argument home. The bill went through—speaking figuratively—with bells on.

It reached the governor, and the governor, without hesitation, promptly vetoed it.

"All right," said Margery, who was quite prepared for this; "we shall see what we shall see."

In the course of time, Governor Hammersmith found herself officially on her last legs—that is to say, her term was about to expire. This had little or no effect upon her, for her own party was firmly established—the women were in the large majority—and she had made herself the people's governor. In the spring of her last year she drew her cohorts together.

"Convention in August," they said, "and meantime you'll have to get out and make some speeches, governor."

"Why?" asked Jane Hammersmith.

"South Jersey's disaffected a bit—the men's stronghold—you'll have to clean 'em up. People want to hear you, anyway. They expect it of you, don't you see?"

The governor saw. Seeing, she called in Margery Elder.

"Margery, my dear," she said, "now I am in shape to give you what you want. I have a vacancy—"

"What vacancy?" asked Margery.

"Chief Justice Porter Goelet," returned the governor.

Margery's eyes danced. Chief Justice Porter Goelet was the youngest chief justice the State had ever had—he was barely forty. He was single. He belonged to the oldest family in the State and the richest family in the State. His enemies conceded that he was the most attractive man in the State. Time after time Margery Elder had stolen into the supreme-court room during a lull in the assembly, and feast-

ed her eyes—her soul in fact—upon Porter Goelet.

"He isn't a bit happy, either," she told herself. She sighed as she contemplated him. "There ought to be somebody who could make him happy."

Standing now before the governor, she felt the blood rush into her face as she thought of him. Why? Who was she, to think of Porter Goelet—she, a little Wellesley graduate, with an insignificant degree, and without a dollar to her name?

"What about Porter Goelet?" she asked the governor.

"Resigned," returned the governor.

Margery started. "Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly. "So that's their game."

"Whose?" asked the governor.

"The Men's Party," replied Margery.

"What about it?"

"Can't you see?" cried the assemblyman. "They're going to run Porter Goelet for governor."

"Against—me," faltered Governor Hammersmith. She turned white. Porter Goelet was too popular a man.

Margery smiled.

"I'll stake my life on it," she said.

Governor Hammersmith pulled herself together.

"Never mind," she went on briskly; "I have sent for you to—to offer you his place—"

"And," said Margery, quite unmoved, "if I accept—what then? What am I to pay for it? What am I to do?"

"We may as well come to the point," stammered the governor. "I—ah—in fact, I am going on the stump."

"Speeches?"

"Yes."

"You want me to write them?"

"Who else can do it so well?"

"Thanks," returned Margery dryly, "and permit me to decline the honor. The time has passed for you to grant me any favors, or to ask any from me. That's all. Good day."

The governor stared after her, agast. But Jane Hammersmith was not easily feasted.

"All right," said Jane Hammersmith, "I'll write a speech myself."

A week later she opened her campaign at Vineyard in South Jersey. She spoke outdoors, and all the countryside came to hear her. She was in unusually good voice. She was interrupted continually by applause. Her perorations were magnificent—superb.

"Only," exclaimed the *Morning Mail* next day, "we cannot understand just why Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg should have been repeated word for word yesterday at Vineyard. Nor what business Daniel Webster's speech on State rights had on the Woman's Party platform at Ammidown last night. Get back, governor, to Patrick Henry. 'Give us liberty or give us death!'

With her cannon spiked in this nefarious manner, the governor had to descend to pure Hammersmith English, with more or less disastrous effect.

Porter Goelet's aids-de-camp gathered about him.

"You've got a walk-over, Porter," they told him.

But Porter Goelet only shook his head.

"Don't you make any mistake," he said. "The women have come to stay, and Jane Hammersmith has too strong a hold on the masses—the women who don't think and don't read her speeches. She makes us laugh. She makes them cry. There's only one hope for us—only one."

"And that?" they asked.

"We've got to split this Woman's Party up. Create internecine strife, and you've got them. *Then* we've got a walk-over, and not until then."

"We'll split them up," his aids said confidently.

"Not so easy as you think," responded Porter. "They do a lot of talking, but when it comes to November they'll vote as one man."

However, the hoped-for situation arose in a manner entirely unexpected.

Inside of one month the women held their State Convention. It convened in the opera house at Trenton. It was enthusiastic, but settled as to purpose. There was one slate, and only one. Justice Josephine Bleeker-Jones rose

from her chair to the left of the platform, and waved frantically for silence.

"Fellow delegates," she cried shrilly, "it is my pleasure to present to you for reelection as governor of this fair State the name of that sterling patriot —Jane Hammersmith."

There was a storm of approval.

"Move that nominations close," shouted a partisan.

"Moved—" began the chairman, and then she stopped.

Down through the ranks of the delegates there moved a solid phalanx consisting of sixteen young women, in the hand of each a megaphone. They belched forth a slogan that well-nigh raised the roof.

One, two, three, four,
Who in — are we for?

Megaphone Margery!

Ice-cream soda, ginger-ale pop,

Megaphone Margery, always on top!

At the end of ten minutes they ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and one of their number formally nominated Margery Elder as candidate for governor.

"Speech—speech!" they cried.

Lacking the balance of power, they still held the balance of noise among themselves, and were not appeased until their favorite candidate had stepped forth upon the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Margery, applying a snow-white megaphone to her lips, "I come before you upon a single platform—the platform of the single woman. It is on that platform that I expect you to nominate me as your candidate."

If she actually expected nomination, it looked as though she were doomed to disappointment. A slate is a hard thing to break unless you can get it into your own hands. And Margery couldn't get it into her own hands. For one hour she told that convention some plain truths about married women as she knew them, about single women as she knew them, about her own deserts, and her own disappointments. Her oration was a marvel of logic. It was convincing to the last degree. But at



"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Margery, applying a snow-white megaphone to her lips.

the end of it, the majority was still clearly with the slated candidate.

"Vote—vote!" cried somebody, at length, and the convention took up the cry.

The clerk took up the task of calling out the names of the delegates in the order of their districts. Margery listened, but with a smile upon her face. If she was disappointed, she did not show it in the least. She kept count carefully, and her count showed that the vote stood 123 for Jane Hammer-smith, and only 67 for herself. But she only kept on smiling. She did something else—she watched the door.

Finally the clerk arose. As he did so, the door opened, and a messenger entered, and looked about the hall.

"Here!" shouted Margery through her megaphone.

In an instant the messenger was at her side, and had handed her a document. She looked at it, smiled, and dismissed the messenger. He left.

The clerk resumed.

"First and only ballot," she droned, "for Margery Elder, Esquire, sixty-seven ballots; for Jane Hammer—"

"Stop!" cried Margery, in a stentorian voice. "Mr. Chairman, I have a word to say."

The chairman, who didn't care what was said now, inasmuch as the slate was going through in proper form, nodded to Margery to proceed.

"Mr. Chairman," went on Margery pleasantly, "what an improvement on the old order of things our own party has wrought. Formerly under the sway of the Men's Party, legislatures, instead of sitting all the time, sat only a few months of the year. Now all is changed. How delightful to think that our own legislature, even in this hot summer weather, still does its duty! How inspiring to think it has done its duty to-day—"

"What is the purpose of all this?" asked the chairman.

Margery changed her tone.

"The purpose," she returned, "is a significant one. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a document of unusual importance to this convention—assembly bill number seven hundred and fifty-three, a measure introduced by me to prevent public offices from being filled by married women."

"I vetoed that!" cried Governor Hammersmith sharply.

"True," retorted Margery Elder, "you vetoed it. And this very day the two houses of this State have passed it—passed it once and for all—*over your veto*. Do you understand?"

They understood. Mrs. Jane Hammersmith was disqualified. Pandemonium reigned. The slate was smashed to pieces. The sixteen megaphones jumped into the breach.

"Ice-cream soda, ginger-ale pop, Megaphone Margery, always on top!"

Their slogan was prophetic. An hour later it was all over. The State had the news. Margery Elder was the candidate for governor.

"Now," thought Margery to herself, flushing in spite of herself, "now for the tug of war—Porter Goelet and myself."

She would have been less complacent had she known that at that very instant Porter Goelet, the Men's Party candidate for governor, was laughing in his sleeve.

"She's split her party for us," he told his aids. "We couldn't have done it better ourselves. The married ones against the single ones. They'll tear each other's hair."

He was, in a measure, right. But there was one thing that he had discounted—the power of a wonderful human voice, the power of a well-written, well-delivered speech. Margery swept the State in a whirlwind campaign, appealing to the single women. They of course were with her. So were such of the married women as were downtrodden and oppressed. But the major portion of the housewives were against her. They wanted office; they wanted recognition. Margery saw, before she had finished her campaign, that Assembly Bill No. 753 had made terrible havoc. Porter Goelet was making the most of it, was turning it into a weapon against herself.

However, as luck would have it, it was Porter Goelet himself, who, at three o'clock on the morning of the sixth of November, weary and worn

though he was, descended the steps of the Iroquois, and flung himself into his limousine.

"Woman's Club, Henri," he sighed, "and be about it, please."

Ten minutes later he pressed into the midst of a wildly exuberant crowd in the grillroom of the Woman's Club. He forced his way into the center, and held out his hand.

"Governor Margery Elder," he cried.

"Megaphone Margery," she laughed, holding up her snow-white instrument. "I hope they always call me that."

He looked her in the face.

"You've beaten me fairly and squarely, governor," he said, with added pressure upon her small, firm young hand, "and my congratulations on it."

How he got back to the Iroquois, he never really knew. All the way back he was haunted with the face of a woman whom he had met at close range for the first time of his life.

"The devil!" he said to himself. "A lovely girl like that ought not to be governor. She—"

He found himself telling his fellow clubmen in a vague, wearied sort of way about her.

"I always thought she was an old maid," he admitted, "but, by George, that woman was made to be mated—she's a marrying woman—that's what she is!"

Barlow, of the *Morning Mail*, leaped to his feet.

"Governor," he cried, still using politely the term that was applied to Goelet during his candidacy, "we—we've got her beat, trimmed to a standstill, hoist with her own petard!"

In his excitement he swallowed some cigar smoke.

"G-g-got her b-b-beat!" he spluttered.

"Go on," said Goelet.

"You'll be governor yet," cried Barlow. "I see it as clear as daylight. We'll do her. A marrying woman. You're dead right. Let the right man come along, and that girl will give up in a minute. See if she don't."

A dull flush crept up over Porter Goelet's countenance.

"And if she does?" he queried.

"She's done for!" cried Barlow. "She marries, and she renders herself ineligible as governor. She's down and out."

"What then?" persisted Goelet.

"Then," cried Barlow, "we've got 'em dead! The assembly and the senate still have a majority—a bare majority of men. In case the governor dies, or is disqualified, it's up to the assembly and the senate. We shove you in. She drops out. You are in—you are governor. The trick is done! Hurrah!"

But it wasn't done. True it is, that during the next few weeks Margery Elder received at least fifty offers of marriage from as many eligible and prosperous young bachelors. But she only shook her head.

"I know," she said to them, "that it's no trouble for the Men's Party to show goods, but it's useless—unless—"

"Unless?" they echoed.

"Oh, well," she answered carelessly, "when Mr. Wright comes along, why, we'll see."

It was two days before the governor took her seat that Porter Goelet woke up. He had called on her repeatedly for weeks—why, he didn't understand himself. But suddenly he found that everything in the whole world had become unusually unimportant, except one thing—Margery Elder herself. He forgot the governorship, forgot politics, forgot himself. This girl with the wonderful eyes, this woman who was made to mate, this marrying woman possessed him. He could not get her out of his mind.

For the first time in his life, Porter Goelet made desperate love to a woman; for the first time he was desperately in love.

Margery smiled slyly at him.

"I know why you're doing this," she said.

"No, you don't!" he cried hotly, thinking that she believed it all a part of the game.

"Yes, I do, dear," she returned, slipping a small, warm hand into his. "It's just because you couldn't help it—it's because you love me—that's the reason

why. And I'm taking you, Porter—it's an awful thing to say, but I've been in love with you for years."

At midnight that night, Porter drove headlong into the midst of his cronies.

"Congratulate me," he cried, in exuberance. "I've just become engaged to the loveliest woman in the universe."

Barlow cheered.

"Not Megaphone Margery!" he cried.

"Yes," said Porter Goelet.

"Hooray, we win!" yelled Barlow.

"No, no!" cried Porter. "None of that!"

"Yes," persisted Barlow, "she's got to marry you. And you're not going to wait three years until her term expires, are you?"

"Not on your life!" responded Porter fervently.

"All right," said Barlow. "Then you'll be governor. Besides, she'll want you to. Three cheers for Governor Goelet!"

Goelet never heard the cheers. He was staring through the vistas into the future.

"It's going to be hard work to wait until to-morrow—when I can see her again," he said.

It was hard work, but he lived through it. To-morrow Margery had promised to utter those cabalistic words known in all civilized lands as "naming the day."

"Three months off," groaned Porter. "It's much too long."

"I must have my fling in the executive chair," she said.

Porter flushed once more.

"Did you know," he ventured, for he was still a party man, "that I am going to succeed you?"

"Indeed!" she answered. "I'm surprised."

He told her all about it. When he had finished, she held his coat lapels with her firm little hands.

"You know, dear," she said, "it seemed awfully unfair that you, the biggest, finest man in the State should marry me—just a little Wellesley girl, with a B. A. and a sheepskin, and noth-

ing else. You bring so much to me, and I had so little to bring to you. I—I want to be governor for three years. I want to make a record."

"You're not going to keep me waiting, are you, pet?" queried Porter.

"No," faltered Margery, "not at all. But you know I'm a strong party woman, and it is so important for the party to hold the executive for the next three years. And, well, I'm not sure that my own platform was altogether fair—about single ones and married ones. And, well, all things considered, I want you to look at that."

She thrust into his hands a printed document.

It was Senate No. 1135, repealing the single-woman law and providing that married women could hold office as before.

Porter stared at it.

"How did you *ever* get it through?" he demanded.

"Just kind of wriggled it through," laughed Margery.

"But," protested Porter, "it isn't signed."

"No," laughed Megaphone Margery, "but it will be—to-morrow, when I'm governor."

Whereupon the leader of the Woman's Party snapped her fingers in the face of the leader of the Men's Party with unusual defiance, and got unusually kissed for her impertinence, at that.

And for three years, anyway, the women held the big stick in the State. And the voice of Megaphone Margery was as the voice of many trumpets in the land.



The Open Road

I LONG for the Open Road.
For the smoke-sweet breath of the upland scents,
And the ghostlike glimmer of gypsy tents
That brood by the pine-dark turn;
For the far, blue haze of its forest reaches
Where slim gray branches of dryad beeches
Line far through the rain-wet fern,
By the side of the Open Road.

I long for the Open Road.
For its white-hot glare in the noonday heat,
And the dust kicked up by the passing feet
That follow its gypsy lure;
For the gray, wide path of the sea beside me,
The sun, and the stars, and the winds to guide me,
With fingers that beckon sure
Down the length of the Open Road.

I long for the Open Road.
To follow its calling across the world,
With the smoke of a gypsy's fire upcurled
In the hush of the star-dusk deep;
To walk a while with the sun-brownèd faces
That follow its trail to the Secret Places;
And then, heart-glad, to sleep—
At the end of the Open Road.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK.



At "The Last Chance"

by Eleanor Mercein Kelly

Author of "The Heritage," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. PUGSLEY

RAIN and wind beat against the laboring automobile in gusts of furious energy, as if the man-made thing were an offense to the elements which they were determined to be rid of. Steeper and rougher grew the road. Slowly and more slowly puffed the machine, until at last it came to a standstill.

"Done for," said Jimmie Pendleton, with the calmness of despair. "Gasoline's out. No, I don't know where we are. All I do know is that we've struck the wrong road somehow, and I want my dinner."

"Food! Don't mention it," wailed the red-haired girl at his side. "I'm soaked to the bone, and my hat's a pulp, but I could smile again at sight of a fat, juicy beefsteak. And to think that every clump of trees around us may be concealing a country house full of overfed people! Alice Wayne," she remarked savagely to the girl in the tonneau, "the next time you decide to run away from your husband, would you mind selecting better weather?"

The girl in the tonneau winced, and young Harkness beside her frowned in sympathy.

"There isn't going to be any next time," she said quietly enough, but something in the tone of her voice made the red-haired girl reach an impulsive hand back to her.

"Forgive me for being flippant, dear," she pleaded, "but running away from husbands is such an ordinary oc-

currence nowadays, one forgets to take it seriously."

"What ho! Lights to the left!" sang out Pendleton suddenly. "Saved! Swim over, Harkness, and get some gasoline. Every modern farmhouse is equipped with gasoline."

"Gasoline nothing! I want food," insisted the red-haired girl, her voice faint in the storm.

Harkness returned in a moment, battling with a great umbrella that threatened to carry him off his feet.

"It isn't a farmhouse," he reported dubiously. "It's a sort of saloon, with a very negligee barkeep snoring in the foreground. I dare say there won't be many customers on a night like this, and we might be able to get beer and a ham sandwich. I commandeered the umbrella in case you care to try it, but —perhaps we'd better lay in a supply of gasoline and go on. We can't be too careful, under the circumstances."

The red-haired girl was already out of the machine.

"A ham sandwich!" she gloated. "Jerry, don't be such a prig. Alice will be a qualified chaperon till after the divorce, won't she?"

A gust of wind swept them in through the swinging doors, startling the barkeeper from his slumbers. He shuffled to his post, yawning.

"What's yours?" he demanded, leering sleepily at Alice.

"Perhaps," suggested Pendleton, "you wouldn't mind concealing a little

of that undershirt beneath a coat, Gany-mede. I blush to contemplate you. We'll take a private room, if you please, and dinner. A great deal of dinner. Preferably beefsteak."

"Ah, g'wan," said the barkeeper. "Whatcher think I'm running here—the Waldorf? Supper's et, ma's in bed, the old man's drunk. Nothin' doin'"

"Kismet!" sighed Pendleton. "Give me four beers and some gasoline."

The effect on the barkeeper was magical.

"An automobile, eh? Why couldn't

"Look at this room," she murmured. It was a strange room to discover in a roadside tavern in the Middle West; lined with books to the ceiling, with old, dim portraits here and there, and a grandfather's clock ticking in one corner, slowly, drowsily. At the farther end glowed the embers of a wood fire, and a winged armchair was drawn up in front of it. The mantelshelf held seashells and a bust of Dante, with a collection of antique firearms fastened below. Shadowy in the flickering light, the room was as dignified and beautiful



A gust of wind swept them in through the swinging doors.

you say so before? Ma!" he bawled genially into the upper regions. "Come down and get busy. Joy riders. Yep—girls."

"Ladies," corrected Pendleton mildly. The barkceper winked.

"Oh, sure!" he grinned. "They're always 'ladies.'"

Harkness turned uncomfortably to the others.

"You see," he said. "I think we'd better be going on."

But the red-haired girl was peering in at a half-open door and beckoning to them mysteriously.

as the parlor of some old New England mansion.

"You cannot drag me from this spot," remarked the red-haired girl, "until I have seen the lady of the house."

At that moment she appeared, buttoning her gingham wrapper as she came; a middle-aged slattern, with red cheeks and merry eyes that gave evidence of past comeliness.

"Faith!" she cried, after one shrewd glance at them. "Joy riders is ut? Tim, ye omadhoun, don't ye know gentlefolk whin ye see them? Sure ye

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shall have supper, bless your hearsts! 'Tis I have been in service in a gentleman's house, and I'll be afther feedin' ye properly, too."

While she spoke, she was trying to lead them away from the half-open door.

"Come and set in me bit of a parlor, dears, and I'll be ready for ye in the shake of a lamb's tail."

"But why shouldn't we wait here, in front of that nice fire?" demanded the red-haired girl.

"Whisht! 'Tis *his* room," explained the woman in a low voice. "Of an evenin' he likes to set there wid his pipe and his readin' books, all by himself. If amny one dishturbs him—well, ye know how the gentlemen are before they've slept it off. Listen! 'Tis himself in the arrmchair yonder."

Stertorous breathing came to their ears, punctuated by snorts and mutterings. It was a sound so unmistakable to Alice that she shrank back, paling. But the red-haired girl entered the room unconcernedly.

"Oh, we shan't mind him," she said. "A drunken man more or less—why, you expect that in saloons. It's local color."

The woman was evidently uneasy, but after a moment's hesitation she waddled away to her kitchen, leaving them in possession.

Alice sank into a chair wearily, and closed her eyes.

"I'm afraid you're worn out," said Harkness, bending over her. "I wish you were safe in bed at my mother's. It is nearly ten o'clock."

"John will be coming home in an hour or two," she said dully. "I forgot to remind the servants to leave something on the table for him to eat. He always likes a lunch before he goes to bed. Jerry, if he's not sober when he finds my note, he may follow me to your mother's and make a scene. I should not have told him where I was going. Ugh!" she shuddered. "I couldn't bear to see him again. I—I hate him so!"

"Don't worry," soothed Harkness. "He will hardly be able to follow you

out into the country to-night, and in the morning, when he understands, he'll have too much pride. I don't think it has ever occurred to him that your patience would really come to an end some day."

"No," she said, in a muffled voice. "He's always—taken me so for granted."

"The hog!" muttered Harkness. "But you're all right now. Remember, we're taking care of you, Alice."

Her name on his lips was like a caress. The girl looked up at him through a sudden blur of tears. She was very sensitive to kindness just then.

"How good you are to me, Jerry!" she murmured. "I should never have been able to go through with this but for you, your help, your disinterested friendship."

She got to her feet abruptly, and crossed to a bookshelf, where she stood examining volume after volume with eyes that saw nothing.

He looked after her, his mouth twitching with a faint smile. "Disinterested friendship!" He wondered whether a woman as beautiful as Alice Wayne really believed in that myth. At least, it was decent of her to keep up the pretense. He was willing to play the game as long as she cared to have him. She was worth waiting for. His eyes kindled as he watched her there in the firelight, her lovely head drooping, her graceful shoulders bent as if they had been carrying too heavy a burden. Suddenly he remembered her as a bride, gazing up into her husband's face with a radiant, oblivious trust that was rather painful to recall.

"Poor old Wayne!" he thought involuntarily. "How she hates him now! Wonder if it will take me long to banish that tragic look from her eyes?"

After a moment, Alice became aware that the books she was pretending to examine were both rare and valuable, the books of a scholar and a bibliophile. She discovered a bookplate on the fly-leaves, bearing a coat of arms and the name "Cobb."

"Do any of you know," she asked,



At that moment she appeared, buttoning her gingham wrapper as she came.

"whether mine host happens to be named Cobb?"

"No, merely Jones," replied Pendleton. "Abner C. Jones. I noticed it on the sign over the door—'The Last Chance' on one side, 'The First Chance' on the other. Whew! Will you listen to that storm!"

Wind roared among the treetops in ever-recurrent waves of sound, like the crashing of surf against a shore. The rain might have been spray drenching the windowpanes. From far away came the ceaseless boom and menace of thunder.

"Are we really inland?" said Alice dreamily. "Somehow this firelit room, with its seashells, and pictures of ships, and the voice of the ocean out there—it all takes me back to the little coast town where we spent our honeymoon.

You never get away from it in Bass Cove—the voice of the ocean. Half the night I used to lie awake and listen to it, dreaming of wrecks, and lost sailors, and widows. You see, I was a bride," she added inconsequently. "Even by day, in spite of the sparkling sunlight, and the fresh salt wind, and the quaint houses in their cheerful little gardens, the old town had a wistful, haunted air. There were so many women about—gray, faded women with a patient air, as if they were waiting."

"Probably old maids," commented Pendleton.

"Perhaps," she agreed seriously. "One of them typifies the place to me. I found her sitting in a garden that had little beds and paths all edged with seashells, and a battered wooden mermaid in the center of it. She was a pretty

old creature, with soft black eyes, and a discouraged sort of dimple in one cheek. Now and then she'd look up from her knitting, and gaze out to sea, as if she were watching for something. Every day I saw her in the same place, watching and knitting."

"What was she knittin' on?" The voice spoke with startling suddenness from the depths of the armchair, and a face appeared around the edge of it, a bloated, dirty face, with bleared eyes and a matted beard, yellowed by tobacco juice.

"I—I think," faltered Alice, "that she was knitting a tidy."

"Ye sure it wa'n't children's mittens, nor stockin's, nor nothin' like that?" The voice sounded rather wistful.

"No, I'm sure it was a tidy," said Alice.

With a grunt of disappointment—or was it relief?—the voice relapsed into silence.

The others exchanged amused glances, but Alice did not smile. Her own trouble had left her sympathies like the strings of some delicate instrument, ready to vibrate with the faintest passing breath upon them. After a moment she went to the old piano that stood open near by, and began to play, choosing simple melodies that seemed to suit its thin and reedy voice. She sang, very softly, some lines she had found in a magazine and set to music.

"Twice daily up to Salem's wharves the patient tide slips in.
It lips the fallen jetties, it lips the spiles worn thin.
And asking sadly at the flood: 'Are there no ships to-day?'
Returns an idle current into an empty bay."

When she stopped, the man in the chair was muttering under his breath:

"The seaweed, and the tar, and the fish—God, how good they smell! If I was to go over to that window now, I'd see— Better not try it. Probably ain't there again." His voice grew more distinct. There were inflexions in it oddly out of accord with the careless speech. "Next door to that garden with the mermaid there's a house

with a cupola, and a little Greek portico—"

"And a white picket fence—I remember," breathed Alice, leaning forward.

"The old man used to spike apples on them pickets to bring the boys around. Kind o' lonesome for boys, he was. Couldn't keep his own at home, ye see."

"Was he a sailor?" asked the girl softly.

"No. Cobbs are always lawyers. Five generations of them." He spoke dully, as men speak in their sleep. "Maggie!" he shouted suddenly, with such vigor that they jumped. "Bring the house. D'y'e hear? The house, and be quick about it. Well, well, well! Are ye goin' to take all night?"

"Comin', sorr, comin'," panted a voice in approaching crescendo, and the Irishwoman waddled rapidly into the room, bearing in her arms the toy model of a house.

But she was not quick enough for the man in the armchair.

"Ha, my girl! I'll teach ye to keep ladies waitin' l!" he snarled, striking at her viciously with his fist.

She evaded the blow, set the toy on his knees, and waddled out again with a wink at the company, murmuring confidentially:

"Ye know how they are before they've slept it off!"

The man was bending over the thing on his knees, every trace of anger gone from face and voice.

"Looky!" he said, smiling like a pleased child. "Off comes the roof, and here's the garret. Off comes the garret, and here's the chamber floor, everything complete, chimneyplaces, stairs, and all. In old days, architects made models instead of drawin's, ye see."

"Why," exclaimed Alice, "it looks like the house with the picket fence."

"It is. And here"—he spoke softly, laying a dirty finger on the spot—"this here's the library, where the old man used to sit by the window, watchin' the ships come in, thinkin' his boy might be on every one of them."

After a long moment, the red-haired girl nudged Alice.

"Do make him go on," she whispered. "I've simply got to know why the boy would not stay at home."

"Because he was ashamed to, that's why," said the man disconcertingly. "D'y'e suppose he wanted 'em to find him out? Bass Cove ain't used to drunkards. 'Tis a decent, God-fearing little town, Bass Cove." The pride in his voice was rather pitiful. "Ye see, he'd learned that trick at college. Then he said he wanted to see the world. The old man give him the money, and he kept roamin' around, pretty lonesome, writin' long letters home to the girl, sayin' what a fine time he was having, and he'd be home before long. And whenever he thought sure he was his own man again, he'd take another drink to prove how strong he was.

"At last he give in. All the pride went out of him. One day he says to himself: 'I can't do it alone. I just got to go back, and let them take care of me.' Think he was a coward, eh? So do I. But he started home. Seemed like he couldn't wait to set eyes on that girl of his. He took to dreamin' nights of the library where the old man sat by the window in his winged chair, with his books for company, and the smell of the seaweed blowin' in. Seemed like he couldn't wait to slip up behind that chair, like he used to when he'd had a whippin', and say: 'It's me, pa. I'm ready to be good now.'

"When he come in sight of the picket fence, he seen there wa'n't no apples stickin' on it. 'Hey, how's this?' he says to the little servant lass that opens the door. 'Has pa gone back on the boys?'



"You see, I was a bride," she added inconsequently.

"Ooch! Is it you, Mr. Abner?" she says, and busts out cryin'. Ye see, he'd give in too late.

"She was real kind, the little lass; told him about all the boys in town comin' to the funeral, and sort o' comforted him, like women do; and presently she got him a nip of brandy, to cheer him up. Presently he remembered the girl next door. "I got her, anyway," he says, and went right over to find her. He oughtn't 'a' done it—not just then. The servant lass done her best to keep him back.

"The girl run to meet him in the gar-

den, and he took her right up in his arms before all the church people goin' by. 'I been in hell, in hell,' he says. 'But you'll get me out. You'll take care of me. You're my last chance, girl! He kep' on talkin' that way, wildlike. I guess it scared her. She was such a little thing.

"'Abner Cobb, is this you?' she says, sort o' dazed. 'Are *you* the man I been watchin' and waitin' for all these years? Why,' she says, as if she could hardly believe herself, '*you're drunk!*'

"Sure I am," he laughs. "Why wouldn't I be? Ain't I just drunk nigh a pint of brandy raw?"

"What made you do such a thing?" she asks, quiet and cold.

"The poor fool didn't know half he was sayin' then, but he remembered afterward. 'Why, because the prettiest little wench in town give it to me with a kiss,' he says.

"At that she began pushing at him. 'Go away; oh, go away!' she says. 'Don't dare to touch me, you beast! Love you? Why, I hate you—I hate you with all my heart!'

"So of course he went away."

"Oh," said Alice quickly, "didn't he know she could not hate him that way unless she loved him, too?"

Harkness gave her a curious glance.

"Not then," said the man in the arm-chair. "Not in time. Afterward he got a note askin' why he never came to see her. Then he got another, beggin' him to come. Then he got another, sayin' she was waitin' for him——"

"Well?" demanded Alice. "What then? Oh, you're not going to tell me he wouldn't forgive her!"

The man smiled, and for the moment his face was neither coarse nor ugly.

"Forgive her? Why, he loved her! After he come to himself, ye see, he found he was married to the little servant lass."

"Your supper's dished," cried a

cheerful voice from the doorway. "And phwat will the gentlemen be wantin' to dhrink wid ut?"

Their host got to his feet unsteadily.

"My wife, ladies," he said, with grave courtesy. "You'll not find a better cook in the country, nor a prettier one."

"Ah, g'wan!" she said, nudging him coyly. "Go way wid your blarney, man! Ye're dhrunk."

Alice stopped them in the hall. "There won't be time for dinner. Jimmie, you'll have to get me back to town in an hour. Can you do it? John must not get home before I do."

The men stared at her.

"To-night? In this storm?" gasped Pendleton. "Won't to-morrow do?"

The red-haired girl whirled on him, her eyes bright with tears.

"Of course not, idiot! To-morrow would be too late. Oh, don't you see? He must not read her note. Hurry!"

She was dragging him to the door as she spoke.

"Mrs. Wayne," protested Harkness, "you're upset—you're not yourself! Let your friends think for you. The break is made. It would be folly to go back now. Why, the man's an incurable drunkard. You know it. He knew it before he married you, the coward!"

"Of course he did," she said softly. "But I did not understand. He came to me for help. He needed me. I was his last chance."

She was smiling at him, beyond him, with a tender, brooding look on her young face.

"But Alice—what about me?" he demanded. "Have you thought about me?"

She passed him, still smiling absently. Harkness saw that, absorbed in her vision of sacrifice, she had not even heard him.





The Little Good By Hapsburg Liebe

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

NONE of the mountain folk seemed to know where old Jeremiah Greenlee had come from, and none of them appeared anxious to know. They were obviously content with the facts that he was a good man and an interesting preacher, and that he lived quietly and alone in a little cabin at the head of Hunetrell's Cove and intruded himself nowhere.

True, he visited his flocks frequently, but he rarely stayed for meals. He never ventured an opinion concerning a feud, never offered to settle disputes of even minor importance. There were two log-cabin churches at which he preached, alternating Sundays with them. The people of the hills turned out regularly, and were well behaved. And to show their appreciation, they contributed freely to the support of their shepherd.

It was in the late afternoon, in the middle of the week. Old Greenlee was

busily preparing a sermon for the following Sunday, a sermon to be delivered at the little log church on the crest of the Black Turkey Mountain. Sitting at a rude table, he had before him one of the works of John Wesley and a worn Bible, to which he referred now and then, following the action with a few markings on a piece of brown wrapping paper. Jeremiah Greenlee, no doubt, had been a bright-minded man, but age had touched him hard, and a whole week was usually taken up in the committing to memory of a sermon.

And as he worked, there came a light rap at his door. Then came a few words in feminine tones. The preacher rose, took off his spectacles, and placed them carefully by the open Bible.

"Come in!" he called out kindly.

The door swung back on its wooden hinges, and there entered a young woman garbed in a much too short dress of



"Brother Greenlee?" queried the young man of the hills, standing still as a statue.

figured calico, which had been made in a single garment. Her long hair hung down her back in a thick plait. Greenlee thought he remembered having seen her at the church on the Black Turkey Mountain; he had a faint recollection of having noted the wild prettiness of her face.

The girl turned.

"Come on in, Tom," she said to some one on the outside.

Tom entered at her invitation—or command. The preacher looked him over critically; he had certainly never seen Tom before, at church or at any other place. Had he seen him, he would have remembered it, for Tom was a splendid-looking young man in the face, with intelligent eyes and a fighting jaw. And Tom's head had been shaved recently.

"Brother Greenlee?" queried the young man of the hills, standing still as a statue, shifting neither eye, hand, nor foot.

"Yes," said the preacher, "Brother Greenlee. But I'd ruther you young folks'd call me jest plain Uncle Jerry. It always 'pears like as if I was a mite dearer to you. Have cheers, childurn."

He pointed to a pair of homemade, split-bottomed chairs. The visitors accepted them.

"Well, Uncle Jerry," Tom began, "my name's Ellis. I've jest got back—it was a week ago, I reckon—from the State penitentiary. This gyrl here is Angie Lister."

"An' he never done nothin' to be took there!" the girl exclaimed, with passion. "He never no more killed old Ike Thomson than he killed you—or me, or anybody else!" she went on, her eyes wide and shining.

"Le's see," mused the old man; "that there killin' took place before I come into this here community, didn't it? I hain't been in this here section more'n a year."

"It was over two year ago," said

Tom Ellis; "for because I done an' went an' served my two year, an' it was some little time after the killin' when they took me. Preacher, afore the Lord A'mighty, I never killed old Ike Thomson; I wisht I may die if I did, preacher."

"No, he never!" exclaimed the girl, Angie Lister. "Uncle Jerry, it shore ain't in Tom Ellis to do a thing like that. They ain't nobody knows Tom like I do, an' I shore know he didn't do it. I've knowned Tom ever sence we was little bitty chil'durn, an' didn't think life wasn't nothin' more than chawin' mulberry bark an' a-spittin' like as if it was tobacco. An' ever sence that we've been——"

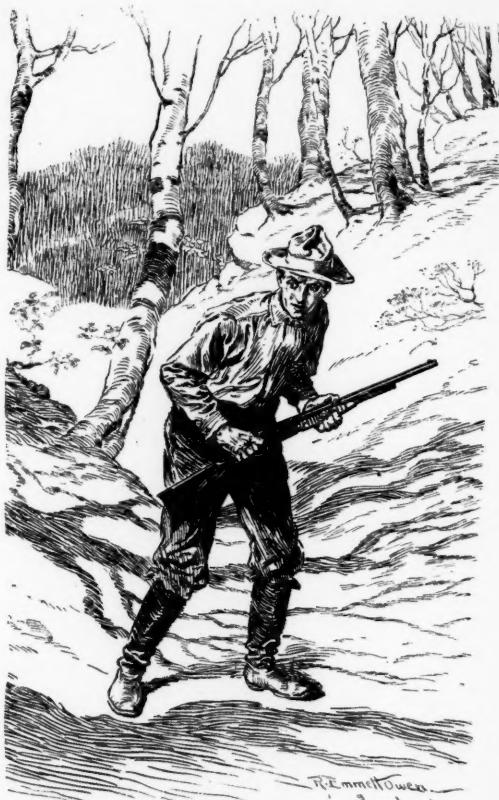
"Sweethearts?" smiled the old preacher, lifting his heavy, iron-gray brows.

"Yes," Tom hastened to say, and the preacher thought well of him for it. "But," Tom continued, "what we come to see you about is this: They won't nobody havin' nothin' to do with me sence I come back from the pen; they say I'm a jailbird, an' disgraced—'cept, a-course, my mammy, an' daddy, an' Angie here. Now, I want to begin life over ag'in; I want to live a good life, an' be a good man. Wisht I may die if I don't. I want to marry Angie here an' settle down, But I can't marry her an' put a part o' my disgrace on her head. Preacher, I've got to prove that I never killed Ike Thomson, an' I don't know how I'm a-goin' to do it. Angie told me about you a-seemin' to be sech a kind sort of a man, an' I thought I'd come to see you about it."

Old Jeremiah Greenlee spent a moment in thought while the young people waited eagerly to hear what he would say.

"Now," said Greenlee, after a little brightening of his eyes, "I want to help you. Tell me all about this here killin'."

"Shore," agreed Ellis readily. He frowned at the memory of it and that which followed—two long, bitter years in the State prison. "I was out a-squirrel huntin' one day, an' met up with old Ike Thomson, an' Ike he was a-huntin' squirrels, too. I had treed a squirrel in a high hick'ry—they was a-cuttin' on hicker nuts then—an' had been a-watchin' for it a hour or more. The leaves was that thick I couldn't see it. Well, old Ike he come along, an' the



"Just below me I heard a rifle shot, followed up close with another'n."

squirrel turned. I seen it then, an' shot it. Then Ike, he set up a fuss about me a-shootin' his squirrel.

"Well, we quarreled about it, an' if Ike he hadn't 'a' been a heap older'n me, we'd 'a' fit about it shore. I turned around, an' went back home, an' Ike he foller'd me. Several folks heard him a-jowerin' at me as we went along, an' that was what sent me to the pen—sorter on suspicion, you know.

"It was the next day when Ike he was killed. It was a good squirrel year, an' the squirrels was jest a-rantin' on the hick'ries. Me an' my best friend, Hort Ingle—but I reckon I'd better tell you a little about Hort.

"Hort an' me was about the same age, an' Hort was shore a good pardner. We was sech good friends that when we found out that we was both in love with this here gyrl here, we never got mad about it. Angie she liked Hort, but she loved me. She shore did—an' does yet. Sence I got back, Hort is about the only one what'll have anything to do with me; an' even him he seems a little shy about bein' seen with me. I mean, a-course, Hort is the only one 'cept my daddy, an' mammy, an' Angie here what'll have anything to do with me sence I got back.

"Well, as I was a-goin' on to say, the next day after me an' old Ike Thomson had that there racket, me an' Hort we took a notion to go a-squirrel huntin'. We went over in Pheasant Branch Holler, for because they was plenty of hick'ry trees over there, an' said to be plenty o' squirrels. When we got there, we decided to separate an' take sides o' the cove, an' meet at the lower end. I was a-slippin' along, a-lookin' with every eye in my head, when jest below me I heard a rifle shot, foller'd up close with another'n'. I knowed it wasn't Hort, for because I'd see him on t'other side o' the cove jest a minute afore.

"Well, I slipped down to where the shootin' was, an' there I found old Ike Thomson dead with a bullet hole between his eyes. But I wisht I may die, preacher, if I done it! Right aside him laid a squirrel, jest killed.

"A-course I was surprised. I picked Ike up with his head on my knee, a-tryin' to see if he was all gone, when Ike's son-in-law he come a-runnin' up from down the hillside.

"What did you kill the old man for?" he says to me.

"I told him I never done it, but he didn't believe me. He had me arrested, an' I got two years. That's all."

"Could Ike's son-in-law done it?" Greenlee asked.

"No," said Ellis. "He had a one-eyed shotgun, an' it was a big-bore rifle what killed Ike. You see, I had a big-bore rifle. I had a repeater—got it yet—it was shore a dandy. Grandpap he give it to me."

"Has anybody left the country sence you went to prison?" the preacher wanted to know.

"Not a one," Angie answered.

"Good!" said the old man. "Now, was they anybody else what had hard feelin's agin' Ike Thomson?"

"Not as I ever heerd of," Tom and Angie answered in a breath.

"You two go right down the hill there, an' set down on that there blown-down beech, an' wait till I do a little thinkin'," advised Greenlee.

Slowly, albeit hopefully, Angie and her lover went to the blown-down tree in mention. Going to the one window, the preacher saw Ellis put an arm about the girl, draw her to him, and kiss her on the forehead. Greenlee rubbed at his eyes—for he had had his romance, too, and had not forgotten it. With his life almost gone, it was the most precious spot in his memory. Again, as he saw the pair of lovers, he seemed to see his own Angie, his own Angie with her smile and her kiss of love, his own Angie with her two babies. His lips trembled, then his chin, and in another moment his eyes had filled up and overflowed into his grizzled beard. For the next scene in his memory had been that of a mountain churchyard and rudely carved gravestones of slate.

Then the old man knelt on the creaking board floor and prayed. He wanted to help a man whom he believed to be innocent of any crime, and he wanted,

assistance. He believed in prayer, and in God.

After that he spent half an hour in thinking hard, now and then caressing his wrinkled brow as though to conjure ideas that would be of help to him. And as he walked the creaking floor, he halted at the little table, upon which lay the worn Bible and the book by John Wesley. He walked again, and halted again. Bending over, the text of his next sermon caught his eye with a new meaning.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," he read aloud. It was one of his favorite passages, that. In many ways Jeremiah Greenlee was not a light-thinking man.

An idea came to him. A slow smile came to his sunken features. The idea had matured. He rubbed his horny hands with pleasure. Leaning out at the window, he called to Ellis and the girl.

They came at once, eager, expectant.

"You say they hain't nobody left the community sence that there killin'?" the preacher asked, when the young people stood before him.

"Not a one," Angie answered decisively.

"So you two want to marry?"



R. Emmett Owen

The preacher saw Ellis put an arm about the girl, draw her to him, and kiss her on the forehead.

"We shore do," said Ellis, nodding his head. Angie blushed, but made no negative move. "She'd marry me right now," Ellis pursued, "but it hain't fair to do it. I want to clear myself in the eyes of the world first—wifht I may die if I don't! I Cain't shovel off part o' my disgrace on her."

"I believe I can get you out of your trouble, Tom," Greenlee told Ellis confidently. "I've sorter got things b'iled down a little, an' it looks a right smart better'n it did at first. I'll tell you what you do. You two come to meetin' at the Black Turkey Mountain meetin'house next Sunday; an', Tom, you bring along a marriage license. Now,

you jest let me have the reins an' do the drivin', an' don't make no objections to anything I do. D'you hear?"

"Shore!" cried Ellis gladly. "I'll get them there licenses. I may have to sell my gun to get 'em—but I don't give a durn."

Angie Lister looked pleased in a high degree. They shook hands with the preacher, and went.

"Tom Ellis is shore innocent," the preacher told himself when they had gone. "He's got a man's handshake—why, bless my soul if he didn't like to mash my pore old fingers all to pieces! I don't keer for that, though; it's worth havin' fingers mashed to shake hands with a real, gennywine, shore-enough man. If I was Saint Peter, I believe I'd as lieve judge people by their handshakes as any other way."

When Sunday came, and with it the time for services, the little log house was well filled. The mountain folk, whatever their faults, always turned out en masse to hear the sermons of Jeremiah Greenlee.

Though from another State, Greenlee himself was a mountaineer. And he knew the hearts of his flock; he knew how, and when, and where to touch them to do the most good.

At one end of the house the old preacher sat on a rude chair, behind a rude table. Some one thoughtfully brought a jug of water and a drinking gourd, for which Greenlee acknowledged his thanks with a smile.

Seeing that the house held the usual congregation, and especially two men in whom he was more than commonly interested, Greenlee rose and opened his worn Bible, turning readily to a marked place.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," he quoted, in a whisper so low that his lips barely moved.

Suddenly he decided that the text would not suit the occasion; it would put a certain guilty man on his guard.

"I've got to make him feel his meanness first; then let the little good that is in him show him up," he mused. "For they's a little good in every man on earth."

Clearing his throat, he looked over his spectacles to Tom Ellis, who sat alone—so much a lone!—on the front bench. Tom's parents were just behind him, at his order.

"Brothers an' sisters," Greenlee began, allowing his eyes to sweep the congregation, "this, I perdict, is a-goin' to be a mighty remarkable meetin'. I perdict a big surprise for you, an' I also perdict a weddin'.

"Brothers an' sisters, I find my text in the seventh verse an' eighth chapter of the Gospel accordin' to Saint John: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.'

"Now, this here is a quare sort of a sermon, I reckon, but all sermons is to do good, an' I've got a notion this here sermon is a-goin' to do a heap o' good. If they be any man—or woman—among you what is without sin, I want



"Almighty God, take this red from my hands! An' help me to make use of the little good that's in me!"



"Hold on!" he cried. "Let him go!"

to know it. I want you to hop right up on your feet an' say so. Is they anybody here without sin?"

He drew his brows, almost angrily, and searched the throng with his dimming eyes. There was no demonstration anywhere, and he resumed:

"Nobody is without sin—which is right. Brothers an' sisters, they never was but one man without sin. But I want to ask, belov-ed, why is it that you've all been a-castin' of stones?

"An' you've been a-castin' stones at a man what's been to hell, an' done suffered his heart mighty nigh to death," Greenlee continued impressively. "A man is sent to hell, an' when he comes back, sorry an' a-wantin' to begin life over ag'in an' try to live a good life, you cast stones at him! That's got a bad look, hain't it, brothers an' sisters?"

One tottering patriarch, little less

than a century old, wiped at his eyes with a big red bandanna, and murmured a fervent "Amen."

"Thank God!" shouted Jeremiah Greenlee. "Now, brothers an' sisters, the Good Man wants me to show you how wrong it is to cast these here stones—for because every stone hits a sufferin' heart! If a angel fell out o' heaven an' got his wings hurt so's they wouldn't carry it back, don't you reckon the other angels'd help him up? A-course! Brothers an' sisters, I want you to help this here man up."

Again the old mountaineer murmured from behind his big red bandanna a fervent and tearful "Amen."

"Thank God!" shouted Greenlee.

He looked down into Tom Ellis' face, and Tom leaned over, put his head into his hands, and cried.

The preacher was not the only one

that saw Tom's shoulders shake. Angie Lister saw them, and Angie Lister rose and came to Tom, kneeling on the floor at his side, crying with him and petting his shaven head with a motherish hand—a hand no less gentle because its fingers were blue from the stain of whortleberries.

It went to old Greenlee's heart—straight to his heart. He stretched wide his arms, as if to show his soul to those before him, the casters of stones.

"Brothers an' sisters," he cried, "I said that man had been to hell. It's—more than hell! You cain't know nothin' about it—about the long, long days an' the long, long nights with your head shaved. No man knows till he's been there! Brothers an' sisters, I've—been there!"

He broke down. He sank to the rude chair behind the rude table, and bent his head until it rested on the worn Bible. Thus he sat for a moment; then, by an effort, he rose to his feet again.

"Yes," he said, his voice now calm. "I've been there. I was there ten years. I killed a man." He raised both hands, looking heavenward, and cried hoarsely: "Almighty God, take this red from my hands! An' help me to make use of the little good that's in me!"

The congregation was not too much surprised to fill the air with great, gulping "Amens."

"Brothers an' sisters, you cain't know how many times I've got down on my knees in the dark—in the dark! —an' asked forgiveness. An', brothers an' sisters, I believe I'll get it afore I die. I've been a-devotin' my life to tryin' to do good to wash the red off o' my hands. Yes, the prison is torment. While I was there, my wife died an' was buried—up in old Kentucky—her an' the two babies."

He stood straight, white in the face, grand, almost holy. And the throng wept, and loved him.

"Brothers an' sisters, are you a-goin' to ruin this here young man's life by the castin' of stones?"

"No!" came from everywhere.

"Then," Greenlee went on, "while we sing a hymn, I want every man an'

woman in this here house to come up an' shake hands with Tom Ellis. Make it up about the castin' of stones!"

For ten minutes Tom Ellis shook hands with old men and old women, young men and young women, all of whom were choking back tears and trying to offer good will. Then Jeremiah Greenlee called the house to order.

"Hort Ingle," said the old preacher, pointing a finger straight toward the man whose name he had called, "why didn't you come here an' shake hands with Tom?"

There was no answer. Ingle colored, trembled, and lowered his gaze.

"There, brothers an' sisters," Greenlee declared, "is a man what knows more about the killin' of Ike Thomson than he's ever told."

The people looked toward Ingle in wonderment. It was hard to believe.

"Get up, Hort," Greenlee commanded, "an' confess. It's got to come, anyway. If you will, I'll stay by you."

Ingle rose shamefacedly.

"Ike Thomson," said he, "fell down an' shot hisself accidently. I seen him. I wanted Angie Lister, an' I wanted Tom out o' the way is the reason I never told it."

As he finished, old Jeremiah Greenlee strode from the pulpit to his side—and not a moment too soon, for violent hands were reaching for Ingle. The preacher waved them back. He took Ingle by the arm, and led him to the door, himself barring the way against the angry mountaineers.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Let him go. There's a little good in him, or he'd a' shook hands with Tom. He couldn't be a Judas. Remember, 'He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone!'"

They sat down, and the preacher went back to the altar. There he turned, and saw Angie Lister against Tom Ellis' breast, sobbing happily, while Tom was saying over and over again in his great surprise:

"Well, I wisht I may die! Well, I wisht I may die!"

"Brothers an' sisters," Jeremiah Greenlee announced, "the sermon is over. We will now have the weddin'."

Entertaining "Bully's" Mother

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

ALL great rivers begin with small channels. Now, that sounds like a prize oration, but it isn't. It is the introduction of a tale about mamma's darling, later known, more widely, as "Bully" Moses, the terrible human battering-ram on the varsity team at old Peterkin.

Bully was large and pink-cheeked, and had not come to Peterkin with any prep reputation as a player. He came all unheralded except by a pleated-shirt-and-new-tie effect that was almost a blouse, and a wide "Windsor girdle" like those then worn by the youthful beaux in the back-country districts.

We were inclined to make fun of Bully at first. He was an awful fresh-looking fresh, and the fact that he entered half soph, and had been educated by private tutor at home loomed blackly against him. Anything exclusive, outside the frats, at Peterkin, was poison. But about one month of the football practice made Bully. He was just a natural half back, and as he was virgin material he had no bad tricks to unlearn. He did just as the coaches told him that it was best to do.

Within the month he was a fixture on the varsity, and was the unanimous choice of Peterkin connoisseurs for the next all-America eleven. He also had been spiked for every fraternity, and the girls were wild to elect him to honorary membership in their sororities. He led the grand march at the freshman social, and Mrs. Prexy, who was a patroness, smiled and said he was sweet, after he had stepped on her train.

I had the honor to be upon the committee from Hot Tamale Tau to see that he became so impressed with our general all-round deportment as to join us and nobody else. Granny Whitten, Biffy Robins, and I—that was the committee. Granny, senior law, would

By
**Edwin
L.
Sabin**



lend dignity; Biffy, as society editor of the *Daily Peterkin*, and possessing sixty-six or sixty-eight neckties, would lend frivolity, and I was the common element just to help the prospective brother to feel at home.

We Hot Tamale Taus flattered ourselves that we had the relay system in spiking down to a fine science. Fact is, we had invented it. In the case of Bully, I, who rose to the occasion and an eight-o'clock recitation combined, stopped for him, and took him to chapel and to ancient history; Biffy met us after ancient history, and chaperoned him to botany; Granny casually spent the vacant hour from ten to eleven with him; at eleven I hove him around for French, and at noon we all walked home with him.

Of course this flexible program necessitated certain erratic changes in our respective study and recitation schedules, to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and the accumulative effects of the system probably accounted for the sad fact that Biffy was now upon his fifth year toward getting his degree, and that I and others of us were not exactly sure where we were at yet. But it all was for the honor and prosperity of Hot Tamale Tau, which far outweighed any paltry *cum laude* from *vox facultatis*.

Our afternoons and evenings were Bully's, just as much as our mornings

were. We loved him so. Why, as prize half back, he was the pick of the new class. Nothing was too great a sacrifice to be made for Bully. To show our fondness for him, we, the Hot Tamale Taus, even gave him his name, which stuck. That was a distinct triumph, too, when it did stick; when he accepted it, and all Peterkin accepted it. Thus we loved him, and did everything in our power for him, but when it came to taking his mother to the football game—
whew!

Ordinarily this would have been a very proper feat. Sometimes a stand-in with the base of supplies—with the "folks," you know—cinches the deal, and results in a nice little pledge pin landing upon prospective neophyte's bosom, a n d the arrow of chagrin rankling in opponents' bosom. We had Bully's pledge pin ready and waiting. We stood prepared to escort his father, his sister—if he had a sister, sisters being preferred—or in ordinary case, his proud mother, to anything from a church social through a Browning lecture to a cane rush, for the purpose of further proving the omnipotent, omniverous, ambidextrous qualities of the Hot Tamale Taus. But again, phew! Allow me to explain. You see, it was this way:

"I say," said Bully, saying it, as in affectionate triumvirate, augmented by several more of us, by two Sigma Slugs, three Oh My Omicrons, and a spattering of Zeta Zips, et al., we rolled tumultuously up the street, at noon. "I'm stung, fellows."

"Why?" cried we, all of us—stung, likewise, to the quick. Naught was to

be permitted to annoy our precious Bully.

"Just got a letter from mamma. She's coming to see me."

We writhed with bountiful interest and congratulations.

"Good, old man!" "So glad, old man!" "Take us to call, old man." "Bring her around to the house, old man." "Can't we entertain her, old man?" "When's she due, old man?"

"She's coming Saturday morning."

"Good, old man!" "Coming down for the game, eh, old man?" "She can sit with us, o l d man." "Better have her go with my girl and me, old man." "Aren't the rest of the family to be persuaded, old man?" "Wants to see you in action, does she, old man?"

"She doesn't know I play," quoth Bully, flushing.

"Pleasant surprise for her, old man!" "Wait till she sees you go through that line, old man!" "We'll tell her all about you, old man."

"Trouble is, s h e doesn't know football from croquet," blurted Bully. "She doesn't care for it. She thinks I'm here studying."

"Oh!"

That was all: "Oh!"

A heavy, palpitating silence ensued. "Well, so long," bade the Zeta Zip, at a suddenly opportune corner. "See you later."

And "So long," bade the Oh My Omicrons. "Better come along to hash, Bully."

But Bully couldn't.

The Zeta Zip and spattering turned off in one direction; the Oh My Omicrons turned off in the other.

"I forgot something. Got to go back,



He was an awful fresh-looking fresh.

Jap. Come on," spoke Sigma Slug Moore, and back turned the two Sigma Slugs.

Presently only we faithful Hot Tamale Taus were left, but ours was the onward route, anyhow.

Granny walked into the breach.

"What time is she due, Bully?"

"Saturday morning at ten. Frightful hour. Don't see how I can make it. We'll be running signal practice at the gym."

"We'll meet her."

"Will you!" gurgled Bully gratefully. "But I say—don't unless you want to. I'll arrange, somehow. Here's her letter. You can read it."

Granny took it. With our heads together, we all read it—and were much affected.

MOTHER'S DARLING: How is mamma's pet succeeding with life in the classic halls of learning, we wonder? Now, darling, don't let this news excite you, but papa and I have been talking you over, and we have planned a great surprise for you, and I am coming down to see you, and to assure myself that you really are well, and are not working too hard. We thought that probably a week-end visit would accord better with your scholastic duties, so you may expect mamma upon the train that gets into Peterkin at ten o'clock Saturday morning.

Dear boy, do not let this excite you, or disturb you. You know how nervous you are. Do take care of yourself. Be careful of your strength. If you have used up those prescriptions we had filled for you before you left home, wire me at papa's expense, and I had better bring down a fresh supply. The apothecaries at Peterkin may not understand how important it is that only pure drugs be used.

Are your professors kind to you? How are you progressing in finding congenial friends and acquaintances? Shun the rougher element. You have such a delicate organism, and I fear that you will overdo, or meet with shocks.

I am so anxious to see you in your new environments. I will be there at ten o'clock, dear boy.

Are you careful to wear your rubbers, and not to expose yourself to drafts? We hope that you use the wall-exerciser for ten minutes every morning and evening.

With love from us all, including Mr. Meldrum, who so often speaks of the delight he had in instructing you. MAMMA.

"You see," elucidated Bully weakly. "She doesn't understand. I've never written her."

Granny never batted an eye. He politely handed back the letter.

"That's all right, old man. Don't you bother. We'll meet her, and take care of her, and you can show up after the game. Do you think she'd like to go to the game?"

"I don't know," faltered Bully. "She never saw one."

But we rallied.

"Of course she'll go." "We'll take her." "You leave her to us."

Noble Hot Tamale Taus! But blood will tell, every time.

"Say!" exclaimed Bully, gulping with emotion. "But I'll be awfully obliged to you. You fellows are mighty good."

"Fellows!" And "good!" This warmed the cockles of our hearts. We witnessed—mentally—that pledge pin nestling on his bosom.

"That's all right," assured Granny, spokesman. "You leave her to us."

"She's a fine mother. You'll like her."

Certainly we would. The only question was, would she like us—like us enough to set her son in the proud ranks of Hot Tamale Tau? We didn't know, although it did seem to us there present that if we acted frank, and solicitous, and respectful, and Biffy wore his most subdued necktie, and Granny his glasses, and we showed up in our truest manly light, we could work her.

"I thought of telegraphing her, but that would only make her come sure," explained Bully. "Then I thought of staying out of the game."

Never! The prize half back to stay out of the most important game on the schedule? When we stood ready to relieve him of all family responsibilities? Silly Bully! He ought to count on his devoted friends and would-be brothers of Hot Tamale Tau. Now, if it were a sister! But a mother was O. K.

"She must know about the game, though," protested Biffy.

"Uh, uh!" denied Bully, with glum positiveness. "She never reads sport-



"I think," he ventured modestly, "that there is a football game to-day in town."

ing news. And if I told her I was playing she'd have a fit. She'd be afraid that I'd get hurt, or soil my clothes. She likes calisthenics."

Inasmuch as to-morrow would be Saturday, the day of the game, and inasmuch as our Bully would be at practice most of the afternoon and of the morning, and would be incomunicado the rest of the time intervening, it behooved that he give us a full description of his mater, here and now. Which he did. He thanked us, and blessed us again, and we clapped him on the back, so that he would not forget us; and fondly parting with him, we wended our way frathouseward, to midday hash.

Somebody from among us was to meet at the train, ten o'clock Saturday morning, a rather stately dame five feet four, maybe five feet six, maybe five feet eight, maybe five feet ten inches

tall—Bully was a little doubtful which; he said that there were times when she looked taller than she really was, and there were times when she didn't look as tall—with gold-framed nose glasses and a woman's hat on—a hat such as "you'd see downtown in the millinery store windows."

That sounded plain enough, although it did strike us that Bully must be accustomed to picking out his mother by instinct. To us the salient point was the fact that we were to meet a personage who undoubtedly was the only individual between Buffalo and Cheyenne not knowing that the day of her arrival was the day of the great game, Peterkin vs. Overland. What would this personage appear? We weren't all agreed, but we felt that she, a wonder even for her sex, would be distinct.

And we weren't all agreed upon who would form the committee of wel-

come. Granny, as the most sedate and advanced, with a solid girl back home, appealed as the practicable representative. No mother but would be attracted by his distinguished front, by that brow upon which sat Minerva and Blackstone. Besides, he had been the originator of the plan; and should assume the onus further. But—

"Get out!" scoffed Granny. "My girl's coming down."

"You need a chaperon, then, don't you?"

Granny glared.

"Who? Me? Us? We? When I haven't seen her for ten weeks? Do you think we want anybody else's mother privy to our house building between halves? Let Biffy take her. I proposed the scheme; you fellows can carry it out. That's fair division according to torts and equity."

"Delighted," drawled Biffy. "But I've got a date, too. Couldn't think of inflicting anybody's relative, who doesn't know a touchdown from a base hit, on Pinkie. We go to root and enjoy the game, not to deliver a lecture in words of one syllable. It's up to Jocko."

I'm Jocko. I'm the goat. I'm the customary sacrifice upon the altar of *pro bono fraternitatis Hot Tamale Tau*. But here I balked. Fancy, in the biggest game of the football season East or West—Peterkin vs. Overland—when a nation is on tiptoe to learn whether a leather spheroid of honor can be shoved along that last four inches so vital to health, wealth, and prosperity, to have your companion ask seriously: "Have you read the latest novel?" or "What are they playing now?"

No, no, McGinnity! I positively could not be the official bureau of information to the feeble-minded to-morrow. Some other game.

But I consented. I consented, because I was weak, and I loved Hot Tamale Taus, and Bully the neophyte prospective, and mothers. For the sake of all this, I would meet Bully's mother at the station, and I would get her acquainted with my peculiarities in time

so that she would go to the slaughter of Overland with me.

That night I slept ill, and the next morning I bought a copy of the football rules, which Mrs. Bully might desire to peruse between touchdowns, or if Peterkin ran 'em up so fast as to be monotonous.

Mrs. Bully was precisely as Bully himself had said that she would, or might, be. So, aided and abetted by the fact that she was the only mature being of feminine persuasion to descend from the ten-o'clock train, I copped her out instantly.

She was a large, erect, thoroughbred kind of a woman, well fitted to hold Bully on her lap. I should say that she was in the heavyweight class physically and mentally. As she landed with expectant mien and a rolled umbrella—likewise expectant—I put forward my best Hot Tamale Tau foot.

Mrs. Bully?

It was.

Well, Bully had an important engagement that prevented his coming to the station, and I was so fortunate as to be appointed his unworthy substitute.

"But where is William?" She surveyed me, alarmed.

"He has been detained"—"detained" was good—"awfully sorry, etc., etc."

"He is not ill?"

"Oh, no; not ill."

"Is he at work?"

"Yes, ma'am. He has some important experimental laboratory work."

"I understand," she murmured graciously. "I must not interfere with his studies, of course."

By this time I had gathered a robust, albeit well-groomed suit case which weighed as though it might be loaded with jam and witch-hazel extract, and had piloted her to one of Peterkin's regulation vehicles called by courtesy and strangers a "cab."

Still, she was visibly perturbed and nonplussed, and responded only vaguely to my exhibition of polite converse, Society Brand, as we rolled in state through the gay-bannered, cheering

streets where Peterkin hurled defiance to the invading host of Overland.

The succeeding hour or three was, as the French say when they speak the language, a little difficult. We installed Mrs. Bully at the frat house, explaining with much enthusiasm that we were Bully's dearest friends, and were tickled to entertain her until he arrived, and turned over to her Granny's room—it being the chapest of the lot—and contrived to wile away her time until hash—I mean, lunch. It was noon lunch when we had company.

She was bestowed at the head of the table, sweaters were barred, all the unchipped dishes were set at her end, and the slave donned a brand-clean serving coat. Still, she was brave, but not happy, and every time the door opened she looked around.

Suddenly she laid down her knife and fork, and leaned back tragically.

"I can stand the suspense no longer," said she. "Something has happened to Willie, I am sure of it. I want to hear the worst. And what is all that noise about?"

We couldn't stand the suspense, either, much longer. It was frightful to sit there chock-full of football, and not burst. It seemed as though for Bully's tender sake we ought not to implicate him yet, and Bully's mother looked as if she might sail in and drag him *sans cérémonie* from the training table, which would seriously mix signals.

But Biffy, our knight of neckties and the society editor of the *Daily Peterkin*—a very Sir Nigel as to gallantry—stepped into the limelight. He took the bull—I should express it, he took the lady by the metaphorical hand, also, in hand.

"I think," he ventured modestly, referring to the distant pandemonium of a few tin-horn brigades and myriad collected whoops, "that there is a football game to-day in town."

He was breaking it gently. Somebody snickered and choked. That was a wretched freshman medic, who seemed to be abusing the privilege of

the table, disgracing Hot Tamale Tau.

"Oh, indeed," responded Mrs. Bully. "I had not heard. I don't suppose that William is interested."

"Yes," assured Biffy blandly. "William is one of our best players, they say."

Mrs. Bully uttered a little shriek.

"Oh, tell me!" she implored. "Then Willie is hurt! He is at the hospital! Where?"

"Be not alarmed," answered Biffy—or in words to that effect. "Your child is safe, madam. But he is necessary to cave in a few chests of the Overlanders, and now is practicing his latest man-killing stunts. If you can excuse him until after the contest, and can get along with humble us—" And Biffy paused hopefully.

"My boy!" gasped Mrs. Bully. But she rallied. "I *must* excuse him. I excuse him. I came for a week-end on purpose not to disturb him in his studies."

"He is a fine performer," I answered.

"Yes, he always was good at calisthenics. But I hear that football is a very rough game."

"Not if properly played, as we play it at Peterkin," comforted Biffy.

The freshman medic choked again. Oh, no, we don't play a "rough" game at old Peterkin! It's the dee-brutalized system with the accent on the "Dee," and the casualties usually are less than the number of players.

"We hoped that you would favor us by letting us escort you to the contest," faltered Biffy suggestively.

She met her fate bravely.

"I will go," she said. "I always am interested in what my boy does."

And as if a spring was released, we suddenly all talked football—only with the soft pedal on the possible fatalities. And when that freshman medic bleated: "Say, fellows, I bet you old Dink"—Dink was our fighting center—"kills that other duck dead," the awful frost that withered him must have sent a cold wave through Panama. But Mrs. Bully was blissfully ignorant of the bloody application.



"William!" summoned Mrs. Bully. "William!"

So I took her. Our seats were about opposite one of the thirty-five-yard lines. The scene was inspiring, and all that. You know what a football field is when the crowds are pouring in, and the colors are waving, and the bands are playing, and the sections are cheering and singing, and the 'steenth decisive battle of the world is due. This was the time and place.

Mrs. Bully settled herself and her hat, and sighed.

"It was on just such a field that I used to do wand exercises at the seminary when I was a girl," she murmured. "What are those white marks for?"

Now, that apparently is a simple question of six words, in one syllable each, but it opens up a hole—not so wide as a church door nor so deep as a well, yet the lid is off, just the same. To explain clearly what and why those innocent white marks, requires the eloquence of a Webster, the perspicuity of a primer, and the breath of a glass blower. But I went manfully at it, and I would have been talking yet if the teams had not come on the ground.

"There he is! There's Bully!" I told her.

Maybe she thought that I said "Willie"; I meant to.

"Where? Where?" she exclaimed.

The throng had risen, and I had risen, to stand and shriek a little. Mrs. Bully must wait. However, to show her that no courtesy was intended, and that we were liable to bubble up like this occasionally as part of the routine, I sat down by her as quickly as allowable, and said:

"We were cheering the teams. There's Bully—see him? He's just fallen with the ball."

So he had—on his nose. Must have slipped, you know. Mrs. Bully was peering intently through her pince-nez.

"I'm afraid that it is too violent an exercise," she proffered generally. "It is like the medicine ball recommended for inducing perspiration. Who is beating?"

"Nobody yet! They aren't playing. They're practicing."

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Bully, bewildered slightly and much anxious.

"Now they're going to play. Watch!" I croaked, as they lined for the kick-off.

Peterkin was to receive the ball. The whistle blew—"whang!" landed toe against pigskin—now I'm getting technical—everybody stood—ball sailed into Pat Dennison's arms—back he carried it—back, back—until down he slammed under a mob of avid Overlanders.

We all sat again—temporarily.

"What's the matter?" queried Mrs. Bully wildly.

Could I tell her—could I, a mortal and subject to human influences, when now Peterkin and Overland were lined in scrimmage, and we had the ball? Could I?

"Wait!" I panted hoarsely.

Bully was plunging through right tackle. The Overland second line of defense met him full tilt, and tackled him in three places. Down he went, like a bug on an ants' nest.

"That was Bully!" I shrieked in Mrs. Bully's ear.

"Where?" she demanded frantically.

"He's just getting up. Last man. Now he's trotting back to place behind the line."

She rose majestic. That didn't matter. We all rose—had risen. Who sits at a football game? Another play was on.

Mrs. Bully was orating vehemently. Her hat was crooked, her eyes were flashing, she had the floor in defense of her Willie. Sometimes I could catch what she was saying, but mostly I could only see her lips move, when I wasn't watching the field.

"I don't understand! He must be taken right out. Why, they will break his leg! Tear his clothes! Bruise him dreadfully! I won't have it! Where is the president?"

"In his box, down in front. He knows," I soothed deliriously. "But look! Look!"

Our Bully had the ball, by a patent double-back-action criss-cross, and was galloping for dear life, and Peterkin—which is dearer far—on a wide-end run.

"William!" summoned Mrs. Bully. "William!"

But somehow, not being a mind reader, Bully didn't hear, as he didn't stop until he had covered four chalk lines, whereat an Overlander grabbed him by the shoe laces. The crowd hooted; then cheered.

"What's the matter?" implored Mrs. Bully.

"Foul tackle," I elucidated, in plain language.

"Is he hurt?"

"No. They can't kill him."

"They ought not to try to. My boy! My boy!" moaned Mrs. Bully.

"Don't you be afraid," I diverted. "You watch. Every time that Bully's side has the ball, and advances it past one of those chalk lines"—this was the day of the gridiron, not the checkerboard—"we're beating. Every time the other side carries it past one of those chalk lines, we're losing."

That was the simplest way. A child could have understood. So I settled back to enjoy life. Mrs. Bully straightened her hat.

Peterkin fumbled. Overland took the ball. Mrs. Bully breathed intently. She was entering into the game, or the game was entering into her—which is all the same thing. The Overland full back broke away. Loud pealed the Overland encouragements; silent were the Peterkinites—when from among us welled a single shrill exhortation:

"Run! Run! Oh, run!"

It was Mrs. Bully; she had mistaken her cue. I was ashamed.

"No! That's for the wrong side," I corrected hastily. "That isn't Bully's side. It's against him."

"Oh!" she apologized. "Dreadful of me! But I thought—"

She was excusable. For Bully had tackled him, and we yelled. Of course it was a little confusing to her.

The tide of battle waxed and re-waxed, and this was a *stiff* contest. Pretty soon I forgot all about Mrs. Bully—for-got her, and home, and friends, and debts, and flunks, and the latest coed, and everything and everybody, except the lust of conflict and those locked warriors bleeding for supremacy of Peterkin or Overland.

Bully had been doing miracles—but there was a culminating mix-up, and, blame the luck, he was the corpse at last.

Our official life-saver and the two water boys trotted frantically out upon the gory field, and we all held breaths. Bully staggered up; his jersey was asunder, his once fair, fresh face was muddy, his hair was loose, blood appeared ever and anon upon his anatomy, and one leg was slower than the other. They moved him about experimentally, and amid the sudden silence I bethought that I had a companion—a woman and a mother. How was she bearing the hideous, heart-rending sight? Hot Tamale Tau to the rescue!

So I turned upon Mrs. Bully—words of assurance and of consolation rushing to my lips. Mrs. Bully was gazing earnestly. Her hat was hanging by a pin, her pince-nez glasses were strictly on the bias also, her full massy countenance was deeply flushed, and as she stared she heaved through her distended nostrils.

"They'll take him out," I comforted.

"No! I forbid it! Not as long as he can walk! His grandfather's uncle fought at Lundy Lane, and William is a Son of the American Revolution. He is of heroic blood. I always knew it. They shall *not* remove him—after he has worked so hard! Conquer or perish! I give him to his country—his college, I mean. William! William!"

Her folded umbrella flourished commandingly, her voice rang in Spartan frenzy, but rang five thousand other voices, flourished five thousand other umbrellas, canes, flags, hats, for with the accolade of a captain's clap on his tattered back Bully had gladly limped to his place.

And again the game was on.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" cried I.

"Touch! Touch!" cried Mrs. Bully.

"Foul tackle!" cried I.

"Scandalous!" cried Mrs. Bully.

"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" cried I.
"Hear! Hear!" cried Mrs. Bully.
"Put him out!" cried I.
"Unfair!" cried Mrs. Bully.
"Aw—fumble!" I groaned.
"Run! Quick!" cried Mrs. Bully.
"Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" implored I.
"Never give up!" cried Mrs. Bully.

Win? With such ancestry and parentage pulling for us? Win! Of course we won—Mrs. Bully, Bully, we, and us. We won easy, six to five. Regular walkaway, when once the start had been made and the old scoring machine got to going.

I really don't know whether or not it was I who in moments of especial enthusiasm and in comradely fashion whacked Mrs. Bully on her shoulder; and I'm not certain whether it was her umbrella or somebody else's that kept swiping off my hat and jabbing me in the ear.

But after the game, 'midst the shouting and tumult that didn't die, I recollect that as a Hot Tamale Tau and frater-to-be—perhaps—of Bully, I'd better help his mother down those tiers of seats. She was still there. She seemed excited.

"Is it over? Who beat? Tell me, who beat?"

"We did."

Seraphic joy suffused the noble face. She straightened her bonnet, which to me looked as wrong end to, but you never can prove it without a millinery guidebook, and with trembling hand righted her capsized pince-nez glasses. She clutched the umbrella.

"Take me there."

"Where?"

"To him."

"Who? William?"

"To—what is it you call him?"

"Bully?"

She hove a great sigh, a sigh of blissful pride mixed with resignation.

"Yes. Take me, then, take me to—my son *Bully*, please."

I took.





IN FULLEST CONFIDENCE

by HILDEGARDE LAVENDER

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

I.

THE LETTER HE DESTROYED.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB,
May 16, 19—.

MY DEAR LETITIA: Do you remember, I wonder, that a quarter of a century ago you plighted me your hand and troth? A fat, dimpled hand it was, and plentifully daubed with blackberry juice and marred with thorns. You had made, at five years of age, the discovery which I hope has proved useful to you through all your life—that the most luscious fruit is accompanied by nettles, and that it is almost impossible to obtain the one except by submitting to the other.

You declared your intention, on that memorable day, of marrying me, when you were somewhat older, as a reward to me for removing from your fingers the briars which Bob and Dirk had bade you take home to your nurse for treatment, "and not be always tagging." That was brotherly, at ten and twelve.

It was probably equally characteristic of me that I accepted your promise with considerable indifference, brushed at once from my lips the sticky kiss with

which you sealed it, and made off after Bob and Dirk, careless of the good fortune you designed for me. Shall I tell you the truth, Letitia? I believe I never even recalled your pledge again until I came home from Mexico last autumn. And now, dear girl, I write to beg you to keep it; I write to beg you—I shall tell you all the truth—to move the briars from my hands, which are sore from clutching after golden fruit. Will you marry me, Letitia?

I shall not let you answer me, yes or no, without telling you all about myself. I see you smile; your lips have changed from those full, pouting ones of the small berry gatherer; they are more chiseled than I should have expected hers to be; they do not bubble into laughter quite so readily as I should have thought they would. But their fine, infrequent, wise, satirical little smile is very charming, and watching it this winter, I have often wondered what experiences have wrought its curves.

And I see you smile when I say that I shall tell you all the truth about myself. What is there I can tell which you do not already know? Are you not skilled in reading men, woman of

the great world as you are? And have not our families known each other, world without beginning? Did not their farms lie side by side at Brookmere? Was not your brother Dirk my dearest friend until he gave up his gallant life in the river for that poor, strangling, excursionist girl? Do you not know what Dirk liked and demanded in men?

Perhaps you are right in your wisdom. Perhaps, whatever a man may think he is, whatever image of himself his vanity or his humility may hold before him, he is in reality the being which his family tree, his bank book, his friends, his clubs, and his tailors proclaim him.

And all those things, in regard to me, you are able to estimate exactly enough. My family tree is about like your own; and I imagine both of us, while pretending a tolerant democracy, are secretly vain of our Colonial dignitaries. My fortune, thank God! does not keep me awake nights worrying about the state of the market, and neither do I feel any active alarm over the approach of the wolf. My friends, like Dirk's, are gentlemen and gentlewomen, whatever their worldly place and income. I never darken the doors of half the clubs to which I belong, and am especially shy of those which boast the largest membership of "good fellows" who can drink one another under the tables.

In short, Letitia dear, you are quite right when your wise, amused little smile says that you know me for the unexciting, untalented, unbrilliant conservative that I am. The only circumstance, I should say, that redeems me from positive insipidity is my taste for travel in outlandish places—the taste that is responsible for my having seen so little of you since I came out of college, and poor Dirk left us. You were fifteen to my twenty-three then—you see, I have an old-womanish habit of remembering dates and ages—and I could probably tell you, if put to it, all the marriage connections of all the collateral members of our family. That's my chief vice.

Well, then, what am I going to tell you? Only this, dear: I, too, have been in Arcady. One experience in my orderly, pleasant, comfortable life burns purple and gold among the dull, respectable, enduring, neutral tints. Can I ask a woman to marry me without telling her that I have loved another woman before her? That I have loved with an intensity foreign, apparently, to my very nature? That I have known the great, beautiful, miserable passion of my life, and that I shall never know another like it?

Some women, perhaps. But not Letitia; not the little, sturdy comrade of my young boyhood, who never begged off from any hardship because she was a girl; not Dirk's sister; not you yourself, as you are to-day, with your candid brows, your direct, level, proud glance, the masked tenderness of your smile. I love you too well, dear old friend, to come to you under false pretenses.

You remember that shortly after I left college the family influence obtained for me a post in a Russian consulate? I knew the language, thanks to the nurse whom my mother had taken in, against all the advice of all the family connection—the poor, driven, spirited creature upon whose head there was a price in Russia. She never left us. Perhaps you recall her? And eventually she married a fellow conspirator whose latter days were peacefully spent as superintendent on father's Brookmere place.

See how that vice of mine for following down every sidetrack and tabulating all its marks pursues me even here, when I am writing to ask you to marry me! My good Olga has nothing to do with the story, except to explain the knowledge of Russian by which I obtained the post at Vedscow. And that has nothing to do with my story except to account for my presence in St. Petersburg in the winter when I was twenty-five.

I was having a brief holiday from consular cares; I had all possible introductions; Galbraith, who was ambassador then, was a friend of the govern-



or's, and Mrs. Galbraith had been to school with mother. So all doors opened to me.

A wonderful, wonderful city, Letitia, that sparkles in my recollection with stars and icicle points and glittering stretches of snow; that is melodious with bells; that is fiery and fierce with life—the only place where I ever felt life tingling to my very finger tips.

A wonderful, wonderful city, my dear; but you and I will never go there, if you please, when you have taken pity on me, and linked your life with mine. For you will, will you not, Letitia?

She was a countess—a very great lady. And she was also an ardent child. She was the wife of an important man, a high official; whenever I read of mas-

sacres ordered in those wretched cities over there, I wonder if it is he that has affixed his terrible signature to the orders. Magnificent, relentless—you never saw his like. Not for an instant did the charm of his manner, which was great, the perfect suavity, open-seeming, and brilliancy of his speech, dull one's perception of the colossal brutality underlying all.

Imagine something as quick, sly, beautiful as a tiger, massive as a bear. Imagine primeval-forest lusts, and the manner of the twentieth-century cosmopolitan. Imagine the pride of a powerful French noble before the Revolution had put grace into his heart. But, no, you can never imagine Pavlona, the forty-year-old force incarnate



with whom my Wanda was linked, to whom she belonged at twenty. She was only twenty when I met her that winter in Petersburg, and she had been married to him a year.

She had not been utterly crushed, she had not been vulgarized or numbed by the experience. In her veins, too, flowed that wonderful stream of absolute life which I felt in everything that winter. She was as pure as her snows, and as inviolable as her stars, but she was as brilliant, as sparkling, too. But the heart in her exquisite body was the heart of tenderness. She pitied her oppressed people, and, like so many other young souls in her country, she had allied herself with a secret revolutionary body—she, Pavlona's wife!

In some strange way I imagine that the excitement of her danger was as wine to her. They dare feel strong emotions, strong passions, those Russians; they demand strong savors on their palates.

I did not know of her affiliations when I knew that I adored her, that I was snatched up into a cloud of glorious fire in her presence; that I, too, the Puritan, the son of Puritans, was one tingling gladness because of her. I told her so one night; I could not have refrained from the words if I had died for them. Indeed, I think I had some boyish notion I might die for them—Pavlona was so powerful, so relentless, that I should not have been surprised had the scarlet blossoms of

the conservatory where we sat after a dance—ah, how she danced, Letitia!—been spies, and all the leaves swift swords of punishment for me.

But they were not; Pavlona's methods were more subtle than that, his punishments more terrible. At the moment all that happened was that Wanda's eyes, her sudden pallor, her swift, intaken breath, told me that she, too, was under the mighty spell.

I cannot tell you the rapture of the days that followed. I asked nothing of my lady; she granted me only what no man had ever wanted of her before—the sweet, intimate comradeship which we in our more favored country cannot estimate at its real worth, so common is it among us.

"Comrades" of course she had in her society—wild-eyed, hot-headed, bitter-hearted comrades in one cause only. But with me she had the joyous companionship of friends who share trifles together; and from me she had also a burning adoration, an utter reverence. Oh, they were wonderful days—those of that month! And Pavlona, smiling at me beneath his heavy brows, used to thank me for the pleasure I gave his wife.

"She finds your language beautiful," he told me. "She has always loved it; even when she has no opportunity of speaking it or hearing it, she studies it; she is a bit of a *bas bleu*, my countess; but I am not one who believes that women have no minds, and must have no intellectual interests. And your institutions—like all true Russians, she admires them immensely. Some day my unhappy countrymen shall be ripe, wise, ready, for Republican institutions. Only the blind fail to see that it is toward that form of self-government which mankind tends. Ah, yes, I am truly glad the Countess Wanda has found a friend who can talk with her at first hand concerning her deep interests—and a friend of her own years! It is like a brother to her. And the poor girl had no brothers!"

Letitia, it was after he had talked to me like that, filling me with self-loathing because I did not dare cry out my

utter love for his wife; filling me with vague uneasiness despite the faultless cordiality and frankness of his manner, that he had her sent to Siberia! She had been guilty of no crime against his honor, of no faintest disrespect for it; and that in a society where intrigues are lightly enough esteemed, God knows!

But she had been guilty of not giving him her whole heart, every pulse of her being; she had done his inordinate pride the hurt of finding it possible to love another man; she had refused to be swallowed up in his enormous, egoistic personality. And that was his revenge upon her. He had known, doubtless from the first, of her poor, little society with its secretaries, and its follies, and its perils. But he had given no sign of his knowledge until then. And then—

She managed to give me one meeting before she went. For years I lived through it again each day. I saw her face—white, a child's face, unstained by the world, a saint's face lit by martyrdom, my little love's face, broken by grief for me. I raved, I swore, I committed a thousand absurdities. I would be sent to Siberia, too! I would have my government intervene to save her. I would do I know not what. And when at last I knew the pitiful impotency of all my shouting, I wept at her feet, and her dear hands, bared of their jewels, rested on my head.

"Some come out from there," I cried, at last.

She nodded.

"Whenever you come, you will find me waiting. You belong to me now—forever," I declared, and her sad, wide eyes smiled, and she nodded again.

Then the faithful servant who had managed this last interview for us drew me out.

I have not seen her since. I was summoned that hour to my post. Three days later I was recalled from the service. I was "persona non grata" to the Russian government; no explanation was vouchsafed. My passports were sent me, and I was hurried out of the country.

For years after that, I sought her; in Siberia itself, and in every spot of the world to which I have ever heard of a Siberian refugee's escaping. Did he really exile her? Or did he have her killed? Did she die, slight child that she was, delicately nurtured lady that she was, of hardships and privations?

For years I rebelled with all my puny powers of passion against the ignorance in which I was forced to pass my days. Now I feel that the wild hope which buoyed me through the earlier period of our separation—the hope that such love as I felt for her could not be wasted—was an unfounded delusion, like the rest of my dreaming. I feel at last that she is lost to me. I am tired of wandering. I want my own fireside, my own place to sit and think, my own man's life.

Letitia, if I had not held you in deep affection and in deep honor, I should not have uncovered this one passionate page of my humdrum life to your eyes. Tell me that it has not been my doom, the desire to have you know me as I am, the desire that we should begin our life together, if you intend to grant me that happiness, in fullest confidence. All the remainder of my life, all my loyalty, all my affection, are entirely yours.

HORACE VINING.

II.

THE LETTER HE SENT.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB,
May 16, 19—.

MY DEAR LETITIA: After the fashion in which I have constituted myself your shadow this winter, since my return from Mexico, I suppose it will not be an overwhelming surprise to you when I thus formally lay my heart and fortune at your feet. Will you please marry me, Letitia? You know you promised to once at Brookmere, when you were five and I was thirteen, and when, to speak the truth, I had no interest in the proposition. But you have not formally withdrawn the promise, and you have not made it to a more deserving swain.

You have known me since I was a boy. I cannot tell you anything about myself of which you are not already aware. There is no harvest of particularly wild oats due me. I can offer you a decent enough record, as such things go. Of course I have not reached thirty-eight without imagining myself in love—without *being* in love according to my age. All the rest you know, except you may not understand how dear and lovely you are to me, and how earnestly I hope you may care for me enough to make me the happiest of men.

Yours, impatiently and agitatedly,
H. V.

III.

THE LETTER SHE DESTROYED.

THE HIGHLANDS, Mt. KISCO, N. Y.,
May 19, 19—.

MY DEAR HORRY: Your note was forwarded to me here at Eileen's. I received it yesterday morning, and although I know what I want to answer you, I have been pondering all these thirty-six hours over the way in which I should word the answer. If I had not known you so long, dear Horry, and liked you so much; if you had not been bound up with all my dearest and deepest experiences, with my happy childhood, with my love for the boys, with my grief over Dirk, I should not have such a longing to be utterly fair and frank with you. If you were a stranger—even as desirable a stranger as you are a friend—if you were a suitor of this season—I should not feel it wrong to say "Yes, thank you," and let it go at that.

But I have known you so long, Horry! I know your standards, although, thank Heaven, you talk little about them. I know your honor and your honesty, and before I answer "yes," I must tell you all about myself. Then perhaps you may wish to withdraw your offer, and I promise you that if you do, I shall not think one resentful thought of you. You have a right to a wife who has no "past" even in her emotions. You have a right to a wife

who will give you what you give her—an entire heart. My dear, I am thirty, and I am not that woman.

Of course they have told you—Eileen, Tessie, and the rest of them—that I am "queer." They have said that I seem to like men as friends, but to have no interest in them as lovers. If they were intimate enough with both of us, and happened to feel bold enough at the time, they have said that there seemed something positively abnormal in it—in the fact that a woman, young, not unattractive, very healthy, with most of the attributes and appetites of youth and health, should be so unstirred by the desire for a man of her own, for children of her own, for a home of her own.

Well, I mean to tell you why it has seemed so.

I was only a girl when it happened—the poor, abortive, foolish romance of my life—such a young, eager, silly girl! I was crammed full of nonsense from stories and poems; I knew that some day a wonderful thing called "Love" was going to flash across my horizon; and I had no one to tell me that all the stirring and leaping of young blood and young pulses were not necessarily love. Mother died when I was so young!

Well—I was eighteen. I think it was about the time you were in Russia; at any rate, you were not here. Dirk was gone, and I was just crawling up out of the abyss into which his death had plunged me. Much as I love Bob, you know that it was always Dirk who influenced me the most; we were closer to each other; I think he had something divinely womanly in his soul; all the finest souls, whether of men or women, have some quality of the other sex, I think. Well—he was gone. I was rudderless. Bob and I were like two children in the lonesome house. We clung together, but for all the difference in our ages there was no relation of leader and led between us.

Well, as I began to emerge from the blackness of Dirk's loss, as my strong young body began to reassert its vigor, and the unconquerable hopes and

selfishness of youth began to stir again, Bob fell ill. You remember, of course. They sent him to Colorado for two years, and I went with him. I was eighteen, and in spite of the governess, the drawing masters, the dancing class, the music masters, the riding masters—all the expensive adjuncts of the education of a well-born, well-to-do young girl—I was a ninny. I was as ignorant of life as a kitten. And I felt as wisely superior as if I had had a special revelation on most subjects, and you know that that is the most dangerous form of ignorance of all.

I had known our little section of New York as a schoolgirl knows it; I had known dear, lovely, simple Brookmere. I had had one dizzy summer in France with Aunt Emily, and a dull winter in a Swiss school. But I had never known anything like the life of those Colorado mountains. Why, Horry, sometimes even yet I draw in a deep breath of common New York air, and try to persuade myself that I am breathing that wonderful wine and pine and starry sparkle, and the same old feeling of physical buoyancy comes over me. I was intoxicated by the reality when I had it.

Why on earth father and Aunt Emily ever let me go out there with Bob and no chaperon, I shall never understand. I suppose that they thought the dear fellow's illness would be sufficient protection to my heart, that anxiety would leave room for no other emotions. Perhaps they still regarded me as a child. I was not out; I was to have come out that winter, but it was put off, of course. And, I suppose that, deep in their hearts, they had the usual American conviction that all the men are gentlemen, and all the girls wise and "able to look out for themselves."

Well, in a sense all the men I met there were gentlemen. It isn't any tale of revolting deception I am asking you to read. But as for girls being able to look out for themselves—that is quite another matter.

Above our camp was the camp of some forest rangers. We were glad enough when in the friendly fashion of

the mountains they rode down to give us greeting, and to tell us that they were at our service for all neighborly purposes. They heartened Bob enormously; he had been rather in a funk, not so much from fear of death as from fear of long-drawn disability. They were— Oh, my dear, irreproachable Horry, with your excellent English, and your excellent tailor, and your habit of well-padded ease in all quarters of the globe, you don't know what they were like to me.

They were centaurs, they were gods, they were dare-devils! Their horses, their garb, their brown faces, their brilliant eyes, their flashing white teeth, their drawing voices, their loud, hearty laughter—I loved the whole of them! I loved the grizzled chief of that particular detachment which had its headquarters above us; I loved the little wiry one with his grin and his agility, and as for the third—

Horry, if you were a girl of eighteen, just transferred from a correct, humdrum, Eastern home into a new, wild, glorious, thrilling world of freedom and activity, where the mere act of respiration was a positive delight, where to look about you was rapture, and to move was an abounding bliss—can you imagine how you would feel at sight of the very genius of the place incarnate?

He was the West as Remington drew it. He was the most splendid, vivid human being my eyes had ever rested upon. Do you wonder that it mattered not one iota to me that his education, as far as schools were concerned, had terminated with the grammar school, that his English was—racy of the soil, I think is the best way to describe it; it certainly was not of bookish flavor.

He taught me to ride the tough little mountain ponies; he taught me to build camp fires; better still, he taught me to put them safely out. He taught me to handle my rifle, to shoot, to know the marks of birds, the tracks of deer. We rode countless miles together. Bob had to keep quiet for the first few months, and never took the long, adventurous rides in which I delighted.

Bob liked him, was grateful to him for giving me so much pleasure. And I— Oh, I was a wild thing with joy. And when he told me he loved me, I felt as if my head suddenly towered among the peaks and the tall pines.

It was he who counseled secrecy when I had admitted that I, too, loved him. He had a shrewd common sense under his sombrero; he told me that my family would object to him, would find him crude, rough, unlettered, poor. I don't think he used this language, but this is what he meant.

He was going off to stake a claim; he intended to make a wonderful, lucky strike, to become a wealthy mine owner, and then, just to satisfy my family's demands, to go into the senate for a term!

"I guess there'd be no kick coming against me then!" he vaunted, and I swelled proudly, and agreed. It was all to be very simple, you see.

I lived in a dizzy rapture for a while. I know now that it was the exhilaration of the air, the wonderful joy of the life, as well as the companionship with the very spirit of the peaks in Dan.

Dan Leary was his name, Horace, and his father had come over steerage; I went about in those days declaring to myself that "from yon blue heavens above us bent, the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent!" Well, I still believe it!

He was suddenly transferred to an Idaho post. We were dismayed, horror-stricken. We took a long, long ride together—farther than we had ever gone; we struck a little settlement, unfamiliar even to him. He begged me to let him have absolute surety of me when he started; he begged me to marry him. Oh, Horry, dear, I was mad, mad. There in that little aerie hung against the grim side of the mountain, we found a notary, a clergyman. Breathlessly we signed the papers both required, breathlessly stood before the minister in his bare cabin, and took upon ourselves those lifelong obligations! Then we rode back, almost silent, suddenly frightened, awed, at what we had done.

We parted at our camp, and for the first time there was no rapture in the touch of his hand. The next morning he was gone to his new post, and I was left—an innocent, ignorant, madcap girl, tied, tied for life to a boy not of my own sort, a boy sweet-natured, vigorous, but alien in every fiber from me. Horace, when I had his first letter, badly written, badly spelled, unimaginative, bald, stupid—Oh, Horace, I could have died!

But I didn't. It was not I who died. It was he. Sometimes I am almost glad of that fearful folly of my youth, for it gave the dear lad some happiness; it was his golden glamour of romance. He had had it when the end came. He was shot there in Idaho by one of the timber thieves he had unearthed.

They found a kodak picture of me among his possessions, and an envelope addressed to me, and so they wrote me. And it nearly broke my heart, Horace—all the more because of that dreadful weight of disloyalty I had been carrying about with me.

I never told any one. I never intended to marry. It was not necessary ever to refer to the matter, for that little group of huts clinging to the bald side of the mountain—that was wiped out the very next winter by an avalanche. The record of my insanity is destroyed. It is as though we had cut our initials on a tree that lightning shattered. It had no consequences except upon my spirit, my point of view.

Of course, I thought for a few miserable years that I was marked of Heaven for tragedy. But that egoism of youth gradually yielded to sanity. I know I am no more marked for tragedy than all our tragic race.

I think, dear old friend, that it is because you seem so safely removed from all horrors, all unconventions, that I shall so gladly be your wife if you still

want me. There is no one so dear to me, you may believe that.

Do you still want me, Horry?

LETITIA.

IV.

THE LETTER SHE SENT.

THE HIGHLANDS, MT. KISCO, N. Y.,

May 19, 19—

DEAR HORACE: I hope your calmly written note contains as much real feeling, as much real hope, as my calm "thank you, yes," covers of affection, of gratitude, and of hope for the future. It's horribly unromantic, to be marrying the person whom all your friends declare designed for you from the cradle, but I think it is going to be very comfortable, after all. You must take me "as is"—but I really think you know me "as is" better than any one else. Of course, before I was twenty, I thought the world ended for me. But you take that certainty with any woman over twenty.

I am, as you see, at Eileen's, and as soon as I suggest to her that it would be a pleasant thing if you came for the week-end, you will be duly bidden. I feel real satisfaction in subscribing myself, sir,

YOUR LETITIA.

V.

A YEAR LATER—THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

What an ideally devoted couple the Vining's seem! They are wrapped up in each other. Since he's gone into politics, she's studying them all the time, and he is as eager over those Italian garden things she is writing and publishing as she is. They positively seem to think each other's thoughts—it's beautiful. Well, of course they had known each other from their perambulators—they knew, both of them, exactly whom they were marrying!



ON CUPID'S HOMESTRETCH.

By *A. Holman F. Day*



ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

(In order that they who read may understand the situation leading up to this story, be it known that Cap'n Aaron Sproul, of Scotaze, had arranged a match between young Lycurgus Sprott, his farm manager and prime favorite, and Miss Antonia De Silva, a handsome Italian girl who had recently settled in town. Hiram Look, whose friendship for Cap'n Sproul has ended in a violent upheaval regarding a business deal, brings Barnum Speed to town as his partner in a mail-order venture. Speed, a former circus man, and as rapid as his name, proceeds to cut Sprott out by his city airs and graces, aided by his dash and assurance. The cap'n has a stormy interview with Hiram in regard to their respective protégés. Their sporting blood is stirred, and they finally wager two thousand dollars each on their "nominations" in the race for the fair Antonia's hand. The wager is a profound secret between Hiram and the cap'n. They begin their work as rival Cupids in a vitriolic state of mutual enmity.)

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD would have envied the mood in which Cap'n Aaron Sproul arose that morning. And the business of the day, as the cap'n had planned it, was the bringing together of the two loving hearts which he had determined to mate with each other.

He was in a state of mind that would be helpful in the enterprises of a pirate chief. But even Cap'n Sproul realized that he was in hardly the mood that suited an amateur Cupid.

Louada Murilla, faithful wife, got a savage growl when she asked him whether he would have bacon or sausages with his breakfast eggs.

The equally faithful and adoring house cat, meeting him with mellow mew and tail upright, just escaped a kick by a miracle of a dodge, and then went apart and regarded him reproachfully.

"I don't see what has got into that

girl," said Louada Murilla, understanding her husband's feelings, and taking up the subject where they had dropped it the evening before. "There it was, all settled with Lycurgus, and you building a nice little cottage for them, and all was happy as could be! It may be the foreign streak in her, to whiffle so quick, but it ain't like the women around these parts. I should think you and Lycurgus would just let her go and throw herself away on that cheap circus actor if she wants to."

"Not by a tin damsite!" yelled the cap'n, slashing across a fried egg. "There don't any Hime Look scoop up two thous—" He caught himself just in time, and poked half an egg into his mouth.

"Two thousand what?"

"I never said two thousand. I say I ain't goin' to set back and let him ring in a cigarette dude to break up a match I've set my heart on. I'll know what

every one of his grins means after it's done—and life won't be worth livin'."

"I wish he'd move away somewhere else. He keeps you stirred up all the time, lately," complained Louada Murilla.

"He'll never get done wishin' he hadn't stirred me this time," stated the cap'n, with grim resolve. "It had to come to final clinch. Might as well be this as anything else."

"Do you think there's any hope for Lycurgus?" Her tone was anxious.

"Hope! Now that it has gone as far as it has, she'll marry my man if I have to lash her up with rope yarn and team her to the meetin'house with a marlin-spike. Her folks are my way of thinkin'."

"But you can't marry a girl off that way, in these days. You don't want to spoil Lycurgus' life by hitching him with a girl who don't love him."

"She loved him all right till that tin-horn sport teetered up here. She'll take to Lycurgus again as soon's that dude gets out of sight. She has been goofered all of a sudden by frills and airs. You needn't tell me that a girl can fall out of love and back in again with another feller, all in two days."

"Some girls do," sighed his wife. "Especially those of a romantic disposition, like foreign girls have."

Cap'n Sproul got up from the table, and took down his pipe. He "licked" his tongue against his teeth with a fine air of being ready for brisk business.

"Don't let's you and me argue this thing all over, Louada Murilla. Look and I argued it last night, and we didn't get anywhere especial except get mad. You can consider that I'm back of Lycurgus Sprott. I've picked him for a winner. Havin' been married to me for some years, and seein' me operate in general matters, you can figger that when I say that much it means consid'able more'n the wind wooflin' over the neck of a jelly jar."

He went out upon his piazza, and began to stamp up and down that section of it which he called "the lee alley," his hands behind his back.

On one of his turns he faced Ly-

curgus Sprott, who had approached with the unobtrusiveness of a man who had come to the conclusion that he did not amount to much in the world. The cap'n looked him over scornfully. The young man's shoulders were bowed, and his face was full of woe.

"Say, you look as though you'd laid out overnight and got warped," snapped Cap'n Sproul.

"I don't look any worse than I feel," muttered Sprott.

"There's no girl goin' to love a feller who walks around as though he was a caved-in waxworks figger with clock-work inside of him," insisted his mentor. "You're a good-lookin' chap when you're braced up, Lycurgus. Throw out your chest, and act alive."

"I can't do it, Cap'n Sproul. She went to Vienna to the dance with him last night. I hid in the bushes, and watched 'em come home. It was three o'clock this morning. Night before that he danced all the evening with her down at the Sons of Veterans Ball, and then cut me out and walked home with her. And I didn't sleep all that night. I'm most dead. And if he's done all that in two days and nights, he'll have her married to him inside of twenty-four hours more." He showed a bit more spirit. "I ain't going to wait any longer. Your advice not to pitch in and lick him may be all right, but I've got to ease my feelings. I'm going to hunt him up and give him his."

"You think that's the way to win a girl's affections, do you? You think you're goin' to get her by makin' a public scandal about her?"

"Blast it all, I've *lost* her," declared Lycurgus. "Now I'm going to pound seventeen kinds of hellishness out of him—and then she can use him for cat meat. Your advice may be right. I ain't sayin' it's wrong. But I've got a few notions of my own."

"You have, hey? Well, you lay 'em away in pickle, and head up the barrel. I'm runnin' this thing."

"I've got something to say, haven't I, about how I shall do my own courtin'?"

This sudden intractableness exas-

perated Cap'n Sproul so much that he forgot himself.

"You won't do it in a way that's goin' to put me into the hole for two thousand dollars, young man."

Sprott blinked at him.

"How do you figure that?" he inquired suspiciously.

The cap'n took off his hat, and scuffed his hand in his hair.

"I never said anything about two thousand dollars," he declared lamely.

But Lycurgus Sprott, in his present state of mind, was not as docile as the adoring Louada Murilla.

"I've got ears, all right. You said I was putting you into the hole for two thousand dollars."

"Well, how about that cottage house I'm buildin' for you when you get married?"

"You're building it for the man who is hired to manage your stock farm. I ain't going to manage your farm any longer. I'm resigning the job. I'm going away."

"Where?"

"You've sailed around the world, and you know geography better than I do. You say the name of some place that's the farthestest away from here. That's where I'm going."

The cap'n clapped his hat back on his head.

"Sprott, you come along with me," he commanded.

"And when you say I'm sticking you for two thousand dollars—"

"I say, you come along with me," repeated the cap'n, not caring to pursue this topic, and anxious to get Sprott's mind off it.

He seized the young man's arm, and propelled him off the piazza.

"Where are you taking me?"

"It ain't to the place you just said you was goin'. But it'll be an interestin' place when we get there."

When they were well down the highway, Sprott seemed to guess their destination. He sagged back.

"No, sir! I shan't go. I haven't got any more to say to her. It ain't any use."

"You come along with me."

"I ain't going to have you sack me up in front of her like a ten-year-old! She has twitted me already about bein' bossed by you. It's bad enough as it is. You'll make it worse."

"That's right! I will make it worse. I'll pull up one of those fence stakes, and club you clear from here to that girl's house if you can't be got there any other way."

There is something impelling in the manner of a master mariner of thirty years' experience. When Cap'n Aaron Sproul rose properly to an occasion, men gave way usually. Sprott was young, and Sprott was already broken in spirit. He went along.

The De Silva girl answered the cap'n's authoritative knock in person.

"Oh, I suppose you want to see mamma," she suggested artlessly.

"Maybe I may want to see her later," retorted the cap'n curtly. "I may want to ask her why it is she can't keep a girl of your age in the house evenings instead of havin' her fiddle-de-deein' off to dances with cheap critters. Just now I want to see you, and I'll accept an invite to step into the parlor."

Even a maid of independent air is impressed by the quarter-deck manner. The girl pouted, glanced superciliously at young Sprott, and led the way.

"Now, miss," said the cap'n, enthroning himself in the biggest chair, "what's the matter between you and your beau here?"

"You let me ask you a question, Cap'n Sproul. How does it happen that it's any business of yours who I keep company with, or when, or where?"

"I told him just how it would be, Antonia," complained Lycurgus. "But he—"

"Shut up!" yelled the cap'n. "You was up to our house, and told me you was in love with Lycurgus Sprott, and I raised his pay, and have started to build a house for him and you, and all was goin' merry as a marriage bell. And here you are, whifflin' off to a no-account."

"A girl has the right to change her mind," insisted Antonia De Silva.

"Then you've changed yours, hey?"



"This is a good time to inform the two of you that I break the engagement, here and now."

"He was jealous of me when he didn't have any right to be," cried the girl, jerking her head at the cowed lover. "Just because I was getting a little attention from a young man at a dance, he insulted me by being jealous in public. And if he would do that when he was only a lover, what would he not do if he were my husband? And so I have rebelled. I was taking a husband, not a master."

"When a girl goes to mixin' in these new-woman ideas with foreign flavorin'," stated the cap'n severely, "it doesn't make a very tasty weddin' cake."

"I'm not foreign, sir. I was born in this country, and my mother is an American."

"Well, something is the matter with you. A straight, unmixed Yankee girl wouldn't gybe in the way you've done. Now, you don't mean to tell me for a minute that you don't intend to marry Lycurgus simply because you've had a little lovers' tiff?"

The girl's cheeks grew red.

"I had not got to the point of de-

ciding whether I would or not. I have been angry, and while I have been angry, a nice gentleman has been good to me. But if the kind of a husband I'm to have is one who has to be led around by a guardian to manage his love affairs, then I don't want your kind, Cap'n Sproul. This is a good time to inform the two of you that I break the engagement, here and now."

"You shan't do anything of the sort," roared the cap'n. "I've got something to say about this thing." For the third time that day, in the stress of his feelings, his caution forsook him. It was reckless juvenile rebellion that was maddening. "I've backed Lycurgus in this thing from the start. All the folks in our town know how I stand. I'm backing him now, and I—"

"What, have you bet money on it as you would on a horse race?" inquired the girl sarcastically. It was a woman's random thrust of indignant rebuke, but the cap'n grew red, stammered, looked away from her, and rose from his chair. "Because I have found out that Lycurgus Sprott is jealous, and a coward,

and needs some one to 'back' him, as you say, doesn't mean that I have already picked out another man in his place. I simply inform you, Cap'n Sproul, that I, at least, can run my own love affairs. Now if you and Mr. Sprott wish to sit here and confer any longer about your peculiar partnership, you may do so. The room is quite at your service. But you'll have to excuse me."

Even young girls have a poise which grown men lack. She rose and left the room with an air that rendered the cap'n speechless.

He turned from staring after her, and found Sprott in a condition that nearly approached trance. The cap'n spoke to him twice, and then shook his shoulder.

He rose, and followed his patron out of doors. He did not recover his voice until the two were well down the road.

"You've done it to me," he wailed. "You've done it good and proper. It was all my own business. It wasn't yours. Now you've spoiled it."

"Lycurgus, maybe I have. But just at present writin' it looks to me as though you didn't have anything to spoil, when you went in there. You wasn't settin' on an egg at all. You was tryin' to hatch a doorknob."

"But you see what you've done! There ain't any hope for me. If there was any, you've fixed it so there ain't now. I've resigned from that job of yours. I ain't beholden to you. I'm a free man now. And I'm goin' to stand here and tell you what I think of your damnation meddlin' in a business that you didn't have anything to do with. I'm goin' to tell you——"

Sprott had halted, and was brandishing his fists.

"What you're goin' to tell me may all be interestin', to the point, and valuable to file away for future reference, but I'll advise you not to do it," said Cap'n Sproul menacingly. "I ain't in the best of moods just now. Hold on! You listen to me. A good many people haven't listened when I've been in the state of mind I'm in now. That

carelessness proved bad for 'em. If that girl back there was as old as she acts—and that's about five—I'd go back, turn her over my knee, and apply moral suasion with a shingle; and take my chances of settlin' with the family for what I did. But you talk to me, Sprott; you say another word just now, and I'll be doodywhooped if I don't light on you, and lick you where you stand. You look me in the eye! Do you think I mean what I say?"

It was apparent that Sprott thought so. He lowered his eyes, and kicked his toe in the dust of the road.

"It's all over now," he muttered.

"It's just begun," shouted the cap'n. "What if I had sailed ship in the spirit you're showin'? I'd be borrowin' chaws of tobacco from Davy Jones now. The girl ain't married to anybody else. Just a little of the upper canvas blown out of the bolt ropes—that's all. True love is always like that. A squall or two don't sink the ship. Bend on new sails! Blast it all, bub, I'll have you on your course again."

"You probably know all about sailing ships," acknowledged the sulky Sprott, "but this ain't the same thing. I'm down and out, so far as Antonia goes."

"Goin' to stick your tail between your legs, and run and ki-yi, and let that circus feller have her?"

"He'll be mussed up when she gets him," stated Sprott viciously. "That's all I can do. I'll lick the tar out of him, and then I'll go off to that place that's fartherest from here."

Cap'n Sproul took him by the arm, and started him along the highway once more.

"I'll tell you where you're goin'. You're goin' back onto your job. Don't you talk to me. You're goin' to get that girl—and you're goin' to get her right. If you don't want her, say so, and you and me will look farther."

"I do want her."

"Sprott, my blood is up in this thing now. So is something else, but that part ain't any of your business. You've laid it to me that I've broke it up be-

tween you. So it's my job to straighten it out again. You go back onto your job. You keep still. You do just I tell you to. You ain't goin' to be hurt by waitin'. If that cigarette dude gets that girl, you can go away; I'll hand you a thousand dollars for traveling expenses."

Sprott was visibly impressed. This confidence displayed by another perked him up.

"You must have something up your

doesn't seem to be any kind of a way for a chap to go about getting a wife."

Sprott showed the spirit of youth now. The cap'n clapped him cordially on the shoulder.

"It simply happens to be your watch below just now, Lycurgus. You'll be called, all right. You'll hear me hammering on the hatch. This is only a squall, and I can handle ship all right. The main blow is due later. Go below, and get into good trim."



The guitar had not ceased its music till then.

sleeve, Cap'n Sproul," he suggested hopefully.

"You've seen me make good in this town quite a number of times, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seen me hang to things till they come right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you go back and keep busy on your job."

"But what will I do to help you in the matter? I feel like a fool, having the thing all taken out of my hands. It

The young man left him at the gate of the Sproul home, and went away in more cheerful spirits. The cap'n gazed after him.

"I wish I could talk to myself as chipper as I just talked to him," he muttered. "For I'll be eternally condemned if I know what to do with the dodhammered daughter of Gehenna. She's gone to work and got hypnotized by a cheap faker and his airs, and the chances are she'll wake up too late. I reckon here's a situation where prayer and meditation are needed."

During the next few days, Cap'n Sproul devoted himself more to meditation than he did to prayer. He owned to himself that he did not seem to be in exactly the right mood for prayer. The main highway of the town passed his door, and he had frequent opportunities of beholding Mr. Speed at his work of prosecuting his courting campaign. Speed walked past with Antonia De Silva; he rode past with Antonia De Silva; he monopolized Antonia De Silva. It was an assiduous wooing—that was apparent to all Scotaze. But when cards came out announcing that the wedding would take place at the Methodist Church one week from the date the cards were issued, Scotaze gasped. In that placid community a girl usually "kept company" with her swain for at least six months.

On the day the cards were issued—and every one in the town received one—Hiram Look intercepted Cap'n Sproul in the road near the post office.

"Excuse me," said Speed's backer. "I wouldn't be speakin' to you if it wasn't on pressin' business. But the United States mail ain't always reliable, especially since the post office here has been overworked, handlin' our mail-order business. Which, by the way, is coinnin' money for me and my partner, Speed."

"Anybody who sets out to steal money can keep it up for a certain length of time," returned Cap'n Sproul, bestowing blistering gaze on his former friend. "But if you've got any business with me, you get to it quick. Loosen halyards, and let all come on the run!"

"Seein' that you're interested to the tune of two thousand dollars, I want to ask and make sure that you've received an invite to the weddin'."

"Havin' asked the question, now climb up on that rock pile, slap your hands on your legs, and crow, you old, red-gilled rooster, you!" advised the cap'n truculently.

"Well, the thing is all settled but the cheerin'," stated Hiram with serenity. "And seein' that you're so much interested in the De Silva girl, it may please

you to know that I'm goin' to take a thousand dollars of my winnin's, and furnish a house for the newly married couple. Under the circumstances, seein' that my man is practically under the wire and yours is behind the flag, maybe you'll pay the bet now, and then I can have the house all furnished—you ought to show that much interest in the girl."

"Say, do you think I've given this fight up?"

Hiram opened his eyes in mock wonderment.

"What fight is there to it any longer? Speed has got the girl, weddin' day is set, and all invited. I didn't stop you here in the road to brag about it, of course, but now that you've opened up the subject, I want to say that when you get up against me on a proposition you're buttin' brambles. If you ain't got any sentimental interest in lettin' your own money be used to furnish a home for the girl you've been so much interested in, then I'll use my own money, and put yours in the bank when I get it next week."

"Have you bragged all you want to?" inquired the cap'n.

"Well, I might simply add that makin' this match has been such an easy proposition for me that I could have had the weddin' pulled off before this, if I had wanted to."

"You made a mistake in not hurryin' in it, then."

"Why?"

"Before it's found out here in town that he has robbed banks and picked pockets, I can see what his rush is."

The cap'n passed on after that thrust.

He found Lycurgus Sprott waiting for him at his gate. That disconsolate youth held one of the wedding invitations in his hand.

"You might just as well hand over that money to me, Cap'n Sproul, and let me start for that place. I can't stand it to stay here any longer."

"How'll you have it—tens or twenties?" barked the cap'n. "Take you and Hime Look together, and you seem to be wanting me to give an imitation of a national bank."

He marched up to his piazza, and sat down. Sprott followed him.

"There ain't any depth to her. I guess I found her out in time," mourned the youth. "One of her girl friends has been telling me that Antonia was first taken by him because he wore his hair all mussed up and curly, and looked so romantic. Did you ever notice his hair, Cap'n Sproul?"

"Did I ever—" Rage checked further utterance.

"I'll bet it's false hair. I'll bet he's as old as Hiram Look is. He's all filagreed up. He's a cheat. And she can't see through him. It takes a girl that ain't in love with a fellow to see through him. Girls have got sharp eyes. This one has peeked at him all she dared to. She says it ain't his own hair."

Cap'n Sproul showed a flicker of interest, and Sprott was emboldened to proceed.

"It says in a book somewhere that love is blind—and so that's the reason probably that Antonia hasn't noticed anything. And then, see what he does! He takes her to dances when he's all dressed up, and buggy riding in the evening when she can't see him very well, and now it's out on the river for 'em every evening, back and forth under the tollbridge. He rows up a ways, and lets the boat float back, and plays to her on a guitar, and keeps her all romanced up all the time. That's the way he's playing her! And she'll wake up too late."

Cap'n Sproul began to twist his beard hard while young Sprott talked. He was staring into vacancy. The rejected lover talked on, complaining. But the cap'n did not hear. All at once he whirled, and grabbed Sprott's arm.

"How much of a swimmer are you?" he demanded.

"There ain't no better one in this town," stated the youth with pride, and added sullenly: "Why, do you want me to start off and swim to that place that's fartherest away from here?"

"Look here, young man," snapped the cap'n; "I ain't payin' you wages to ask me questions or hand out slurs."

He grabbed the wedding invitation out of Sprott's hand, and tore it up. "You go and get onto your job. When I want you, I'll let you know."

Once more was Lycurgus cowed by that air of mastery. He went away, his face alone expressing his surly rebellion.

"It's just a faint glimmer of an idee," confided the cap'n to himself, "but we'll start and sail toward it. It may be a harbor beacon."

That evening Cap'n Sproul proceeded to verify his amateur scout's report. He lurked in the shadows of the covered bridge. He saw Speed row a boat up against the sluggish tide. He saw that boat drift down again, and heard the twanging of a guitar.

"Cuss him, he knows how to toodle-te-dee up a fool girl to the queen's taste," he admitted. "It's the foreign streak in her hankerin' for that kind of stuff—and she's forgettin' that courtin' in this life is only a mighty short tack in smooth water. It's when you get outside in rough water, on the main voyage, that tells the story. And that critter she's got there ain't the kind that sticks to the wheel, and sees it through. It's up to me to save her. Keep her headin' as she goes toward the glimmer!"

Cap'n Sproul did not take any one into his confidence during the week that followed. Only one commission that he gave Sprott betrayed that he was taking any more interest in the affairs of the engaged couple. Sprott was instructed to ascertain by subtle means from the girl friend of Antonia if the river excursions were to be kept up till the eve of the marriage.

"She says they are," reported Sprott sourly. "As near as I can remember what she said, Antonia is goin' to make the most of this moon, and live in a dream, so she says, till they are married. Say, Cap'n Sproul, I've stood back till now, and let you boss me, but you've got to let me loose on him. It's going to spoil the whole of the rest of my life for me if you don't."

"When it's time for you to turn out from your watch below, Sprott, you'll

be notified in seamanlike and shipshape manner. If I catch your head above deck till then, I'll knock both your eyes into one, reeve a rope through that hole, and use you for a swab. This thing I'm workin' on is right at the critical time when we're goin' to tack ship. You've done your errand for me. Get back onto your job."

And again did Sprott obey.

The wedding of Barnum Speed and Antonia De Silva was set for a Wednesday at high noon.

Tuesday evening, after supper, Cap'n Sproul took Lycurgus Sprott's arm, and marched him down the road toward the river.

"Do you hear any mysterious sound, Sprott?" asked the cap'n, when they were on their way.

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to. But don't be scared. It's me hammerin' on the hatch over your head. It's a call for you to come on deck."

That information proved rather cryptic so far as Sprott's understanding went, but when he asked questions the cap'n curtly ordered him to shut up.

Their course took them across the fields to the river. In a cove there was moored to the bank a battered old bateau.

"Get in there, and take them oars," commanded Cap'n Sproul.

He untied the rope, followed Sprott, and pushed out with a thrust of his foot.

"Now give w-a-y-t-h-a-t means row."

They started down the moonlit river, the cap'n steering with an oar.

"Way 'nough!" the cap'n ordered suddenly. And Sprott understood that this command meant to stop rowing.

From the shadows under the bridge sounded the soft plangor of a guitar.

"Take off your coat, vest, and shoes, Sprott."

Cap'n Sproul was doing the same for himself, even while he spoke.

"Now you shut your eyes, clench your teeth, and row for every ounce of strength that's in you."

For many months young Sprott had been trained to obedience so far as Cap'n Aaron Sproul's orders went. He bent to his task with all the vigor of his young arms, and the cap'n dug his steering paddle deep.

When they were nearly upon the boat



"I didn't have any idee that wasn't your own hair."

ahead, he dug his paddle still more deeply, and the bateau skimmed around in a half circle and struck the floating skiff a smashing blow. The guitar had not ceased its music till then, for Speed had not dreamed that the unknowns in the other craft meditated such treachery.

He went overboard headfirst under the force of the impact, his howl of consternation choked bubblingly by the water.

The shrieking girl, held up by her skirts, was in more comfortable plight than her escort.

"Save that girl—swim ashore with her!" hissed the cap'n, in Sprott's ear, and that astonished young man obeyed with celerity.

The cap'n stood for a moment in the bateau.

As soon as he saw that Antonia, supported by young Sprott, was safely en route for shore, he began to bawl:

"You devilish coward, Speed! Why don't you save Antonia? Are you goin' to let her drown?"

Cap'n Sproul made sure that she could hear him. He was shouting with all the force of his lungs.

"Is that the kind of a lover you be? Strikin' off for shore and desertin' her? Thank God, we ain't all cowards."

He perceived that Mr. Speed had now thrust his head above water. He was floundering about. He still held the guitar. With his other hand, he got hold of some floating wreckage. Noting this, the cap'n promptly jumped overboard, and struck out for Speed with a seaman's sturdy strokes.

"I'll save you, Speed," he puffed, as he came up. "Worthless as you are, I'll save you."

Speed spatned his guitar down on the water to check the cap'n's approach.

"You beef-headed son of a Texas steer," he gasped, "what do you mean by a trick like this? Keep away from me, I tell you!"

"You've got to be saved," panted Cap'n Sproul, treading water and trying to grab the guitar away.

"I don't need any savin', you infernal old whale! Where's Antonia?"

"All safe—all safe. Saved by a hero," puffed the cap'n. "Now I'll save you!"

That time he managed to get hold of the guitar, and wrenched it from Speed's desperate clutch. His weapon gone, Speed grasped the wreckwood with both hands.

"When a man's drowndin', desperate things have to be done, Speed. I'll drag you ashore."

The cap'n plunged forward, and made a wild swipe at Speed's hair. That unhappy man was not able to dodge. His magnificent tresses—an ornate toupee—came away in the cap'n's clutch.

"You damnation old devilish!" yelled Speed, coming up from his duck below the surface, and realizing what had happened. "Give that back!"

Cap'n Sproul was treading water again at a safe distance.

"Can you swim?" he inquired.

"Of course I can swim. Hand that back to me!"

"Well, then, swim. You don't show no kind of gratitude for a man's noble efforts when he's reskin' his own life tryin' to save you."

And with that rebuke, Cap'n Sproul began to swim ashore. He took a course opposite to that taken by Sprott. He had noted that the young man and Antonia were safely ashore, and that the rescuer had started up the river bank with her in his arms. The moonlight revealed the scene.

When the cap'n reached shore, and sat down on the bank, he saw a shining object come bobbing across the moonlit tide toward him. It was the bald head of the swimming Mr. Speed. The man had on his shoes and his clothes, and it proved a tough struggle for him. He collapsed on the bank beside the cap'n. He lay there a long time without speaking, gulping strange sounds in his throat, and spitting water.

When the sufferer finally raised bleared eyes, the cap'n was gazing down on him with much interest.

"They sartinly do make up them two-pea things—or whatever you call 'em—in wonderful style these days,



"The idee is, Sprott, we went on the warpath to-night, and took a scalp."

Speed. I didn't have any idee that wasn't your own hair. I've saved a good many sailors in my day by draggin' 'em on board by the hair. Now, you take a drowndin' man, and he don't—"

"Where in hell's name—what did you do with that?"

"I reckon it must have slid away downriver," said the cap'n, gazing out on the rippling tide. "You see, it gave me such a start when it come off that it just relaxed me all over, and so it must have slid out of my hand whilst I was relaxed."

Speed arose, and staggered around weakly, but his cursing was viciously strong.

"Yes, I can plainly see now why you do set a great deal of store by that hair," sympathized the cap'n. "I shouldn't know you at all as you stand there. It would jump that girl of yours some to see you now."

Speed started, and stared about.

"Oh, she's been taken care of, all right," the cap'n assured him. "Sprott has lugged her home. I see you swum over to this side of the river. That was right, I should say. This is the kind of news that has to be broken to a romantic girl kind of soft and gradual," he suggested, pointing to the bald head, off whose shiny gloss the moonbeams seemed fairly to dart.

"Oh, gods above!" wailed Speed, stumbling about. "That's the only top piece I've got. And I'm going to be married to-morrow. A church wedding, and every man, woman, and child in this town invited! I can't stand up there—I can't do it! They'd raise the roof when I walked down the aisle."

Mr. Speed did not seem to be addressing his companion, but the cap'n was prompt to reply.

"They've got a great sense of humor—these country folks have," he stated regretfully. "I'd have to laugh now myself, if I wasn't feelin' sad and responsible because I let it slip away. A crowd is different, though. You see, you look about twenty years older. And when the folks glance around, and see that brass doorknob of yours comin' in the church door, and Antonia sees it, why—"

Speed clacked his fists in an ecstasy of rage.

"You're sitting there and spiking me," he broke in. "I know what you're doing! I'd kill you if I had the strength left. You've double-crossed me, you infernal old grampus! There isn't another top piece like that this side of New York—and even then it can't be made inside of two weeks. Oh, what shall I do?"

He turned from the cap'n, and shook his fists at the stars.

"One way out of it would be to wear a hood to the weddin', and have the minister explain that you fell overboard, and got cold," suggested Cap'n Sproul.

Speed staggered away a few steps, picked up a rock, and flung it at his adviser. It missed. Then the victim ran away, clambering the bank with the gait of a drunken man.

When Cap'n Sproul reached his own gate that evening, he found a wet and wondering Lycurgus Sprott waiting for him.

"Here's your shoes, Sprott. The bateau drifted ashore, and I got 'em and mine. Did you get her home all right?"

"Safe and sound, Cap'n Sproul. But she's terrible fussed up. When we got to the bank, she hollered and hollered for that critter to come to her. But he started, and swum right away across the river. Then she let me help her home. But she never opened her head all the way."

"Keepin' up a thinkin'," explained the cap'n. "It's a good idee for a girl to stop romanticin' once in a while, and keep up a thinkin'."

"What I can't understand is, why he didn't grab in, and why he swum away, and never tried to find out how she was or anything."

Cap'n Sproul thrust his hand into his damp bosom, and drew forth a wad of matted hair.

"The idee is, Sprott, we went on the warpath to-night, and took a scalp. I never understood what the feelin's of a Modoc Indian were till now. You take that out behind the barn, and bury it—bury it deep!"

"Hadn't I better show it to her?" inquired the joyful Lycurgus.

"It won't be needed in the plot, and will look as though we was rubbin' it in," said the sage cap'n. "If I'm any judge, this proposition is goin' to be self-actin' from now out. There's somebody else beside you and me walking the floor just now. We'll go to bed, and let 'em walk."

Cap'n Sproul dressed himself in his best next morning. He decided that he would be prepared for anything.

"They may have me in jail for piracy on the high seas, or I may have to attend that weddin'," he mused, as he tied his neckscarf. "But if it's weddin', I'll get two thousand dollars' worth of fun out of seein' him march up the aisle, and try to fix it with Antonia De Silva. He'll wait till then—he'll try to bluff it out right in church at the last minute. He ain't got circus brass enough to go to her house this mornin', and give her a private view of that ostrich egg. Not if I know human nature!"

In mid-forenoon Cap'n Sproul, waiting at his house for developments, had a caller. It was a tempestuous one. It was Antonia De Silva. She threw a letter at him.

"What does it all mean?" she cried. "What does this terrible thing mean? There is something behind it. You were mixed into it, Captain Sproul. Now, you tell me the truth. He went across the river to you. He deserted me right there. He—"

"Now, you just hold on, sissy," admonished the cap'n. He unfolded the letter. "Don't go to gettin' fussed up on your weddin' day."

"But it isn't my wedding day!" she wailed. "Oh, I'm ashamed. I'm disgraced before all the people. He has run away."

"Let's see. He says here that he has been called away by business, and that he'll explain all when he gets back. Asks you to postpone the wedding, and have faith in him until he explains—and so forth!"

The cap'n refolded the letter, and gazed off across the fields.

"Say, Antonia," he commented, "these circus chaps are slippery cusses, ain't they?"

"But some awful thing must have happened to him."

"I saw him right after that accident. And I'm awful sorry we run into you, Antonia. You see, I was steerin' past, and my paddle broke, and bang we went. I'm naturally careful about bo'sts, havin' been to sea so long. But accidents will happen, you know! But as I was sayin'—I saw him right after he swum ashore, and he didn't say any-

thing to me about havin' important business. He seemed to be all right. He didn't even say anything to show that he was sorry because he was a coward, and left you get ashore with somebody else. You heard me holler to him, I reckon."

She nodded, the red showing at last in her white cheeks.

"Awful coward that man must be! But thank God Sprott was there! It's the old reliables who count in the end, sissy. But again, as I was sayin'—he acted all right. Now as to that business call, what business could any man have that's more important than bein' on hand to marry the prettiest girl in this county? I ask you that!"

The red grew deeper in her cheeks.

"Look at the teams goin' past here already. That meetin'house will be crowded. How does it leave you? It's a darned poor excuse, sissy. I don't know what's behind it, but when a man talks about business on a day like this and runs away to leave a poor girl to bear the brunt of the shame, he's a man who might do almost anything later on, after he got that girl for keeps."

The girl began to weep violently.

"He blew in here from where no one knows—he fooled you—now he's gone blowin' off again. He expects you to sit around here and wait for him, and be sneered at and grinned at by all the old gossips. Look-a-here, sissy, you've been havin' a romantic spree, so to speak, but you can't afford to keep it up any longer. Lycurgus Sprott loves you. He wants you. He's right on hand ready to keep on lovin' you. I know! I've talked with him. Your marriage intentions was all published before that cheap galoot came frothin' in here. What say? Have the weddin' just the same! Come, sissy, have the weddin' just the same, and settle down in the little house I'm buildin'."

"But it's so awful," she sobbed. "They won't understand—it's so sudden."

"No sudden about it!" insisted her adviser. "Sprott had you all courted. It ain't any new deal. What's more—I'll go right down to that church, and

stand up there before them people, whilst they're waitin', and explain that we have found out that this Speed wasn't what he was cracked up to be, and when you found him out you sent him flyin', and are goin' to marry the man you really love—and that's a romantic enough yarn for anybody."

The girl came, and leaned her head on his shoulder, and managed to say something about "a friend in need."

Cap'n Sproul, in his seagoing days, believed in keeping a cable running fast when all was clear.

"Here, you, Sprott!" he began to bawl. "You come here, and talk things over with Antonia whilst I run down to the village and 'tend to business."

A few moments later he left them in each other's arms.

Cap'n Sproul found Hiram Look perturbed, anxious, excited—going about among the people in front of the Methodist Church, explaining lamely that the wedding had been postponed for a few days.

The cap'n came up on the rush, and mounted a horse block.

"No, there ain't any postponement, either!" he roared, in his best sea tones. "Everybody march into that meetin'house. I've got an announcement to make which is goin' to interest one and all. The weddin' is comin' off right on schedule time, and I'm goin' to stand up as best man—so you can take that news as comin' from headquarters."

Then, while the astonished people were filing in, he drew Hiram off to one side, checking the old showman's frantic expletives with a menacing growl.

"Usin' your kind of language, Look, I'll inform you that a good many things can happen on the home stretch in a race. It has happened now! And I hope you're goin' to be man enough to get two thousand dollars' worth of good out of seein' a girl married to a good man instead of to a cheap faker. Now, you hold on—I don't want any more of that kind of talk! Will you leave that money at Boadway's store

after this weddin' is over? That's my principal business with you."

"I'm no welsher," blazed Hiram, "but I want to tell you, you horn-gilled old codfish, that——"

"I ain't interested in any opinions you've got about me," broke in the cap'n. "And I don't want to have a merry weddin' day spoiled by any such talk. And I can't stand here wastin' time with you. This is my busy day."

He pushed past the irate Hiram, and went into the church to make his announcement.

The old showman stood in the yard a few minutes, but when he heard the clarion tones of the cap'n, beginning his address, he pulled his plug hat over his eyes, and departed.

On his way home he met Lycurgus Sprott and Antonia De Silva riding to their wedding.



Eternal

LOW they sang the song that's sung
When love's dawn has just begun;
"Love like ours is ever young.

"Love like ours is strong to keep
Joys that love has planted deep.
They who love need never weep."

And they did not know nor guess
Love is born of loneliness,
And is fed on bitterness.

So they sang with gladsome tongue:
"Love like ours is always young."
For their love had just begun.

So they rode into the years;
But they found there bitter tears,
And they left there—little biers.

Tears they shed like winter's rain.
"Lo," they said, "our lives are vain.
Love like ours is old as pain."

But the mellowing of the years
Wrought a halo of their tears,
Wrought a tenderness of fears.

"Lo," they said, as on they trod,
"Pure our hopes lie 'neath the sod.
Love like ours is old as God."

GEORGE FOXHALL.



Perils of the Deep

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by Hy. Mayer

OUR gallant ship went down last night,"
Said the tenuous tar to me.
"With a sudden shock right in sight o' the dock
She plunged in the wild, wet sea.
And of all the throng that stood on the wharf—
This fact I am grieved to state—
Not one o' the lot would move from the spot
To resky our crew from ther fate."

I made a note of this deep disgrace—
Another blot on the Human Race.

"In the dark, dark depths of the deep we dipped
With a splash, and a sizz, and a swoop;
In a rush o' waves to our watery graves
We sunk like a phantom sloop.
Yet never a Jack of our gallant crew
Showed the tiniest ghost o' fear,
And Captin Betts smoked cigarettes
As cool as a cucumbeer."

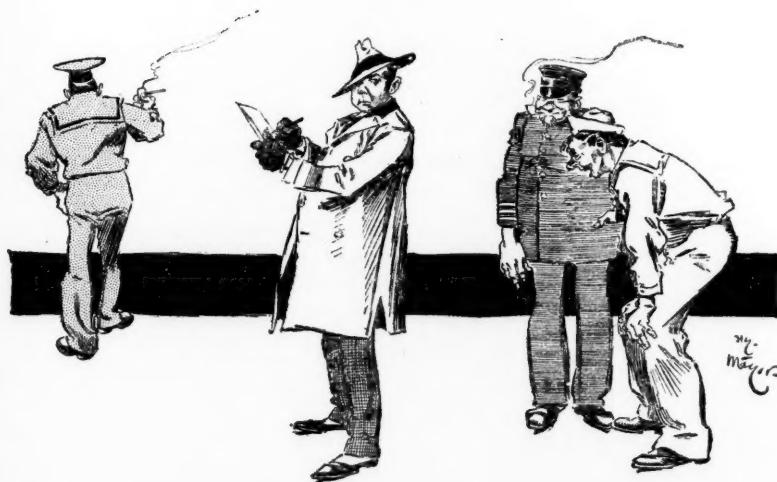
I made a note of this instance true
Of the sterling worth of Our Boys in Blue.

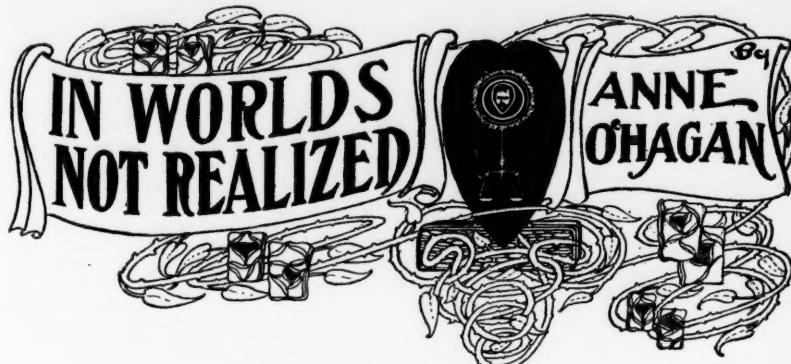
"As the pitiless ocean gulfed us round
Each one at his post stood strong;
Our helmsman leal stuck tight to the wheel,
Still humming a popular song.
Oh, what cared we for the raging sea
What never gives up 'er dead,
Though straight to the bones o' Davy Jones
We plunked like a ton o' lead?"

I made a note of this startling nerve.
Carnegie medals they all deserve.

He struck a match, then on his heel
Turned he, that tenuous tar,
In the general way, I regret to say,
Of Ye Ancient Mariners' Bar.
To a sailor nigh I remarked: "He's dry
For a shipwrecked tar, I ween."
"Shucks!" said the vet. "He never gits wet—
He works on a submarine."

I made this note: In wild romances
The thrills depend on the circumstances.





ILLUSTRATED BY MAYO BUNKER

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Winthrop Lowell, a young Boston physician who has been studying for some years in Paris and who tells the story, receives a cablegram announcing the suicide of his college mate and closest friend, Dennis McVeigh. Dennis had married Grace Wallis, for whom Lowell did not care much, and leaves two children. He had been in Paris for some time, at Windy Hill, a small village near the French border. Lowell does not believe it a suicide, and plans to leave at once for America, but meets with an automobile accident, and is laid up in a Paris hospital for some months. Finally he reaches New York. He finds Mrs. McVeigh a victim of nervous prostration, attended by Doctor Lorimer Stearns, an old suitor of hers. Dick Weston, a lawyer friend, scoffs at Lowell's idea that McVeigh did not commit suicide, but Lowell finds McVeigh's beautiful sister, Kate, quite in accord with him, and he determines to unravel the mystery. He visits the office of the chief of police, and examines the cartridge with which McVeigh was killed. It is marked U. P. M. He afterwards discovers that these cartridges are out of date. He thinks he has a clew, but Weston ridicules the idea. Lowell and Doctor Stearns have a discussion on hypnotism, which Stearns professes himself opposed to. Lowell has an instinctive dislike and distrust of Stearns.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANCE was quiescent enough to fill me with impatience for the next month. Nothing happened—nothing at all. I fumed, and fussed, and smoked considerably more than was good for me, but nothing happened. Grace McVeigh seemed a little stronger, and Doctor Stearns seemed correspondingly easier in his bearing. I saw him a few times—the same large, sallow, coolly cordial, imperturbable physician, the same curious compound of power and stealth in the impression he produced upon me.

I sincerely hoped that frail little Grace was not going to marry him; I even wondered if it were not quite likely that a man of his ambitions, of his capacities, had ceased to care for the sweetheart of his youth, now that time had treated her rather roughly. He might want something more robust, more compelling, more wealthy, even,

if one came to vulgar considerations. And yet, deep in my heart I knew that he wanted Grace with sullen obstinacy, as a man wants his own of which he has been robbed, however little its worth.

And then, quite suddenly, quite startlingly, when I had forgotten to hope for aid from my ally, Chance, she came to my assistance. And her tool, her agent, her victim, was Lorimer Stearns. The way of it was this:

We had met at Windy Hill, where a small festivity marked the birthday of one of the children. It was a dissipated affair, lasting until after seven. When the last nurse had wrapped her charge against the evening air, and the last motor had whirled down the hill with its merry load, we elders sat down to dinner. Grace was with us that night, some faint reflection of the children's joy and excitement shining in her eyes. She was more like the girl whom Denny had married than she had

been since I came home, and my heart was touched and softened toward her.

"Weren't they sweet?" she said, with a little tremulous smile, as we spoke of the children's delight in their party. "And, oh"—her hand slid along the damask toward me—"wouldn't Denny have loved to see them so?"

Even as I pressed her fingers sympathetically, my eyes sought Stearns', opposite me. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, the look of vindictive, repressed fury on his face. His eyes were on her, and the look was gone almost before I had surprised it—certainly before he had the opportunity to learn that I had surprised it. And it was he who made the spoken reply to Grace, who recalled, with admirable tact, some little bygone festa, in which Denny had been the chief funmaker. And then skillfully he led the talk away from the theme with its possibilities of tears.

Grace urged me, with her faint, languid hospitality, to stay the night at Windy Hill, but I had an appointment in New York at an early hour the next morning, and declined the invitation.

"You'll want to catch the nine-eighteen, then," said Stearns, glancing at his watch. "There isn't another express tonight, and the eleven-five local is a foretaste of purgatory. I'll run you down to the station in my car."

I thanked him, and we went on with our meal. At its close, we all adjourned to the library for coffee, and while Stearns was busied for a moment with Grace's cushions, Kate managed to say to me in a low voice:

"I wish you wouldn't ride with him!"

"Are you pretending again that your scarecrow is a real man?" I asked. "It's good of you to care about me, but you're afraid of a creature of your own fancy, my dear."

I rather liked the domestic effect of the "my dear," but at the same time I was rather rejoiced that Kate apparently did not notice it. She might not have cared for the domestic effect as heartily as I.

"I wish you wouldn't," she went on obstinately and unreasonably.

Stearns was looking at us now, and I only laughed in reply. Half unwillingly she joined me. She had some perception of the folly of her hobgoblin notions.

We were halfway down to the station, without a moment to spare, when one of the tires went wrong. Three minutes proved the train lost.

"Don't hurry," I told Stearns, who was swearing softly in the darkness. "I've lost her now, and it really doesn't matter in the least. A local isn't the trial to me that it is to men with real business to transact—they get the hurry habit. When I'm in harness again, I suppose I shall develop it, too."

Laboriously we managed to adjust the fresh tire, and then he said:

"I'm afraid another time you'll think twice before accepting any services I tender. I'm awfully sorry. But since the harm is done, come down to my place for a smoke. It's better than the waiting room, at any rate."

I accepted; there seemed no adequate reason for refusing, little as I liked the thought of his hospitality. And by and by we were sitting, smoking and drinking amicably enough, in his sanctum. His offices were beyond—rather sumptuous affairs, very modern, very well equipped. This more intimate little den was shabby and disordered, with pamphlets and magazines in undusted piles upon the floor, a litter of papers on the desk, and half-open drawers bulging with the accumulated rubbish of years.

"I've thought more than once of our talk on hypnotism," he told me, between placid puffs at his pipe. "It's an interesting subject. The trouble with it is that it is too interesting for the general practitioner, with baby's colic and papa's overfed, sedentary liver, and mamma's bridge-club-social-climbing-feverish insomnia to treat. Most people need common sense and a little sweetened water, not mental influence."

"If you can hypnotize them into common sense, you'll do more to prove hypnotism a valuable therapeutic agent than all the treatises ever published," I

told him. "And if you can make them use common sense without exerting hypnotic powers—why, you're the head of your profession, and its marvel and pride!"

He laughed, and puffed away meditatively on his pipe, his eyes, deep beneath their overhung brows, fixed on the log smoldering on his hearth.

"You remember the day of our long talk on the subject?" he said. "Curious thing—it was the very next day that I happened upon a case which seems to me so absolutely to prove my point that it is a dangerous practice, an enormously dangerous practice."

"In the hands of knaves or quacks or ignoramus," I agreed promptly, "it most certainly is. In the hands of such men, all medicine is a mighty engine of destruction. What is the case of which you speak? That is, if you may tell me of it."

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Of course I shall tell no names, but apart from that—indeed," he added quickly, "I know none of the names except that of the man who wrote of the affair to me. It was not a case in his own practice."

There were curious pauses between his words. It seemed to me that I could perceive a trembling beneath the bulky impassivity of his manner. All my senses were suddenly alert, quickened. I had the feeling that I must almost hold my breath; nothing that I should do must be allowed to startle him. I sat silent, while he seemed to brood.

"I'm trying to get the facts together in my mind," he told me, after a few seconds. "It is a little difficult. In fact, my friend—er—Talty—— You know Talty?" he broke off.

"No," I answered, taking care to keep out of my voice the excitement that most unwarrantably possessed me. "New York man, is he? Yes? Well, you see, I've been so long away, and my affiliations were with Boston."

"To be sure," replied Doctor Stearns. He fumbled among the papers on the top of his desk. "I wish I could find Talty's account of the affair," he said. "Here—no—that's not it. He puts the whole history of the case concisely. It

seems he is up against a difficult proposition—trying to undo—to dehypnotize —what would you call it?—the victim of some malignant hypnotic practice. I wish I could find his letter."

He spoke more animatedly now, and rustled through the confusing litter on his desk with a brisk air. But my nerves which had been keyed for discoveries, for revelations, suddenly relaxed. I felt a disappointing conviction that I was to be cheated out of something which had been almost within my grasp. I did not dare to interrupt his search by any remarks; too much seemed, to my excited imagination, to depend upon keeping conditions undisturbed.

"My regular papers are in the best of order," he informed me. "I have a perfect martinet of a secretary—little Miss Emory. But my private papers show me as I am—untidy. No, I can't find it. I thought I had put it in here. Some other time, perhaps. I'm sure to come across it when I'm looking for something entirely different. I don't believe this desk has been properly cleaned in a decade. A rum little thing, isn't it? I had it in college. I'm not a sentimentalist, but I am attached to it."

I was filled with a disappointment out of all proportion to the loss I had sustained. The very fact that his manner, since he had decided not to tell me of the case he had in mind, had been cheerful—almost chatty—seemed ominous to me. I tried to shake the feeling off; I was constructing scarecrows and endowing them with life and malignant powers as energetically as poor Kate, whom I had taken to task for the very same thing.

"Well, if you ever do come across it——" I began, looking at my watch. I didn't finish the sentence.

"Oh, I'm sure to," he said. "Sooner or later, I come across everything I ever owned in this desk. I found Mrs. McVeigh's wedding invitation in that cubby-hole the other day, and a pair of cuff links I thought I lost when I was at P. and S. And when I come across Talty's letter, I'll put it in my pocket."

He had been stuffing a lot of papers



I was dizzy with excitement, hope, conviction!

into the bottom drawer of the shabby, little roll-topped desk, endeavoring to compress them so that he could close it. The shallow drawer above it had been lifted bodily out in order that the work of squeezing in the contents of the bottom drawer might be unhampered. It —the shallower, upper drawer, crammed with papers and little boxes such as contain pens, clips, rubber bands, and the like—stood somewhat precariously on the paper slide. I was looking at the whole, and at Stearns busy with it, with a gloomy sense of defeat.

The telephone in the outer office rang shrilly, imperatively. He sat up, mechanically put his hand out for an instrument which was not on his desk,

and in so doing overturned the displaced drawer. Automatically I stooped to rescue some of the stuff. Stearns muttered an imprecation on telephones in general and his own in particular, and left me with a word of excuse. There was a sound of rolling bits of metal on the polished wood floor. My fingers, pursuing a rounded pencil on its revolutions toward the hearth, came in contact with the cold curve of brass. I picked up a cartridge. There were more on the floor.

I kept on gathering up the trifling belongings of the physician. There had not been a second's pause, not a breath's pause, in my activity. And yet I was dizzy with excitement, hope, conviction! A cartridge was in my pocket when he came back.

"Thank you, Lowell," he said. "Don't bother with that stuff. I think a thorough cleaning of the desk is indicated as the proper treatment here. I'll set little Miss Emory at it to-morrow. Baby," he added explanatorily in regard to the telephone message. "Wish you'd let me put you up all night? No? Well, then, you'd better let me whirl you down as I go out. You'll only have about ten minutes' wait. Sorry to hurry you, but this is the Watsons' first that is about to arrive, and they are both in a blue funk. At any rate, he is. The women are different."

All the way to the station I kept feeling that smoothly rounded bit of brass in my pocket. I knew that I was a fool to expect anything of it. But cartridges and coincidences had begun to play too large a part in my mental existence for me to disregard the finding of one. I was like a negro with a dream book in my conviction of the importance of the little disk.

I told myself as I settled down in the

slow train, half filled with sleepy-looking "way" travelers, that some day I should be a maniac in a padded cell, and that the reiteration which should have put me there would be "cartridges." I have never forgotten the look of that car, the tired, disheveled men and women who dozed uneasily against the dusty, red-plush cushions. I found myself wondering if the high, harsh lights along the roof would enable me to detect the marking on the cartridge. Those Boston detectives had used a microscope.

Finally I drew a long breath. The train had started, Stearns was dashing off through the night to bring life into the world. Was it a boon, life? A woman on the opposite side of the car lurched wearily forward in her uncomfortable sleep, and waking, sighed and readjusted her hat. Tired and futile she seemed, and a tiring, futile process she seemed to declare life.

Then I shook myself impatiently out of my inopportune philosophizing, and jerked the cartridge from my pocket. A mist blurred my eyes as I bent them toward the bit of brass. It was the film of sheer panic. I brushed it from my eyes. I made out the fine marking.

"U. P. M." the cartridge declared itself.

My fingers grew cold, they threatened to drop the cartridge. My eyes grew hot, my forehead burned. I drew a handkerchief from my pocket, and, tying the treasure in it, I placed it carefully in an inside breast pocket. Then I glanced fearfully about me. Suppose that some one, marking my action, should conclude that I was secreting a valuable, a marketable something. Suppose that I should be waylaid and robbed on my way to my rooms?

But no, the drowsing crowd looked anything but homicidal or rapacious. My wonderful, magical find was likely my own, as far as my fellow passengers were concerned.

And then, considering the intensity of my interest, I cast about in my mind to recall if there had been any monomaniacs in our family. But I could not long criticize myself. I was too ex-

citedly sure of the worth of this accident. What gibe would Weston cast at me now? I asked myself. What scorn would he dare express for my ally, Chance? Oh, he would be forced to admit that the mere force of belief was a lever against tremendous weights—that there was a mighty power in faith.

And then suddenly my imaginary conversation with a humbled and chastened Weston broke off. After all, whither was I running? What great thing had I proven? I had learned that Denny died by a bullet fired from a cartridge marked with the trade-mark "U. P. M." I had accidentally discovered that cartridges thus marked were so out of date as to make the coincidence between a murder committed with a revolver loaded with them and the possession of such cartridges, a dangerous thing for a suspected murderer.

But what had all this series of coincidences to do with Doctor Lorimer Stearns? Who suspected Doctor Lorimer Stearns of being a murderer? The U. P. M. cartridge had been a link, fairly important, in a long chain of circumstantial evidence that might eventually hang Policeman Ochiltree, of Boston. But no one except a maniac would expect to hang him on the coincidence alone. No, in his case, motive, opportunity, and all the rest of the links had already been welded.

It was a very different case that was confronting me in Doctor Lorimer Stearns, who had conspicuously lacked opportunity to kill Dennis McVeigh, and had, it seemed, as conspicuously lacked the motive for killing him.

So that it was I who was humble and chastened when I sought Weston the next morning before he had left his rooms—before he had left his bath, indeed. His voice came to me accompanied by the pleasant sound of vigorous splashing from behind his bathroom door.

"Tell Munn to double everything—coffee, finnan haddie, toast, marmalade, and all," he shouted. "Make yourself comfortable with the papers—you'll

find them by my plate. I'll be with you in a jiffy."

I obeyed his injunctions as well as I could when it was quite impossible for me to make myself comfortable anywhere, and when the lines of type in the newspapers were mere, meaningless black smudges. Dick dashed in by and by, brisk and smiling—the very picture of a healthy masculine creature whose affairs are all prospering.

"Want you to help me select the ushers' scarfpins to-day, old man," he informed me. "Lida'll give the final decision, but I want your finished Parisian taste to help me choose what is to be sent to her for approval and final choice. How'd twelve suit you to meet me at Tiffany's? We can lunch afterward."

"All right," I replied gloomily.

Then I produced my rumpled, knotted handkerchief, of which no bold marauder had attempted to rob me the night before.

"What have you there?" demanded Weston, not unnaturally astonished.

For answer, I shoved the cartridge toward him. His smiling face grew professionally grave on the instant. He examined the rim carefully. His eyesight was a little defective, and he wore glasses. He took them off and polished them. I began to have cold chills down my spinal column. Suppose that I had been the victim of my fixed idea the night before? Suppose that the fateful letters were not there at all, but had merely danced, will-o'-the-wispish, before my excited fancy?

But no. Dick looked across at me, nodding.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"In Lorimer Stearns' office."

"When?"

"Last night some time between half past nine and half past ten o'clock," I replied, with the absurd precision of a person undergoing a cross-examination.

"Was he present? Or were you burglarizing his premises on the chance of finding this?"

"He was present—that is, he was in a near-by room. Oh, hang it, Weston,

let me tell you how the thing happened, and then you may tear it and me to tatters. Only let me tell it straight first."

"Fire away," said Dick. He buttered a piece of toast with an abominable air of appetite.

I told him the story, accounting for my presence at Windy Hill and later in Doctor Stearns' office. I described the office. I tried to describe Stearns' manner in relation to the missing letter on the hypnotic case and my feeling that something of importance was about to happen, about to be unfolded.

"You can cut out all that about your own private delirium," said Weston. "It might be interesting to a society for psychical research, but it wouldn't go down with a jury of your peers."

Obediently I cut out all about my private delirium.

"Let's see," said Dick, when I had finished. "Let me recapitulate. You accidentally discover that the cartridge from which the bullet that killed Dennis McVeigh was exploded was marked on the rim with certain letters. Later you accidentally discover that this particular marking of cartridges is out of date. And now you accidentally discover that a friend of McVeigh's had a box of cartridges marked with the obsolete letters. What significance do you take it the coincidence has?"

I couldn't look at Weston, fresh, and clean, and ruddy, breakfasting with zest and examining me with diabolic joy in the weakness of my position, without feeling myself a pretty complete fool.

"I haven't said that I attach any significance to it all," I retorted, with a weak sort of anger. "Only since you're Denny's lawyer, and since you thought it worth while to put the information about the cartridge dates and marks on file, it seemed to me best that you should know this. I can't say that I expect you to make any use of it," I added, as bitterly as I could.

"I can't swear out a warrant for Stearns' arrest on it," replied Weston pacifically enough, ignoring my implied taunt about his lack of initiative. "It happens we know he couldn't have used it—the cartridge—being somewhat too

distant for a good shot at the time. No, Wint, I'm afraid you have done nothing except to prove that some dealer in the region of Fishkill had a supply of the old make of cartridges on hand, and that Stearns, and Denny, and probably a dozen others bought of him."

"I don't believe that Denny did," I protested, heartsick at the soundness of his deductions.

"Well, but your opinion and mine are worth nothing in a court of law."

"Will you do this much, Dick?" I asked suddenly. "Will you go up, and see that revolver in Chief Agard's office? Will you obtain possession of a cartridge, and keep it where it will be safe? Will you examine or have examined the ammunition dealers in the neighborhood of Windy Hill, and see what record you can get on the sale of U. P. M. cartridges? Of course, I can do it myself, but it will be less peculiar if you, Denny's lawyer, the chief of his advisers, undertake it. I'll foot the bills."

"We'll share the bills, but there's only one condition on which I will resume work on the case as you ask," replied Weston. "I'll do it if you promise me that you will try to come to your senses, will try to line yourself up with life, and not dwell with shadows. Lowell, it is almost disgraceful for a grown man to become obsessed like this. It's dangerous. Come! Promise me to get to work."

"If the next month brings nothing to

light on the subject, I promise you!" I cried suddenly. "But I must have this month."

"Well—" Dick grudged it, but he yielded. "Another month then! And as soon as I get to the office I start on the trail of the U. P. M. I'll send Dogherty—he's a wonderful, little old ferret. Not that I expect him to have much trouble in doubling on the tracks of the U. P. M."

And with that we parted.



"I'd—I'd—live in an asylum sooner!"

CHAPTER IX.

Dogherty had been to all the shops, general and particular, within a radius of fifty miles from Windy Hill, in which ammunition could reasonably be expected to be bought. He had found that the last U. P. M. cartridge must have been sold at least nine years previously. No dealer could be found who, in reply to a shabby, kindly, reminiscent, old sportsman's rambling recollections, could recall the make. I was jubilant, Dick

grave, when the information was reported to him.

"It would be marvelous if there should be anything in your queer, persistent notions, Wint," he said. "Well, a lawyer of my years ought to be used to seeing the totally impossible come true."

"Now you'll come up to Chief Agard's office and get hold of that exhibit before some evil chance spirits it away, won't you?"

He nodded.

But, as it happened, I went to Windy Hill before he did. I was summoned by a message from Kate, to whom I had not confided any of the recent developments in connection with the cartridge. I felt that, if nothing came of all the coincidences, all the apparently providential accidents, her disappointment might be scarcely bearable.

Moreover, with the morbid, unreasoning distrust she had of Doctor Stearns—I could characterize it thus, though I confessed in the silent depths of my soul that I shared it—I feared to connect him in her mind any further with the tragedy. She was, after all, a sensitive, delicately balanced woman; she had borne a great sorrow, a great horror, a great strain, with passionate heroism and strength. But it would not do to try her too far.

Her message was brief. I noticed that she telegraphed instead of telephoning, as though, perhaps, she feared to be overheard, and that the telegram was dated not at Windy Hill or at Peekskill, but at a little station farther up the river. It was signed, moreover, not with her name or her initials, but "Aunt Kathie," almost as if she wished even the indifferent person transmitting the message to have no hint of its real significance. It read:

Can you come out to-night or to-morrow?
AUNT KATHIE.

It was already too late, when I received it, for me to make my appearance at Windy Hill that night, but I decided to go up and be on hand the first thing in the morning. Kate would never have telegraphed for me—and thus in a sort of cipher—without urgently desiring to see me. I had no clew to her reasons, but it was enough that she wanted me.

On the train I found Stearns—the first time I had seen him since the night I had picked up the cartridge on his floor. I had a curious sense of guilt as he greeted me with more than his usual heartiness. It was an unpleasant, a distinctly repugnant, sensation to hide from the man that I knew something which I believed, albeit blindly and il-

logically, to be greatly to his disadvantage. I hastily made up my mind to leave the train before we reached Peekskill; I didn't want to be so long with him, and neither did I want him to know that I was in such urgent haste to see Kate McVeigh as to take a train which would enable me to visit her at an early hour in the morning.

But all the reticences and concealments which made the meeting embarrassing and distasteful to me did not affect him. There was a look of animation, of good fortune, about him, a tinge of color in his sallow skin, a gleam of light in his half-shrouded eyes with their infolding flesh and overhanging brows.

"Well met, Lowell," he said genially. Was there a note of triumph in his familiarity? I could not say. It was pronounced, at any rate. "Are you bound for Peekskill-to-night?"

"Only Tarrytown," I replied promptly, fixing upon that town as my destination.

"I wish you were going all the way up. I came across that letter of Blair's we were speaking of. I think I have it with me."

"Letter of Blair's?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Yes—about the hypnotic case. Don't you remember?"

"Oh! I thought your friend's name was Talty," I stumbled.

He looked at me with a suddenly and singularly glazed look—an arrested expression. There was not exactly alarm, not exactly apprehension, in his eyes, but there was a breathless pause, as though he waited to see what I would make of his inaccuracy. As I seemed inclined to make nothing at all of it, he readjusted himself.

"I've muffed it," he said, with simulated bluff frankness. "It was Blair's letter, but the patient had originally been one of Talty's. I shouldn't have let his name out. I don't know what sort of a stupor I could have been in. However——"

He waved his hand in courteous intimation that with me all secrets inad-

vertently betrayed were safe. I answered the gesture.

"Of course, it's all right. I forget both names. What's the case?"

He took a bulky envelope from his pocket, and drawing several sheets of clean typewriting from it, read me the story. Briefly it was the story of a physician who had abused his powers. He had dabbled in hypnotism—studied it, let us say. He had practiced it furtively upon likely subjects. Among his patients was a man singularly susceptible to influence. In treating this man for some nervous disorder, the physician had first learned his own extraordinary power over the patient. After that discovery, he could not forbear trying further experiments. He attempted more and more difficult feats of control, always successfully.

Finally, need, greed, and the mere excited, daring sense of power induced him to make his patient commit a felony which redounded to the practitioner's advantage. The pages which Stearns read gave all this information quite definitely, even to the naming of the crime; it was forgery, committed under somewhat trying circumstances.

But the difficulty with the whole performance, so Stearns' correspondent informed him, apart from the sheer lawlessness of it, was that the patient's health began to fail rapidly after this climactical exhibition of the physician's power. His nerves—the patient's—became more and more disordered. The old treatment failed utterly; indeed, to the physician's horror, the only impression he could succeed in making upon the mind of the patient in a hypnotic trance was that of the crime committed. No matter what ideas, what pictures, the doctor sought to establish in the subject's mind, the only one he succeeded in producing was that which he had produced on the occasion of his supreme exercise of power.

And now things had come to the pass where the operator, in dread of his inability to control the subject, in miserable panic over the drama to be enacted each time, had reached a mental state in which he was scarcely able to

suggest to the patient any other idea than the disastrous one already established, as it were, in the latter's unconscious mind.

"What do you make of it?" asked Stearns, folding the typewritten sheets, and turning toward me.

"Well, that one of the fellows is a precious scoundrel who should be in State's prison," I began.

"That of course," Stearns interrupted me impatiently. "But have you ever met with such a case in your practice or your study? Have you ever heard of a case of the sort?"

"Where the impression on a subject's brain became a single, automatic one, as it were? No, not exactly. The thing is by no means inconceivable, however. In the first place, that crime which your friend induced his patient to commit—"

"He's no friend of mine," Stearns interrupted me disgustedly.

"Well, the hero or the villain of the story, then. It's quite possible, you know, that his is the mind that has never been able to conjure up another idea for his patient. It may be that, in spite of all his efforts to suggest green fields and babbling waters or whatever he wants to suggest, he is himself obsessed by the vision of the crime he induced the other to commit, and that he is transferring his deepest thought to the unconscious mind upon which he is working."

"I see what you mean," said Stearns slowly. "And—and what would you advise?"

"That he send his patient, without loss of a moment's time, to a reputable practitioner."

"A reputable practitioner of general medicine, or a reputable practitioner of this hypnotic art?" Stearns asked.

"The patient probably requires hypnotic treatment," I replied. "By the way, your correspondent fails to say exactly how this forgery business was managed. Was the physician present? Was the deed done in his office or in the patient's home? How was it managed, that part of it?"

"I have another letter somewhere



I was—I confess it humbly—frozen stiff with fright.

from Blair in which he explains that," said Stearns, speaking slowly. "It seems that Talty had established such control over the patient that he often gave him 'absent treatments,' as our Christian Science friends might say. Began with absent treatments to put the patient to sleep; went on until——"

"Until the patient, half a mile away, could be made to commit crime? It's a mighty interesting case, doctor. Of course, the patient must have been abnormal—or at least subnormal. Such a power could never be established over a normal personality, even in a weakened condition of health."

"You think not? I've made so little

investigation of the question." He spoke a little wearily. "And you think that the patient's only chance is treatment by a new man—a—whole-some-minded man, let us say? Do you think he—he new physician—would be obliged to know the whole story in detail?"

"Would you care to undertake a case in which all the preliminary steps were concealed from you?"

"All is one thing—one is another," he retorted, somewhat testily it seemed to me.

"Of course, we agree on what is the crux of the whole matter, from a medical point of view," I answered. "It is the very experience which the mental malpractitioner would wish to conceal. But if he does, my opinion is that he will have direct murder as well as indirect forgery on his soul. Here's Tarrytown. I wish you could let me have an anonymous account of that case for my old chief in Paris. Could you manage it? Thanks. See you again."

I swung myself off the train. In the interest of our talk, I had forgotten my dislike of Stearns. I brooded over the story he had told me as I made my way to a hotel. When he had first spoken of it, he had given me the impression of being about to relate something

false, something manufactured, something in which he was disguising his own keen interest. But this impression had passed as he read me the careful, exact notes on the case.

Then I dismissed the business from my mind, and gave myself up to wondering what Kate wanted of me. Thank Heaven, that it was I and not another whom she wanted! So much, at least, had been won out of the darkness and confusion of these months.

When I reached Windy Hill the next morning and asked for her, I learned how much more had been won. For as I waited in the library into which the man had shown me, she came running to me, her sweet face pale and broken with fright and grief, her hands stretched out to me. They were both in mine, and she, with her little inarticulate, half-tearful welcome, was in my arms before I knew what she was saying.

"Oh, Wint, Wint! It has come! He is going to marry her, he is going to marry her!"

Even with the nameless horror and disgust which her news awoke in me, I was conscious of thrilling joy because Kate McVeigh was sobbing out her wretchedness against my shoulder, because she had come to me, poor, spent, overtried child, as to her home and her haven. As for Kate, I knew afterward that she did not realize what she was doing, what she was implying, in that moment of instinctive surrender.

"When did you learn it?" I asked her, as she steadied herself somewhat.

The morning before, she told me. Doctor Stearns had been the spokesman, and Grace had clung to his hand, and had watched him affrightedly as he had announced their engagement. He had said that there would be no unseemly haste about the wedding, no disrespect to Denny's memory.

"'Although,' Kate quoted him as saying, 'I have waited a long, long time for her, Miss Kate. I loved her before your brother ever saw her.' Wint, he frightened me, the way he said it! You would think he thought that Denny had defrauded him, had robbed him! And

Grace said, with a sort of foolish smile: 'Yes, Kate, dear, I treated Lorimer very badly; I owe him a lot for the way I acted!' Oh," cried the girl passionately, "it was as though Denny had been an episode in their lives! And then he said—I hate him, Wint! I hate him!—that of course he would bring up my brother's children as though they were his own. But that he hoped I would always consider their house my home until I left it for one of my own. I'd—I'd live in an asylum sooner!"

"Poor Grace!" I sighed. "Poor, weak, foolish Grace—utterly under his influence!"

As I said the words, a recollection stabbed me. Utterly under his influence? In what connection had I lately heard the words? Oh, yes, in Stearns' hypnotist story.

Did she really want to marry him, or was he using his undoubted power over her to make her marry him? Surely the quivering lips, the dewy eyes, with which she spoke of Denny the other night, after the children's party, had not been those of a woman about to marry a second time. It was all a muddle, all a horror, all a torment.

As I patted Kate's hand half absent-mindedly, I took a tired bird's-eye view of the whole wretched affair. And suddenly I saw the cartridges again.

I dropped Kate's hand, but as she hadn't noticed that I was holding it, she didn't notice that I let it fall. I said I wanted to telephone Weston, and in a few minutes I had him at the end of the wire.

"How would love, revenge, and greed strike you as motives?" I demanded. "Come up here—yes, I'm in Peekskill. I want you to see with your own eyes that thing in the chief's office at headquarters. And to see it quick. My dear fellow, I can't tell you any more over the telephone, but I want you."

Dick grumbly announced that he would join me early in the afternoon. I sat with Kate a while, endeavoring to comfort her. But I had small success.

"Ah, don't you see what breaks my heart?" she cried. "It's the realization of all that Denny missed. I always

knew it—oh, I always knew it! But I wouldn't let myself say it, even to myself. I wouldn't let myself believe it. But he—don't you suppose he knew what he had missed out of his life—the real love of a real woman? And he, who deserved it so!"

"He had the real love and the real companionship of the most genuine woman God ever made," I told her, in all sincerity. "It was his sister, and not his wife, to be sure, but still he had such heart's devotion as most of us go through the world without. Don't forget that, Kate, my sweetest."

She heard that. She heard that "sweetest," and her eyes widened upon me with a look of shy alarm. Then color flamed over neck, and cheeks, and brow. She drew apart from me on the davenport where we sat.

"In your own good time, my dear lady," I said, kissing her fingers. "Believe me, I shall never take advantage of your loneliness and of all that it seems to do in my favor. And now I've got to go and meet Weston downtown."

"Mr. Weston here?" she cried. "Does he—is there—have you— Oh, have you any new clew?"

"Scarcely that," I answered. "But you remember what I told you about cartridge marks when I came back from Boston? Well, Weston is the most methodical of men. He wants an attested record for his office of the marks on the cartridges in the revolver down at headquarters. It's only about that that he is coming."

"You will both come back here to dinner? I can't quite bear it if you don't. Doctor Stearns is almost sure to be here—he always visits Grace the last thing in the afternoon, and of course he will stay to dine to-night; he didn't last night because he had an engagement in town. But I can't bear it all alone with them at first."

"Dick and I will come back," I promised her.

And I went on down to the station to meet Weston. We walked over to police headquarters together, and in-

formed the affable head of the department of our desires.

"Well," said the chief, when Weston had requested his signature to a statement about the revolver and the cartridges, "it's a funny thing what will sometimes hang a man. You really think those little marks might do it? Hello! Here's the doctor!" And he turned to greet Stearns.

Stearns spoke to Weston and me with an assumed air of surprise. I felt a conviction, afterward justified, that he had followed Weston to headquarters, having glimpsed him on the street. He did not need to wait a moment to have our errand explained to him, for Chief Agard was one of the most garrulous of men, and he had the amiable theory that, of course, Denny's lawyer, Denny's physician, and Denny's old friend were working in mutual confidence and harmony.

"I was just saying what a little thing might hang a man," remarked the chief, expectorating. "Just because Doctor Lowell here has a pair of sharp eyes of his own one day, and makes out a cartridge rim mark that we all overlooked, and then happens to be on hand when it's learned that those cartridges ain't been sold for ten years an' more, it begins to look like gettin' after some one that has had a lot on hand for a long time. Funny how things come out. I remember—"

I don't recall what the chief remembered. I only recall Stearns' eyes suddenly turned on mine with a look of comprehension and utter vindictiveness. It passed in less than a second, but if ever I saw malevolence, murder, in man's eyes, I saw it in Lorimer Stearns' in that flash. And such malevolence was confession!

"Though not, my dear Winthrop," said Weston to me later when I made this sapient observation to him, "a confession that will hold in law. I'm willing to confess that I think there may be something in your persistent hallucination. But how the deuce we're going to connect a respectable citizen, known to have been dining and spending the night in New York on the night of a murder

of a man on the outskirts of Peekskill, *with* that murder, passes me. He must, of course, have had a tool, granting the situation to be what you think. Our job will be to find that tool. Prepare yourself for disappointment, Lowell. The agent, granting that Stearns was mixed up in the matter, is probably in Australia or South Africa by this time. Queer duck, that Stearns! The thing that gets me is why he should be willing to go to any trouble to win a woman like Grace McVeigh. She doesn't strike me as worth much of a risk." Thus contemptuously spoke the fiancé of Miss Endicott.

"The women who strike unprejudiced observers as worth much of a risk," I retorted, "are seldom the ones for whom a man runs his head into the noose, or even gallops through a fortune, or breaks his family's heart. However, I don't believe it was desire that has been the ruling motive of Stearns' life; revenge, I take it, is his master passion."

"We talk as if we had him in murderers' row," interjected Dick. "And I dare say it's all a nightmare that you've afflicted me with!"

He went with me to Windy Hill, where we dined—without Stearns, to my immense relief. Things had been too brutally bare between us in that one glance to make it comfortable for us to sit amicably at the same table.

Grace also failed to appear.

"She's done up," Kate confided to me. "She set about a whirlwind of changes this afternoon late; she's going to have the whole house done over. And she had the servants dismantling rooms at a dizzying rate. Of course, she's used up after it. But she sends you both her love, and begs you will spend the night."



You see, it didn't work this time."

"Impossible for me," said Weston. "I have to take the midnight to Providence. I have a forenoon's work there in connection with that Aldrich mill case," he added explanatorily to me.

"I'm sorry. But you will stay, will you not?" she asked me. Her eyes did not meet mine, and she blushed as she spoke. She was conscious at last of the new note sounded between us. I hesitated. "I hope you will," she added. "I—it—oh, it all seems rather lonely and ghastly. Please stay if you can."

"I'll stay with pleasure," I answered.

After Dick had gone to catch his train, and I had paid my brief evening visit to Grace, with her nurse, and her cushions, and her air of frail, perilous excitement, I sat a while with Kate in the library. Her fingers were occupied with some sort of needlework, and her eyes were bent upon it. The semblance

of work banished whatever of embarrassment she might have felt, and we talked of indifferent subjects. To her the butler came with a low-toned message from the bedrooms.

"Oh, I forgot!" she exclaimed distressfully, looking apologetically at me. "I had sent word to Susan to have a fire lighted in your room, but she sends back word that all the bedrooms on that floor except Grace's suite have been dismantled. Of course, I really knew it—only I had forgotten it."

Again the butler made a low-toned suggestion, but she repudiated it with a gesture of horror.

"What is it?" I asked. "I can bunk anywhere. Don't put yourself about for me."

"Beg pardon, Doctor Lowell, sir," said the man, "but I was just sayin' to Miss McVeigh that if you didn't mind sleepin' in the room where Mr. McVeigh—"

"Of course I don't!" I answered readily. "Why should I?"

"It's been all done over new—since," continued the butler.

"Please consider the matter settled," I entreated Kate, and, with a little gesture of weariness, she gave up the struggle to think of some less grim solution of the bedroom problem.

Simon, Denny's own old servitor, was waiting to attend to me.

"Sure an' ye're the brave man to be sleepin' here the night," he told me. "Though why should I say that? If it was comin' back the master was, sure 'twould be for no harm at all, an' especially to you, sir, for you was like an own brother to him, sir."

After I had snapped out the light on the reading stand beside the bed, I was singularly and disconcertingly wide awake. Through the long windows the moonlight stole, white and clear, and mingled with the ruddier light from the fire behind the brass fire screen. In spite of myself, my imagination was possessed with the thought of Denny, and his last night on earth. From that I drifted back to all the hours of our companionship. I saw him at games at college, I saw him with my mother, I

saw him on his wedding night—always dear, always clean, eager, simple-hearted, joyous! How like him, but for the horror that had obscured her natural spirits, was Kate; like him, and yet, I thought, of larger mind, of quicker interests.

The fire dwindled from flame to red coals upon the hearth. The moonlight still flooded the room. I dozed a little, wakened with sudden starts, and finally fell into a real sleep.

What aroused me, I do not know. It may have been the sound of a clock somewhere in the distance, for, as I started up, the last note of the hour—I knew not which one—was striking. Every object in the room was clear and distinct in the silvery light from without. The fire had died down entirely. My heart was thumping strangely. I was listening for noise. But there was none, and half ashamed of my instinctive terror, I lay back again upon my pillow. It may have been one minute or it may have been five when I heard distinctly the sound of a turning knob.

I was—I confess it humbly—frozen stiff with fright. I could not have leaped from my bed, and prepared to give battle to whatever stealthy evil was approaching, not to have saved my life. My eyes remained fastened on the door. It swung slowly open; a slim, white figure stole through the opening; the door was gently, noiselessly closed. Grace McVeigh was in the room in which her husband had died.

For a second, an easy explanation leaped to my mind; she was a somnambulist, and in her dream walk she sought the apartment that had been so cruelly imprinted upon her memory. I must remain very still, and she would doubtless steal out as noiselessly as she had stolen in. It required some effort to keep inert as she approached the bed, but I knew the danger of waking sleep-walkers abruptly.

She was beside me when I caught, in the moonlight, the blue gleam of metal in her hand. I strangled an oath in my throat. Grace McVeigh, with a revolver! I cast one swift, horrified glance at her face. Thank God the

moonlight showed it vacant—entranced! Her hand stole cautiously along the bed toward my body. My own, stealing outward as cautiously, removed the pistol from her fingers. I was covered with the cold sweat of terror lest the motion should wake her from her trance, with some hideous and disastrous result.

But no. She went on as though she still held the weapon. She bent over me, found my heart, and made a motion, as though shooting me. Frozen with the horror of it, I lay still. She made another motion, as though she placed the revolver in my right hand. Then she stole from the room as gently as she had come.

Everything at last was plain to me as I lay there, motionless, the revolver in my hand, waiting for the day to dawn. That deep distrust I had had of Stearns was justified—immeasurably justified! To-night, Grace McVeigh had repeated in a hypnotic trance the deed that she had done in a hypnotic trance. And the master of her unconscious mind was Lorimer Stearns.

I saw it all—the years of crafty, unacknowledged experimentation with the mighty, imperfectly understood power of hypnotic control; the gradual establishment of influence over Grace, weak, vain, futile, silly; the gradual dawning of the idea of revenge in his conscienceless mind, the training toward it—the end!

And then I saw Grace, weakened and undone by these experiments, failing to respond to new ideas suggested to her, but living again and again through the harrowing, unconscious experience of the night that had made her the innocent, unknowing murderer of her own husband.

No wonder I had been impressed at first with the air of falsity, of artificiality in that tale of Blair and Talty, and the forgery done in a hypnotic trance! And doubtless I had hit upon a true explanation when I had suggested to Stearns that the controlling mind had become obsessed with the commands laid upon his victim in the supreme instance of power exercised!

Doubtless his will refused to issue other orders; he was himself a victim of his abused powers.

And to-day Chief Agard had informed him that at last the slow-moving law of discovery had begun to work, and my eyes had informed him of other things, more personal and more pertinent to himself!

And had he to-night, in a sort of madness, sought to remove me from his path also? Or was this scene which I had witnessed a nightly drama of horror? I inclined to the former belief.

It was daybreak when there were sounds throughout the house. Old Simon came to my door. At his rap, I shoved the hand that still held the revolver under the bedclothes. I bade him enter.

"The mistress has been taken very bad an' weak, sir," he told me. "Miss Kate has sent the automobile for Doctor Stearns, but she says will you come up till he gets here? Ah, it's a sad house, sir, since the master went from it!"

"I'll be there at once," I replied.

In three minutes I was in Grace's room. Kate, with anguished eyes, was looking down upon her as she lay, inert and unconscious, across a couch. Her maid was chafing her hands, the nurse, who was bemoaning her absence from Grace that night—Doctor Stearns, she said, had sent her to a distant room for a good night's rest!—was trying to force a restorative between the poor girl's blue lips.

I pushed aside the lace of her peignoir, and listened for her heart. The faintest, slowest, most uncertain flutter answered me.

"Is there strychnine?" I asked.

The nurse turned to a medicine cabinet in the corner. While she fumbled with the fastening, Stearns entered the room. At sight of me his sallow face turned livid, his eyes bulged as a man's start from his head in strangulation, and he stepped back a pace. I knew then that he had planned my death. I even saw the plausible theory which should explain it—initiative obsession.

"You see, it didn't work this time," I

told him. "But that comes later. If you have any control here, for God's sake, use it. She is clean spent."

He was still staring at me with that bulging gaze. But he pulled himself sharply together, and advanced toward Grace. The man had magnificent nerve.

He worked over her for an hour. He aged ten years in the interval. At the end of it, she opened her eyes, saw us gathered about her, looked vaguely surprised, made the faintest little motion with her delicate hand toward Kate, and fluttered out of life—done to death by the fearful task of fulfilling another's evil will for him.

I telephoned to police headquarters, and I undertook to keep guard of Stearns until he was arrested. He submitted, tamely, indifferently enough, to my espionage. In that hour I gained a curious bit of knowledge of him; he had, in some poor, misshapen fashion, loved the woman whom he had killed with his machinations.

But my surveillance was in vain. I might have known it would be so. I might have known that that great criminal intellect, that tortuous mind, that juggler with the mighty forces of life and death and human reason, had no intention of submitting to the trial and punishment of a felon.

I was called away from him for an instant to decide some question of immediate importance. When I came back I knew, before I reached him, what had happened, for the bitter

pungency of peach kernels was in the air. He sat smiling once more, smiling and dead, in a deep chair, and against its fatly cushioned arm lay fallen a little bottle of prussic acid.

Among his papers was a bulky envelope addressed to me, "to be given him after my death, in case he should survive me," the superscription ran. It had been completed that very afternoon after we had met in Chief Agard's office, and it was a detailed story of his crime, confirming all that accident, and distrust, and the deductions from accident had led me to suspect. It was wonderfully and rather boastfully written—he was a wonderful mind—and it exhibited a strange mixture of professional liking and personal hostility toward me, and it showed, too, the almost inevitable vanity of the great criminal.

"We will publish it," I said to Kate. "Poor Denny's vindication."

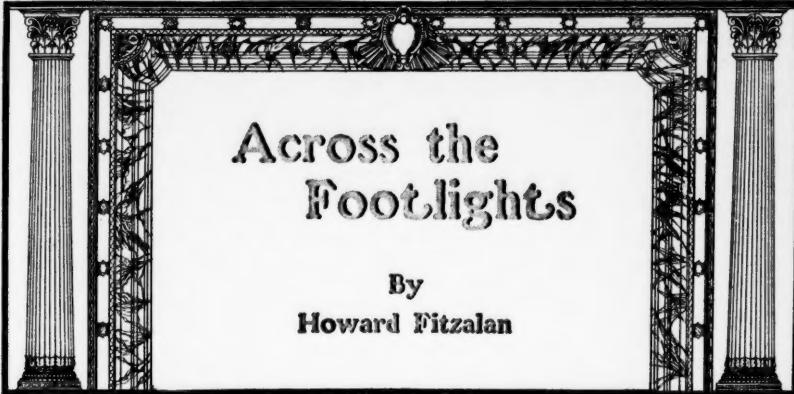
But she shook her head slowly.

"No," she said. "No. There has been enough horror, enough hate. We will keep it, to show it to Denny's children when the time comes for them to understand—if it seems best to us, then."

And her gentler counsel prevailed.

So hostility and enmity were expunged from our lives, and Denny's children are to grow up with our own in that radiant atmosphere of love, which he and Kate have known so well how to create.





Across the Footlights

By

Howard Fitzalan

LAST and furious come the ladies: Ware, Illington, Ferguson, La Rue, Anglin, Barrymore—all stars; mostly worthy stars; all having charm to exploit; some acting ability, others good plays; but all worth seeing; most of them worth seeing again; and all on display at our leading theaters within the short space of a month or so, until one wondered if the fashion of having men "stars" had passed out. Representing all sorts of character ladies, stenographers, needlewomen, boarding-house keepers, old maids, but all attractive. No quarrel here, suffragettes, about an equal chance with the men, surely? Rather is it vice versa; for any theatrical manager will tell you it is easier to make a woman's name in electric letters permanent than to make a man's.

Of course, Anglin and Barrymore have been a long time at it. We are apt to accept them as institutions. Anglin through sheer hard work, Barrymore through her family connections and good looks first—for it was only after Ethel of the Drew-Barrymore clan ceased to inflame the hearts of the "younger set" that she began to act. The pulchritude of the "Captain Jinks" girl is gone. Ethel—whisper it softly, friends—looks the matron she is.

With Barrymore usurping Anglin's ground—domestic tragedy involving

many sobs—Anglin has, this year, taken revenge, and set herself Ethel's former task. Do you remember A. E. W. Mason's "Courtship of Morrice Buckler" many years ago? No? An entertaining book, nevertheless. Perhaps you recall "The Four Feathers." That was not so good a book, but it sold more copies. Then somebody dramatized his "Miranda of the Balcony," and he fell in love with Edna May; both circumstances tending to draw him closer to the stage. This year he is represented more as a dramatist than as a fictionist, for the plays used by both Margaret Anglin and Ethel Barrymore are from his pen; although those accustomed to the Barrymore and Anglin of the old days might have thought he made a mistake in mailing the scripts, and that "Green Stockings," the comedy which Anglin got, was the one he meant for Ethel; while certainly the Margaret of yesterday would have gloated over the weepiness of *Stella Ballantyne* in "The Witness for the Defense."

It's rather a creepy scene, the interior of that tent in a province of India, where you see the husband—the brutal, drunken husband, surrounded by silent native servants who know only his will—drinking himself into delirium, imagining all sorts of creepy things, talking gutturally, and only half understood by anybody; twisting his wife's wrist, leav-

ing the marks of blows and chokings on her breast and on her throat. When he has worked himself up to the *n*th degree of brutality, and his wife shoots him in self-defense, you hope she won't have to pay the penalty.

Well, legally she doesn't. By the false testimony of an old sweetheart she escapes. This old sweetheart hopes to marry her; and when he finds she has engaged herself to a youngster, when he realizes that this boy is to marry her without knowing of her crime, realizes, too, that he has made this marriage possible, his conscience—or is it his jealousy?—forces him to work on the homicidal wife until she confesses to her young fiancé. This same fiancé turns out to be rather broad-minded and tolerant for one so supposedly unsophisticated; but of course *Stella* couldn't know that, so we have some gurgling scenes when the Barrymore thrushlike note thrills her sympathizers. People began to believe Barrymore could act when they saw her in "Mid-Channel." In this they realize she *can* act whenever she wishes; but that she doesn't bother unless the scene appeals particularly to her.

Anglin, contrariwise, acts all the time. No incident is too small, no episode too slight for her to give it the utmost loving kindness in the way of treatment. She has developed a dry grin, and a sly wink, too, that we never suspected—both making for delicious comedy. The hard thing to imagine about "Green Stockings" is that one so attractive as Anglin should have been one of the county's objects of pity—a hopeless old maid. She tries to dress to look like it; but there is too much charm in the tilt of her chin and the rounded lines of her throat for anybody to quite believe it. She had a perfect pest of an ingénue sister, this Anglin "old maid," who bothered her silly because she—the ingénue—wasn't allowed to set her wedding day until somebody promised to take the Anglin "old maid" sister off pater's hands.

The old maid didn't want to stand in her way, so she invented a military lover with the perfectly commonplace name

of *J. F. Smith*. To persuade her relatives there was such a person, she wrote letters to *J. F. Smith*. One of them was accidentally mailed. Now, there happened to be a real *J. F.*, and he got the letter, traced the letter, and called on *Miss Celia Faraday*, the sender thereof.

He happened to come on the very day when *Celia*, tired of keeping up the bluff, "killed off" the pseudo *J. F. Smith*, battling nobly for his country in some far-off colony. But, by virtue of having at last found a man to look upon her favorably, she had wheedled many fine clothes and many baubles from pater, and when the real *J. F.* saw her, he decided he wished the letter had been really meant for him. So he passed himself off as the friend who had been with *J. F. Smith* when that worthy met his end—as per the story of *Miss Faraday*.

A situation provocative of merriment, you say. Truly so. And in this play, Margaret Anglin has done what Blanche Bates did last year with "Nobody's Widow"—demonstrated that a really good actress is equally at home in either comedy or tragedy—Bates, you must remember, jumping from tragic "Darlings of Gods" and "Girls of Golden Wests" to frivolities at Palm Beach.

Both these Mason plays—"Green Stockings" and "The Witness for the Defense," particularly the latter—show decided resemblances to novelettes. The story is "told" in so many places where it should be "acted." "Green Stockings" is the better of the two; but the tent scene in "The Witness for the Defense" shows that Mason can write good drama when he wills. Both are worth while, decidedly worth while, if only for the acting of them.

TWO HENRY B. HARRIS STARS.

Women again, these two. Sitting between them at a dinner the other night, one told the writer how hard she worked to graduate from "extra" work—that was Ware; the other how she fretted and fumed along in the chorus because she could get nothing better to do—that was Ferguson. And neither was in such

employment so many years ago, either. Nor does either try to forget it, or want the world to forget. Both the Misses—Ware and Ferguson alike—are rather proud of having fought their way upward from humble beginnings until that Warwick to stars—Henry B. Harris—decided both names had enough behind them to rival the glittering signs of corsets and ginger ale.

The personal triumph in Helen Ware's case this year is emphatic. She hasn't as good a play as Sister-star Ferguson. "The Price" tells what she paid for having had the sort of secret before marriage which the average husband is not inclined to look on leniently when discovered. The wife of the dead man who shared that secret comes back into *Ethel Toscani's* life when *Ethel* and her husband are ideally happy. Fierce resentment against both her dead husband and *Ethel*, and a fierce suspicion added to it, give her a fiendish power over the girl. In vain *Ethel* begs her husband to dismiss this woman whom he has hired as housekeeper; for, day by day, she sows dissension and fear, until finally, producing her dead husband's diary, she reads enough from it to satisfy *Ethel* and *Ethel's* husband that the diary is real, and then boldly fabricates the reading of the secret itself, which she can only surmise.

In a scene of gripping suspense, Helen Ware shows the oft-proven Shakespearian contention about conscience and cowards, and she is robbed of her own husband, just as she robbed the other woman of hers. He doesn't come back while the curtain is up. We leave *Ethel* hoping against hope. "He loves you. He's bound to come back, ma'am," says the servant; but, so far as the play is concerned, *Ethel* has paid "The Price."

George Broadhurst wrote the play. He knows how to evolve striking theatrical situations. That they should sometimes not be as convincing as they are theatrically effective is the fault of the school to which he belongs, not the plays. That they find great favor with the public is undoubtedly true, and that they make paying vehicles for emo-

tional actresses has been shown in "Bought and Paid For" this season, as well as "The Price."

"THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND."

Elsie Ferguson is the boarding-house keeper, *Dolly Todd*, who became wife of the secretary of state, and finally "The First Lady of the Land"; this land, when she performed the social duties devolving upon the wife of the president of the United States. History knows her better as Dolly Madison. But history—unless you go into contemporary Pepys' of her time—will not tell you that she was in love with the fascinating *Aaron Burr* even when she married *Mr. Madison*. *Burr* lodged at her house while he was evolving his splendid, daring scheme for seizing the throne of the Montezumas. He was putting off his marriage to *Dolly* until he should be able to make her "Empress of Mexico." But *Dolly* was rather a shrewd young lady. She had loved *Burr* devotedly for some time, and her marriage wasn't any nearer. *Burr* kept telling her about Mexico; but suppose there wasn't any empire? What, then?

It is a fascinating picture of life in the days of our great-grandfathers. You see the wires pulled as effectively as though the issues which necessitated their pulling were the vital ones of today. Above all, you see the monumental *Burr*, the stormy petrel of early republican life in America. *Burr* was loved by all the women, and, as a natural consequence, cordially hated by all the men. One sees him dominate everything; cleverer, wittier, handsomer, courtlier than any of the others. One sees him just miss being a president of these States and a respected figure in history. One realizes, with *Dolly*, "the pity of it all."

If we are to believe Charles Nirdlinger, the author of the play, the duel in which *Alexander Hamilton* lost his life was brought about by *Hamilton* slurring *Dolly's* reputation. But whether it is quite just to say that *Burr* really tried not to kill *Hamilton* is questionable. Yet the author of "The First Lady

of the Land" stoutly affirms this to be the case.

There is a skill in the handling of historic atmosphere shown by Mr. Nirdlinger in this play which is really high craftsmanship; and Elsie Ferguson makes a *Dolly* who is worthy of the attention of two men so much worth while as *Madison* and *Burr*. Stage heroines of history seldom are; and the crowd that hails them as the perfection of wit and beauty incurs the deadly hatred of the average audiences after they have seen the supposed paragons themselves. The average sensible man finds it hard to believe that such women really juggled with the fate of empires. But Ferguson, pretty, well-bred looking, speaking her lines as though the wit were her own, conveys the impression that here is actually an alluring, coquettish, artful woman, yet one possessing intellect and heart as well. The fight for her hand between *Burr* and *Madison* becomes real. You are convinced that they *would* fight. You would yourself.

The promise shown by Elsie Ferguson in "Such a Little Queen" is articulate in "The First Lady of the Land," and she becomes a "first lady," indeed, so far as theatricals is concerned.

TWO MORE NEW FEMALE STARS.

Of course, Margaret Illington doesn't seem as new a star as she really is; but that is because we heard so much about her wanting to aid in the augmentation of hosiery and being held back from the desire of her life by tyrannical husband, Dan Frohman, who insisted that she act. Not that his insistence had much effect in those days; the leading lady of "The Thief" and "A Japanese Nightingale" owed her position to her husband's belief in her, not the public's; for the Margaret Illington of those days was not intimately acquainted with the finesse discriminating minds demand of a leading player. Doubtless that was because she hadn't had her fill of sock-darning, and her heart was not in her work. Now, glutted with that simple domestic duty, she is back on the stage,

and her audiences are enjoying themselves as much as she is—a new state of affairs for Illington.

She got hold of a piece called "Kindling" by a new man named Kenyon—Charles Kenyon. It is one of the best dramatic bits of the year. True, Mr. Kenyon owes something to several unacknowledged sources for his story and some of his verbiage; but if he has taken liberties, at least the result justifies him. "Kindling" tells a painful human story, and tells it well.

There's a slum woman who is going to have a child. She has instincts above the slums; so has her husband; education, too; but the pittance he is able to earn keeps them in squalid surroundings. Her husband has declared against bringing a child into the world under such conditions. He has gone so far as to say he would strangle a baby sooner than give it only such a birthplace and bringing up as he can afford. He wants to get West. He plants the desire in his wife. She dreams of having her child out there where there are roses, where there is clean air, where a child has a chance.

Some "charitable" people offer her a position as a needlewoman at five dollars a week in their house. They have millions. A thief whom she knows shows her how she can get the money she needs if she will prepare an "entrance" into her employer's house, so that he may burglarize it. She does so. The thief plays fair as far as dividing is concerned; but when the police get after him, he throws the blame on her.

Her husband discovers her complicity just as the police are going to arrest her. She confesses, for the first time, that she is to have a child, that she has assisted in the theft so that the child will have a chance. The husband throws his arms about her, forgives her, and tells the police that he alone was responsible for the theft.

"Our child mustn't be born in prison," he whispers to his wife.

It is a compelling story. More than that, it is a true one. It happened in some small town in New England, and was first told in the columns of a news-

paper. The newspaper man who wrote it, in commenting, said it was a stronger story than "The Thief" of Bernstein. Now that we have had an opportunity to compare it with "The Thief" as a play, there seems no doubt that the original writer of the story was right. "Kindling" did not meet with the financial support it deserved. It was too gloomy, perhaps, for New York—New York hates to think of its responsibilities; but, judged from standards of dramatic worth, it is one of the season's successes.

There seems to be an idea prevalent nowadays that you can change a play's luck by changing its title. They tried it first this season with a musical comedy called, originally, "Three Million Dollars," which failed under that title on the road. It did equally badly under the name of "The Wife Hunters" here. The second piece, revamped and renamed, was also presented at the same theater—the Herald Square—and called "Betsy," exploiting Grace La Rue, whose husband, Byron Chandler, has the sobriquet of "The Million-dollar Kid," and who can afford even so great a luxury as starring his wife.

To do Madame La Rue justice, however, she has a pleasing manner, comedy talent, and some voice; and "Betsy" was an entertaining bit of work. But it was just as entertaining when Henry B. Harris presented it some years ago under the title of "An American Widow," and when Lillian Russell used it as "The Butterfly." But, in spite of praise from critics and enjoyment from audiences, go that piece will not, even when music has been added to it as it was in "Betsy." It is worthy of comment, however, for it is the second musical piece La Rue has appeared in which dispenses with the services of a chorus. The parts are all sung; but there are no merry villagers to make the *Welkin ring*. When this idea of doing without choruses was first suggested, it seemed a stroke of genius; but, after "Betsy," it is doubtful if the experiment will be tried again. Even in the case of "Madame Troubadour"—an operatic gem—it was not highly successful.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE" AND "MISS DUDELSACK."

Ladies, again! Lulu Glaser and Gertrude Bryan; well known and unknown respectively; and two operas, both written in Germany, with Scotch locales. How these operas run in orbits! The first scene used in "Miss Dudelsack" and the second in "Little Boy Blue" are identical, even to featuring ancestral portraits on the walls. Roaming restlessly around in the outlands, the "Dudelsack" piece with Glaser goes; an impossible thing, which will never see New York unless common sense deserts its producers. "Little Boy Blue" has been tooting away in the metropolis, however; a far superior bit of work. It tells the story of a young heir with a strawberry mark; the plots of the dramas of yesterday are the plots of the comic operas of to-day. Seven words in all, and you have told the plot—"a young heir with a strawberry mark," meaning he would not be the heir unless a certain mark borne by all his race was found on his body.

That is the first oldest plot in the world; the second oldest is to have a man's twin—and sister—play his part through some trying scene, be threatened with some embarrassing position that will reveal her sex, and—there you are! Of such materials is "Little Boy Blue" made; but, strange to say, the old stuff of the dramas seems quite ingenious in comparison with the formless Broadway ideas of musical comedy.

REGARDING SOME PLAYS FROM LONDON.

Some months ago, in SMITH's, the writer ventured to assure his readers, after witnessing "Kismet," "The Quaker Girl," and "Peggy" in London, that the first two would succeed here, the third fail. These things have happened. "Kismet" is here, as it was in London, the most satisfying of all the season's performances, for it appeals to the eye and the ear alike. There are few who can resist the charm of this "Arabian Night."

The story of *Haji*, the beggar, his rise from poverty and obscurity to wealth, honor, and prominence, and his

fall from high places back to where the morning sun found him—all in the space of twenty-four hours—is one of the most romantically interesting stories of the stage. Picturesque murders, breathless escapes, daring conspiracies, beautiful women in distress, all serve in the telling. You see the East of a thousand years ago in all its voluptuous splendor and its sordid misery. Bazaar scenes, where hundreds of people in gaudy robes jostle one another; the pomp and ceremony of the caliph's court, the interior of a grand vizier's harem; scenes in which dancing girls and magicians play their parts—all are here. It is a hippodrome show written by an artist instead of contrived by stage directors; and it is the one performance of the year that no one should miss. It is more spectacularly beautiful than "The Garden of Allah," and several times as good a play.

Concerning the success of "The Quaker Girl," I have had my say in other numbers; but "Peggy," for which failure was predicted in another number of SMITH'S, has just come up for inspection. It is hardly worth writing about the play; but about its history there is something to say. That it was not a dire failure in London is due to the fact that the speculators unwisely purchased fifty thousand dollars' worth of tickets before its opening performance. Hence, the speculators had to pocket the losses while the play was being whipped into profitable shape. No such kindly genii appearing here, "Peggy" soon departed.

But a similar thing happened in the case of "The Three Romeos," a Broadway musical comedy, which held on for some little time through a rash investment of the same kind by the speculators; so that, though it was a dire failure, the management really lost little. Which should prove to you, readers of this department, that theatrical things are seldom as they seem.

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD."

You've heard, no doubt, that the Irish of New York gathered with overripe

fruit and aged eggs to bombard the portrayers of this play, because Irishmen in it were not represented according to the canons of Scanlon, Olcott, Mack, and Boucicault—wonderfully romantic people, full of biting repartees for the British, and always leading forlorn hopes with remarkable heroism. The quarrel with "The Playboy" was that it actually dared to show that the Irish were just as human as the Americans.

A boasting, quarreling boy strikes his father, and runs away, thinking he has killed the paternal relative. He soon begins to believe it. Reaching a small village some distance away, he makes a little melodrama out of the quarrel, showing himself the heroic sufferer, his father the grim tyrant. He tells the story of the commonplace quarrel in poetic terms. The women of the village idolize him, and fight for his favor.

But the father turns up—not murdered—and gives the real commonplace version of the affair. The boy loses his hero's wreath. In a desperate effort to regain it, he makes a foul assault on his "da," and leaves him senseless a second time. The assault is witnessed. But now the girl, who thought murder was heroism, witnessing a real murder for the first time, sees how despicable it is, and the boy, far from getting his oak wreath back, has a noose fastened around his neck by the girl he loved.

In other words, "Distance lends enchantment," even to murder. Again: "Most heroes are accidents." It was so unlike the duel between British tyrant and Irish patriot, in which Irish patriot permits British tyrant to pick up his sword, after disarming him, that the Irish here, who have deluded themselves into thinking they are all like the Olcott stage Irishman, resented it bitterly.

As for its literary excellence, find no name of "genius" for J. M. Synge. Place him somewhere between Edward Lear and W. S. Gilbert for his comedy; for his serious work, halfway between R. D. Blackmore and Bernard Shaw. But there is no doubt that death terminated one of the most brilliant lights of young Irish literature of to-day.

Keeping House on Business Principles

By Virginia Middleton

AT the bridge luncheon the other day, young Mrs. Vanderwent was plainly disturbed. Not even the rosiness of her new toque—mink-trimmed at that—could disguise the haggardness of her face; and Joe Vanderwent's Christmas present to her, a pendant of rose paste, and silver, and brilliants, only made a strong contrast with the lackluster quality of what was, a few months before, a very sparkling countenance. Of course, we all suspected a first quarrel after the honeymoon, and there were friendly gibes at Mrs. Vanderwent's expense. But she took them so dully one could see they didn't touch the real sore; and then we all looked at her with more attention and more sympathy.

"Business all right?" asked some one. We all knew that the Vanderwents had hurled themselves into matrimony the very first minute that Joe's prospects could be held, by even the most optimistic, to justify the assault. The bride replied uninterestedly that it wasn't bad, she believed. Then she proceeded to play a game of trumping her partner's tricks, of returning her opponents' leads, and of general havoc. When we were walking home, she blurted out, at last, the cause of her gloom.

"I simply can't keep house," she wailed. "We'll have to go live in an apartment hotel, and we hate them all, with their awful onyx and bronze halls, and their bell boys, and their Fourteenth Street Louis Quinze drawing-rooms."

"But why on earth," we demanded, "are you obliged to go live in one? What is there insuperably difficult about keeping house?"

"Well, I simply can't do it," replied the bride obstinately. "Every single

thing goes wrong. If you could see what I've had for maids! If you could eat what I've had for dinner! If you could see my butcher's bills! It's been appalling. Of course, I always thought that housekeeping in a modest apartment was cheaper than boarding in an apartment hotel—— But, my dear!" Mrs. Vanderwent's exclamation was a whole volume of commentaries on the cost of living.

"You've been very extravagant, then," we assured her tartly, we old housekeepers to whom the barren glories of hotel life did not appeal. "What's your housekeeping allowance?"

"Oh, I haven't a fixed one. Joe said he didn't want me all the time worrying to keep within a stated sum. He knew I'd be as careful as I could, anyway, and if the bills were sometimes a little high, sometimes they'd be a little low; and I wasn't to bother my head about nickels and dimes."

The bride spoke as one whose husband has taken the tenderest thought for her comfort. We old housekeepers groaned.

"How would Joe Vanderwent like it, I wonder," mused the oldest and wisest of us aloud, "if the head of his brass-wire business should say to him: 'Oh, never mind about a definite sum for your office expenses; do the best you can, and we'll scramble through somehow?' I can see Joe! 'But how shall I know what to give the chief clerk? What can I pay the stenographer? Suppose the office boy—— Oh, hang it,' Joe Vanderwent would remark, 'that's no way to do business.' And he would be quite right," the oldest and wisest of us finished.

"Oh, business!" said the bride, half

apathetically, half defensively. "That's different."

Whereupon the oldest of us mounted her favorite hobby.

"So you don't think that housekeeping is your business?" she demanded belligerently of the bride.

"No, I don't," declared the bride firmly and unexpectedly. "My business is to—is to—" She broke off, and we could almost see her blush in the twilight.

"To love, honor, and obey,' I suppose you started to say, or something equally silly," observed the oldest of us. "Poppycock, my dear! Joe took some vows himself; but I don't think you'll hear him down at the factory proclaiming that his business is to love, cherish, and protect any little pink-and-white goose of a girl."

"I didn't say—what you pretend I did," mumbled Mrs. Joe. "I was only going to say that the wife's job is not mere housekeeping; it's homemaking."

"That's a pretty phrase I seem to have heard before. Homemaking! Truly that is the wife's business—and the husband's, and, in the course of time, the children's! If by homemaking you mean keeping an asylum of peace and quiet joy, a center from which is diffused all that goes to make up the richness and charm of life, that is truly the wife's job; and it is no less truly the husband's job. But it no more absolves her from the business of housekeeping than it absolves him from the business of earning a living for them. There is only one thing, my dear, which legitimately excuses a healthy woman from the task of keeping house—from the business of keeping house—and that is the fact that she is engaged in a more congenial or more remunerative business. Then she can hire a housekeeper. Unless she is doing that, she should make a business of keeping house; and she should require of herself the same businesslike order and system that she would require of a paid housekeeper—the same order and system that are required of her husband in his business."

We had arrived at the Vanderwents'. Mrs. Joe yielded to the inevitable.

"Come in," she said, "and tell me how it's to be done."

We all followed. When the oldest and wisest of us mounts this hobby of hers, she sometimes performs anticly. We would not miss her.

"The average American woman," declared the champion of housekeeping, "is spoiled. She has been spoiled by just such pretty, meaningless phrases as that of yours, my dear, about the superiority of homemaking over housekeeping. She hasn't taken that admirable distinction to mean that she must to her housekeeping add an individual flavor and grace. Not at all. She has taken it to be permission to play truant from her manifest job. I tell you that, the sexes having their respective duties, on the whole, pretty clearly defined by nature, most women are going to stay at home, spending the money their husbands earn, for the comfort of the whole family. Only a few women—comparatively—are going out into the world to earn money. Now, spending money is not primarily a dissipation and an excitement, though most American women treat it as such. It's an economic function no less important than earning. The production of wealth—the distribution of wealth—one is as grave a matter as the other."

"Now, in the average family, the wife is the distributor of wealth. That, very largely, is what housekeeping is. And therefore a woman who doesn't tackle her housekeeping with an appreciation of its economic importance, as well as its individual importance, has a trifling mind. She'd be just as foolish and inept if she were running a shop or a preserving factory or a peanut farm or a medical laboratory—just as foolish and inept."

She looked severely upon us all. We wilted beneath her stern glance, conscious of many and many a fault in our "distribution" of the wealth produced by our producing partners.

"Well," said Mrs. Joe, valiantly defying wisdom, "even if all that is true—and I suppose it is—you can't deny that housekeeping is an awful grind."

"That depends somewhat on how you

do it. But even if it is an awful grind, what of it?"

"One has to give up so much," grumbled Mrs. Joe.

"Music, and golf, and Lenten lectures?" snorted our wise woman. "Oh, Laura Vanderwent, when will you grow up? When will any woman ever grow up? Doesn't Joe 'give up' anything? Does he, now that he has a responsible position in his business, have leisure for whatever hobbies he had when he came out of college? He used to be a good track athlete, my son tells me. Well, is he running much now? You, you whining young person, if you would make a business of housekeeping, could manage your job with infinitely more leisure than the average business man. Oh, the selfishness of our women!"

"Joe doesn't think I'm selfish," murmured Mrs. Joe.

"Besotted bridegroom! I suppose not," interpolated the lecturer.

"He likes me to keep up my accomplishments, such as they are, and my interests. I'm more to him if I'm fresh, and happy, and animated. And you forget that while a man's business takes him out of his home, varies the monotony of his life, and gives him intercourse with other minds—stimulation and refreshment—a woman's, if she confines herself to housekeeping, does no such thing for her. If she is to have any relief from tedium, any refuge from stagnation, she must find it in the accomplishments, the outside intercourse, and the sports that you sneer at. Joe sees twenty men in a forenoon. Unless I go out to play bridge or to play golf, or go to a musical or a matinée, I see no one but my servant. I am in the same atmosphere, physical and mental, all day long."

"That's true, and a just criticism of me if I seemed sweeping," answered the wisest of us, with that readiness to admit a point against herself which is the very core of her wisdom. "And that is why it is such a good thing that housekeeping, conducted properly, as a business, in an orderly, businesslike way, leaves the woman of average means leisure for recreation. But so many wom-

en make their housekeeping, if they don't give it up altogether, secondary to every other interest in the world. Suppose Joe ran his department in whatever intervals of the day remained after he had sprinted twice around a track for exercise, played cards with some of his cronies, and been to a lengthy luncheon at the Hardware Club?"

"Yes," cried Mrs. Joe impatiently, "but what is this business of housekeeping? How does one go about it? Isn't it, after all, seeing that three meals a day are served, and that the materials for them are bought, and that it's all done as hygienically as possible?"

"The purchase, and preparation, and serving of food constitute the chief part of the housekeeper's business. That and the cleaning of the home, and its adornment."

"Well, what can a woman do more than see that the home is clean, and as pretty as she can, and that the food is cooked and served after it has been bought? How are you going to apply business principles to it?"

"Business principles are largely order and system. Every housekeeper should know, as intimately and familiarly as she knows her own features in the looking-glass, what work has to be done every week in her home to keep it hygienically clean and, in addition, attractive. She should have her work so tabulated that she will know just when all that work can be most economically accomplished—with economy of labor as well as of money. She must know exactly what amount she can justly spend upon her housekeeping—her table, her servants, her extra helpers—upon all that goes to the running of the house. And she should labor until she can keep her expenses within that amount.

"She should know accurately—she ought to have a chart made with the information on it in clearly tabulated form—what constituents the normal human body requires in foods, and what food materials furnish what proportion of those constituents. With such a chart before her eyes, until it is finally as engraved upon her mind as the multiplication table, she need never be guilty

of overfeeding starches or proteids or fats to her household, or of feeding the necessary elements in the most expensive or the least digestible form, regardless of the condition of purses and stomachs. This chemistry of foods is the foundation of really good and economical cooking.

"Of course, if a housewife can always order the best cuts of beef and the highest-priced green vegetables, and can buy fruits at any winter cost, she will probably stumble upon a sufficiently nourishing diet, anyway. But if she has to consider the matter of money, if lean days must alternate with fat ones—then this knowledge is absolutely essential.

"After that, she should make a study of flavors. In time, every household acquires a certain set of favorite flavorings. She should make lots of experiments if she wants to keep out of ruts. She should study new cookbooks. She shouldn't be above an occasional course at a cooking school, just for brightening up her knowledge now and then. Think how her husband reads the literature of his specialty, think how he knows all the latest inventions that apply to it, how he weighs their cost against their usefulness, and decides whether or not to buy them! So she should do in her line. She should make occasional tours of the housekeeping departments of the big shops now and then, just to see what has been invented to save her labor—and so eventually to pay for itself. She should experiment with different kinds of cooking apparatus. She should not grudge an initial outlay that means improvement or saving in the long run.

"And she should make all manner of experiments in the cost of buying goods. Her husband buys in the cheapest market which he knows to be reliable. Very often she drifts into the habit of never stirring from her tested dealer's—not a wise thing. If she lives in a big city like New York with its various "quarters," let her learn all she can from the restaurants, the shops, and the markets of those quarters. Thus she gives to her prosaic tasks a touch of adventure.

"If she is able to afford expensive

'help,' let her keep it to the mark by requiring expert service from it. If she is obliged to get along with a green girl, don't let her meet the necessity by putting up with slovenly service.

"I know that the servant problem is a hard one; but I speak from a long experience when I say that, except on those occasions when the very powers of darkness take hand in upsetting the domestic machinery, the 'servant problem' is largely a 'mistress problem.' A woman with intelligence enough not to pick out a complete imbecile at the employment agency, and with interest enough in the running of her house to superintend personally the operations, will seldom be hopelessly confounded with the answer to the servant question.

"To regard her housekeeping as her business, to run it as systematically, as economically, as progressively as possible—these are things which the wife ought to do. But the most important leaf she should borrow from the business man's book is this—to dismiss business when the proper time comes. When he says 'good night' to his fellow workers and comes home, if he is a wise man or an able one, he puts all the annoying details of the day out of his recollection.

"So let the housewife who is running her house on business principles do. As far as it is humanly possible, let her dismiss the day's discouragements, the morrow's probable perplexities from her thoughts when the evening hour strikes. If she cannot do that, let her, at any rate, keep them out of her conversation. Reticence concerning the way the oven won't bake, and the way the cook will oversalt vegetables, silence over the window cleaner's semi-intoxication and the laundress' double-faced garrulity do more to convert plain housekeeping into that lovely homemaking which Laura here so admires than anything else in the world."

And the next morning one of us met Mrs. Vanderwent in the stationer's buying a large volume on "The Chemistry of Foods" and an enormous green ledger.

TO OBLIGE— BERTHA

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN

Author of "Our Noiseless Fourth,"
"The Insurrection," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. HARTING

MR. KERSHAW turned from his dainty mahogany desk, and surveyed with a thoughtful frown the very personable young woman who was hurriedly completing her daily task of polishing up the Kershaw bachelor apartment. It was not often that they encountered each other—he was usually in his office downtown, or lounging in his club, during the afternoon hour in which Bertha wielded duster and carpet sweeper, but to-day he had come home early, and his presence flustered his charwoman to such a degree that she broke a vase and a bottle of seltzer in the first five minutes. It was not these trivial incidents that had called up the frown, however. Mr. Kershaw was thinking.

"You'll be through in a few minutes, won't you?" he asked suddenly.

Bertha narrowly missed sweeping the clock off the mantel in her perturbation.

"Oh, yes, sir," she piped hastily, "I'm nearly done. I could let the rest go until to-morrow just as well. I'll—I'll be going now, sir."

She gathered up her dust cloths and prepared to flee, but Mr. Kershaw stopped her.

"That isn't what I meant," he said mildly. "You're not disturbing me a bit. But I was wondering if you could do an errand for me. I've called for a messenger boy four times in the last half hour, and I haven't got one yet. Would you have time to deliver a letter for me on your way home—or wherever you go from here?" he asked, almost timidly.

"Surely," Bertha responded promptly. "I'm always through work when I leave here, Mr. Kershaw. Where is it that I should go?"

Mr. Kershaw picked up an envelope from the desk, and surveyed it moodily.

"I'm giving a little party to-night," he explained, "and one of the gentlemen has written me that he cannot be here. I am especially anxious that he should come, and I can't get him on the telephone; so I want to get this note to him as soon as possible, and those confounded messenger boys——"

"Sure I'll take it," said Bertha. "I can find the place, all right, because I've worked all over the city, and I——"

She stopped suddenly, and in such evident confusion that Kershaw looked up in surprise.



"Oh, I—I forgot!" she exclaimed.

"Forgot what?" demanded her employer.

Bertha was plainly distressed. Her honest face was crimsoned with blushes, and she twisted a corner of her apron nervously.

"I—I brought something here to-day that—that I must take with me when I go," she stammered, "and maybe if—if

your note goes too far—I—I won't have time."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Kershaw easily. "Just leave it here until you deliver my letter, and come back for it. You ought to get there and back in about two hours. Leave whatever it is right here and run along. It won't be in my way."

"Oh, but—but I couldn't, Mr. Kershaw!" she protested. "Excuse me, I didn't know you were coming home—I shouldn't brought it if I knew you would be here! I must take it away now. I—I must be going, Mr. Kershaw!"

"Wait a minute," ordered Kershaw.



"What?" he yelled. "A baby—here? Where is it?"

"What on earth is it that you can't leave here for an hour or two? I'm not going to steal it!"

Bertha's confusion increased, and she tried to bore a hole in Mr. Kershaw's Daghestan rug with the well-worn toe of her shoe.

"It's—it's a baby!" she gasped, at length.

Kershaw leaped up as speedily as though some one had kicked his ankle.

"What?" he yelled. "A baby—here? Where is it?"

His menacing manner struck terror to Bertha's shrinking soul, and she hastily edged toward the door of his bedroom, as though to stand between her charge and the indignant bachelor.

"It's in the bedroom," she faltered, and then, with the fatal admission made, the floodgates of her speech were loosened, and she poured forth a torrent of explanation that nearly overwhelmed him.

"Oh, please you will excuse me, Mr. Kershaw," she said. "It isn't my baby, you know; it's the baby of that lady I work for on Madison Avenue sometimes in the afternoons of Wednesdays, and so she wanted to go by the matinée to-day, and she told me would I stay and watch the baby until she came home it would make for me fifty cents extra, and so I said yes, that I would; and so I didn't think until after she was gone that I must come and clean you up this afternoon, Mr. Kershaw, and then I think: 'Well, I can take the baby with me by Mr. Kershaw's, and get back before she comes home from the theater, and she won't never know. So, you see, Mr. Kershaw, if I go with your letter either I must take the baby with me, too, that I can take it first home, if the letter is too far away, or I wouldn't get it back in time."

Mr. Kershaw had followed this lucid exposition of Bertha's distressful quandary without wandering far from the main track, and when she paused for a much-needed supply of fresh air he smiled genially.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, "just leave the little shaver here until you get back. I'll send you in a taxicab, and

you ought to make it inside of a half hour or so. It's only four o'clock now —this woman probably won't get home from the matinée until five or after. You needn't worry about the baby. And I'm very anxious to have this letter delivered as soon as possible. Here's the address. Just show it to the taxi driver, and he'll whisk you over there in no time."

A slow smile of pleased anticipation began to succeed the look of haunting fear on Bertha's expansive countenance.

"I was never yet in one of them taxicabs," she announced. "I wasn't even in no kind of an automobile."

"All the more reason you should take my message," Kershaw declared promptly. "You'll have something to talk about when you get home to-night. Here you are—I'll telephone for a taxi."

"First I must look if the baby is all right," said Bertha, softly opening the bedroom door, and slipping inside.

The introduction of a taxicab into the situation had changed the aspect of the matter to such a degree that she was impatient to be immersed in her unexpected adventure.

"He's asleep," she whispered, when she reappeared, and closed the door gently behind her. "I brought with him his bottle, so if he cried I could feed him. But he's been asleep all the time."

"He'll be all right," Kershaw insisted. "You'll get back before he wakes up. The taxi ought to be at the door in a few minutes. You'd better get ready and run along. Tell the man to bring you back here, and I'll settle with him."

Bertha was joyously pinning on her hat while he spoke, and in a minute or two she was ready. Clutching the letter feverishly, she backed out of the apartment with a beaming smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Kershaw," she warbled. "I come right back quick as I can. He won't be no bother. Good-by." And she was on her adventurous way.

"Thank the Lord!" Kershaw muttered, turning viciously to his desk. "I thought I was never going to get her out of here."

The little party which he had ar-

ranged for that evening was to be the occasion of the announcement to half a dozen of his most intimate men friends of his approaching renunciation of bachelordom and all its works, through the charming connivance of Miss Guinevere Gibson, whose consent to rescue him from its thralldom had been won a fortnight before, after a costly and spirited campaign.

He had first considered a dinner at his club as the proper medium for breaking the news to those most interested; but after a cautious conference with the steward, he abandoned the idea in favor of an informal gathering in his own rooms, a few drinks, a bit of a Dutch lunch, and a smoke. Marriage loomed up in perspective as a costly proposition, and Kershaw could see no sense in squandering his substance on the fellows he was about to leave behind. He figured that his guests would expect a few well-turned impromptu remarks from him when the crucial moment for the announcement arrived; and when Bertha departed, he returned to the task of polishing the gems of thought which he intended to toss off idly a few hours later.

He had worked for more than an hour with his copy of "Best Thoughts of Famous Speakers" open in front of him, when the telephone rang. It was the hall boy at the switchboard in the reception hall of the building.

"Mrs. Gibson wants to know if you're in," he announced.

Mrs. Gibson! His mother-in-law that was to be, and the only person on earth who could strike terror to his soul by a single word. He gasped his amazement into the telephone for an instant, but recovered himself with an effort.

"Certainly I'm at home," he said, as blithely as the staggering surprise of her call permitted. "Have her come right up."

He was in the corridor when Mrs. Gibson unloaded her portly figure from the elevator, welcoming her with an excellent imitation of cheeriness, while he wondered what it was all about. Mrs. Gibson stalked majestically into

the living room, and seated herself on the edge of a chair, from which she slowly surveyed the apartment and its furnishings with apparent disfavor.

"This is awfully nice of you, Mrs. Gibson," Kershaw began. "Really, I hadn't expected you to favor me by calling. But I suppose there are—ahem!—certain things that must be—er—talked over before—"

Mrs. Gibson stopped him with a cold and suspicious glance.

"Mr. Kershaw," she said, in tones that came from the basement of her ample chest, "my daughter has told me of this revel you propose to give tonight with your associates. I've heard about these stag affairs, and I want to warn you before things go too far, that, inasmuch as you are to enter my family, I will not countenance any bacchanalian rout."

Kershaw blinked rapidly, and found some trouble in disposing of his tongue, which seemed to attach itself to the roof of his mouth with stubborn persistency.

"Revel?" he repeated. "My dear Mrs. Gibson, you have an entirely erroneous impression of this little party. Why, I am astounded that you could think such a thing! This is merely to be a little gathering of my friends, whom I wish to share in my happiness. I have planned it as a surprise to all of them—they have no idea why I have invited them, and I expect the announcement of my engagement to your charming daughter will be the climax of a happy evening."

He was getting a little of his nerve back by that time, and even conjured up some indignation in the face of Mrs. Gibson's unmoved attitude. But her stony stare was still uncompromising.

"I can imagine what the climax of the happy evening will be," she said icily: "Two or three of you under the table, and the neighbors telephoning for the police. Whom are you going to have?"

"Scarcely any one that you know, I'm afraid. You see, these are all boys that I was intimate with before I met



"But, Mrs. Gibson"—he began wildly.

Guinevere," Kershaw explained; "but I am anxious for McMasters to be here. I'd like to have him hear it at first hand. He sent his regrets, but I've sent him a note by messenger, begging him to come if he possibly can."

Mrs. Gibson's expression of dour disapproval of everything deepened a trifle.

"It was Mr. McMasters introduced you to us," she observed, "and I scarcely think he is the kind of a young man that would take part in the sort of affair you contemplate giving this evening. He is a very exemplary young man, and there was a time when I had hopes—"

"Yes, I know," Kershaw interrupted dryly. "That's why I am so anxious for him to come to-night."

"Why, the very ideal!" Mrs. Gibson was beginning, when she was startled by a faint, quavering wail that proceeded unmistakably from Mr. Kershaw's bedroom.

She cocked an experienced ear in that direction, and looked at her host with new suspicion. Once more it sounded—a shrill, plaintive cry that

brought Kershaw to his feet in flustered haste.

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Gibson.

"Why—it's—it's the baby," he stammered, moving uncertainly toward the bedroom door.

She rose hastily, and he stopped.

"The baby?" Mrs. Gibson shrieked. "Good heavens! Are you a widower, Mr. Kershaw?"

"What? Me!" he stuttered. "Certainly not! The baby's being here is a mere accident. It's—it's Bertha's baby."

"Bertha!" Mrs. Gibson gasped, dropping heavily on a lounge and clasping her laboring chest, while the infant continued to report progress. "And may I ask who Bertha is?"

"That is," continued Kershaw, who was floundering hopelessly in a flood of words, "it isn't exactly Bertha's baby, either, although she left it here. It's the baby of a woman on Madison Avenue."

His prospective mother-in-law had recovered some of her wonted calmness by that time. The first shock had

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passed, and she was again resolving herself into a statue of indignation and suspicious motherhood.

"I have asked you, Mr. Kershaw," she observed stonily, "who Bertha is. I am waiting for an answer. I would also like to know something about the woman on Madison Avenue, and if you wouldn't mind telling me how this—this baby comes to be in your rooms, I'd be obliged to you. You don't mind my asking, I'm sure," she added, with a frappé smile of sarcasm.

Mr. Kershaw discovered, to his amazement, that he was perspiring freely. He took a step toward the door of the bedroom, as though to investigate the cause of the riot within, changed his mind, and took another tack toward Mrs. Gibson, who, with compressed lips and foot beating a nervous tattoo on the floor, was glaring at him.

"Why—why—there's nothing much to tell about it," he said. "Only Bertha—she's the girl that cleans up around here, you know—happened to bring this baby along with her to-day for—for safe-keeping, or something—"

"Afraid of kidnapers, I presume?" suggested Mrs. Gibson.

"No, it wasn't that," he stumbled on, "but, you see, its mother went to the matinée to-day, so Bertha brought it here—"

"And why here?" she persisted relentlessly.

Kershaw ran both hands through his hair. The baby sounded a long, wailing note, as though it was expiring of sheer neglect. Mrs. Gibson continued to wear out the rug with her tapping foot.

"She was coming here, anyhow," Kershaw almost shouted, "don't you understand? She works for this Madison Avenue woman, and she had work to do here, and didn't expect me to be at home. I came home early to prepare for this little party, and Bertha had brought the baby with her, thinking nobody would find it out. It's all plain enough, Mrs. Gibson," he added plaintively.

That irate lady refused to suspend the third degree thus readily.

"And where is Bertha, as you call her, now?" she pursued.

"Oh, that's what I was going to tell you," he explained, brightening visibly. "I wanted to hurry a note off to McMasters, and I tried half an hour to raise a messenger boy, but couldn't; so I decided to send Bertha. She's gone to his house in a taxi. By Jove!" he added, suddenly glancing at his watch. "She ought to have been back hours ago! Where on earth is she, I wonder?"

Mrs. Gibson smiled sardonically.

"You know where this—this Bertha lives, I presume?" she asked, ejecting the name of that faithful slavey as though it were something that burned her mouth.

Kershaw stared in amazement.

"I haven't the least idea," he said. "She—why, she sort of goes with the rooms, you know. She's always been coming to clean up."

"And your Madison Avenue friend—the mother of this infant?" went on Mrs. Gibson. "You have her address, of course?"

"She's *not* my friend!" roared Kershaw hotly. "I never heard of the woman until to-day. And so far as that infant is concerned, I've never even seen it. I didn't know it was here until Bertha was going out the door with my message, and I haven't looked into that bedroom since."

Mrs. Gibson rose as majestically as a lady carrying her generous embonpoint could rise, and moved toward the door of the apartment. He hastened to open it for her, but she stopped him with her raised and repellent hand.

"Mr. Kershaw, I shall acquaint my daughter with the facts of this very remarkable story," she announced, in measured and frost-bitten syllables, "and until you hear from me I must request that you hold no communication with her whatever."

"But, Mrs. Gibson—" he began wildly.

The upraised hand, palm outward, checked him again as he took an impulsive step toward her. Had it held a scepter, Mrs. Gibson would undoubt-

edly have looked like an empress—a fat empress, to be sure, but still an empress.

"One thing more, Mr. Kershaw," she proceeded: "In view of this extraordinary occurrence, I shall have to ask that you make no announcement to your friends to-night of any engagement to my daughter. It *might* prove embarrassing to you in the future," she added, as she swept toward the door.

Kershaw, wakened from his spell by the imminence of his peril, tried to intercept her awesome figure, but was at some loss just how to proceed.

"Mrs. Gibson!" he exclaimed frantically, as she moved on like an ocean liner passing a tug. "One moment—please—listen—"

Her hand was on the knob before he began. The door opened. It closed behind her, and she was gone.

Kershaw sank into a chair with the wail of the baby ringing in his ears, and stared at the closed door as though she had passed directly through it.

"Well, what do you know about this?" he asked himself, aloud; and then he went in to look at the baby.

It was lying in the center of the bed, indulging to its fullest powers in the only two forms of exercise permitted to a baby—crying and kicking. Its little red face was convulsed with something—Kershaw had no idea whether it was rage, or pain, or approaching convulsions—and was bathed in tears, while its tiny mouth opened at regular intervals to emit a shriek wholly out of proportion in its volume to the size of the crimsoned shrieker, and its legs and arms beat time to the staccato solo.

What Kershaw didn't know about children comprised practically the sum of human knowledge in child study; but after gazing despairingly at the animated bundle of noise for a few minutes, and wondering how far the law would hold him responsible if it choked to death, he had a great thought.

"I'll bet it's hungry," he muttered grimly. "They always yell when they're hungry. I wonder where the dickens Bertha left that bottle she said she brought."

Gingerly approaching the squalling infant, as though he was afraid it would bite, he peered among the tangled draperies in which Bertha had enshrouded it. No bottle was visible, and as the clamor of the little hostage suddenly increased, Kershaw had the disquieting thought that his bachelor neighbors, the elevator boy, and the janitor would all be deeply interested in the proceedings if the noise floated out into the halls; and he pawed frantically among the baby's clothes for the bottle.

It continued to be missing, until, in his growing despair, he picked up the baby, wildly hoping that he could quiet it in some miraculous manner. The roar of indignation and amazement with which the infant resented this liberty caused him to drop it again precipitately, but not before he had discovered the precious bottle, which had been hidden beneath the little visitor. Hastily seizing it, while he propped the baby against the pillows, he applied it to the uses for which it was intended, and the lugubrious wail died out into a low murmur of satisfaction.

Kershaw watched the unwanted spectacle with a wrinkled brow for a few minutes, and then wandered back into the living room like an uneasy spirit. Where on earth was Bertha? And what was he to do with the baby if she did not return before the fellows began to arrive for his little celebration? He glanced at his watch—nearly six o'clock. And then he recalled that the mother of the troublesome infant had gone to the matinée. Probably she was at that moment raging frantically through her Madison Avenue home and telephoning to the police to search for her kidnaped child.

But the troubles of the moment were as nothing when he thought of Guinevere and the story her indignant mother was recounting to her. The whole world seemed to have turned upside down within an hour. He smote his forehead in a frantic effort to straighten out his whirling thoughts—and then the baby cried again, and he dashed into the bedroom like a well-trained father.



"Here!" he exclaimed. "Take the baby to her—it isn't mine—I don't want it."

The bottle had slipped from the famished infant, and even to Kershaw's untrained eye it was evident that personal attention was necessary to make the dinner a complete success.

Carefully picking up the squalling baby and the bottle, he carried them into the other room, seated himself in a big chair, with as near an imitation of the domestic pose as he could remember, and adjusted the bottle to where it would do the most good. The concert instantly ceased, and the unhappy bachelor was left to his tempestuous thoughts for a while.

The next two hours were the busiest Kershaw ever experienced. When he thought the infant was asleep and attempted to steal back to the bedroom with it, a lusty yell of defiance made him change his program, and he hastily plied the milk bottle, the only panacea he knew for infantile noise, until he saw with consternation that it was nearly empty. He filled it with nice cold milk from the ice box, but this atten-

tion brought a vigorous protest from his unwelcome guest, and symptoms of colic rapidly followed, until he fell back upon the world-old recipe of walking the floor with the howling baby.

About eight o'clock the first two of his guests arrived. He met them at the door, with his finger to his lips to check their noisy greetings.

"S-s-s-h-h!" he whispered. "Don't make a row, boys. You'll wake the baby, and I've been a solid hour putting it to sleep."

Simmons and Matlock gaped at him. "The baby?" Simmons managed to stammer. And then Kershaw drew them cautiously into the living room and unfolded his tale of woe.

"And now the question is," he concluded: "What the dickens am I to do about it?"

"Do?" repeated Simmons. "There's only one thing to do, old man: Deny everything."

Kershaw turned from him in silent disgust, and appealed to Matlock.

"Why don't you telephone for a policeman," he suggested, "and turn the kid over? Probably its mother has sent out an alarm for it long ago."

"What? And get this whole business into the newspapers?" yelled Kershaw. "Not on your life! It's bad enough now, without having it the talk of the town. What I want to do is find out what became of that confounded girl!"

McMasters arrived at that moment, and Kershaw fell upon him.

"Did you get my note?" he demanded. "What became of the girl that brought it? For Heaven's sake, don't stand there as though you never saw any one of us before!"

"What's the matter with you?" retorted McMasters. "I don't know anything about your girl. I found the note when I got home—I don't know who brought it. What's all the row?"

As though to furnish a speedy answer to the query, the baby suddenly interrupted from the bedroom with a wail of anguish. Kershaw dashed to the rescue, and the other two explained things to the newcomer. He added his grin to the other two when Kershaw returned, hot and disheveled, carrying the complaining infant.

"Kershaw, you look the part to perfection," he observed. "You ought to get married. You've got a nice little start on a family already."

"Don't try to be funny!" growled the wild-eyed host. "This thing is getting serious. Why—why—it promises to wreck my whole life."

"Oh, not as bad as that!" interjected Matlock. "The mother of this kid is sure to turn up in an hour or so. We'll telephone around and get track of her right—"

"See here!" interrupted Kershaw fiercely: "I invited you fellows here to-night to spring a little surprise on you. I was going to announce my engagement to Guinevere Gibson."

Matlock whistled softly. McMasters raised his eyebrows, and his grin faded.

"Good boy!" yelled Simmons. "Congratulations! By George, you deserve her!"

"Wait a minute," continued Kershaw, shifting the whining baby to his other arm and trying to shake it gently into silence. "About an hour after that fool of a girl left with my letter to you, Mc, Mrs. Gibson dropped in unexpectedly. This blamed kid began to yell its head off—she discovered it was here, and made an awful row—wouldn't listen to any explanations, and practically threatened to break off the engagement. That's what this thing means to me."

"Tough luck, old boy," murmured McMasters sympathetically; "but, of course, you can see the old lady's side of it?"

"See nothing!" snorted Kershaw, and then the telephone bell rang.

Kershaw tossed the baby into Simmons' surprised grasp, and dashed to the telephone.

"Maybe this is her!" he yelled, taking down the receiver with a motion as vigorous as his grammar. He listened a moment, and reeled back from the instrument.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Mrs. Gibson and Guinevere are downstairs!"

Then he barked at the hall boy:

"Send 'em up? Certainly!"

He rushed at Simmons and grabbed the cause of all his troubles.

"Let me get that confounded brat out of sight, anyhow," he moaned. "I don't want her to see *that* the first thing."

And he hurried into the bedroom with it, gave a hasty dab at his tangled hair, and prepared for the worst.

Mrs. Gibson and her daughter were ushered in, the former still coldly statuesque, Guinevere trembling with emotion and suspense. Matlock, Simmons, and McMasters lined up and bowed gravely to the ladies—a formality which Mrs. Gibson curtly acknowledged.

"Mr. Kershaw," she said, "I had hoped to see you alone with my daughter. That now seems to be impossible. Have you told these gentlemen anything of the remarkable occurrence of this afternoon?"

"They know everything!" exclaimed Kershaw. "I've told them the story."

"And that—that infant?" she pursued. "Is it still on your premises?"

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"What could I do with it?" demanded Kershaw. "I haven't the least idea where its mother lives, and Bertha hasn't returned. Of course it's here."

"Oh, Robert!" Guinevere interposed. "How could you do anything so foolish?"

"That will do, Guinevere," said Mrs. Gibson loftily. "I will do the talking. Now then, Mr. Kershaw, will you be good enough to explain——"

She was interrupted by the jingle of the doorbell. Kershaw opened it, and a policeman stepped in unceremoniously.

"Mr. Kershaw?" he questioned.

"That's my name," admitted that worried person.

"Well, your wife is in th' Mercy Hospital, and she wants t' see you and th' baby," said the policeman blandly.

"My wife?" echoed Kershaw sternly, while Guinevere burst into tears and Mrs. Gibson looked around sardonically on the startled group. "What are you talking about? I haven't got any wife."

The policeman eyed him unmoved.

"Well, that's your lookout," he observed. "Th' hospital people said it was your wife. She was run down by an automobil' this afternoon, and as soon as she come to, she began yellin' about th' baby, and all they could get of her was your name; so they looked you up in th' directory, and sent me to tell you. You'd better come along," he added significantly.

A radiant smile gave place to the look of stern indignation on Kershaw's face.

"It's Bertha!" he exclaimed, turning to the wide-eyed group behind him. "She's been hurt and taken to the hospital. That's why she didn't come back. And, of course, her first thought was for the baby when she began to revive, and she tried to tell them it was here. This straightens things out beautifully."

"Of course!" exclaimed Matlock. "The thing to do now is to send the baby to her—she'll remember where it belongs after a while."

Guinevere's tears had ceased to flow, and a slow smile was creeping back to her face. Mrs. Gibson's statuesque pose

relaxed ever so little, and the policeman stared in puzzled surprise.

Kershaw suddenly dived into the bedroom, and returned with the baby, which he thrust at the astonished officer.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "Take the baby to her—it isn't mine—I don't want it—I never want to see it again. She's a nurse girl—she left it here accidentally—take it back to her—I'll be responsible for everything."

The policeman took the sleeping infant protestingly, and Guinevere crowded up to look at it.

"Isn't it a dear little thing?" she exclaimed.

"No—it's a fright!" exclaimed Kershaw. "It's the homeliest, noisiest, hungriest brat I ever was in the same ward with. Take it away, officer. And here"—he thrust his hand in his pocket for a bill—"take this to pay its car fare."

The policeman backed out with the baby, and Kershaw closed the door upon him with a sigh of relief. His face was wreathed in smiles when he returned to the chattering group. He could see Mrs. Gibson slowly thawing out under the banter of McMasters and Matlock, while Guinevere was waiting for him, with a happy light in her eyes.

Suddenly he was seized by a bold idea.

"Gentlemen, our little party that was threatened with infantile paralysis seems to have entirely recovered," he said, "and I'm going to ask the ladies to do us the honor of remaining. Mrs. Gibson, will you be the chaperon of this wild orgy?"

Mrs. Gibson glanced at her daughter, and the pleading look on Guinevere's face completely melted her. She decided she had caused the young people enough distress that evening, and this was her opportunity to undo it.

"Well," she said hesitatingly, "while I don't approve of this sort of thing usually, still I think this once——"

"Good!" Kershaw interrupted delightedly. "It's almost a family gathering, you know. And now, if you'll excuse me a minute, I'll go and see what's on the ice."



What the Editor Has to Say

IN the next issue of SMITH's there are ten short stories, each one of which is worth remembering the magazine for. "Veal for a Prodigal," by Holman F. Day, is another of the stories about Cap'n Sproul, of Scotaze, and one of the best. We know of no other magazine in which one can find a series of humorous stories comparing in flavor and fun with these New England tales of Mr. Day's. The best thing about the series is that it seems to get better and better as time goes on. Instead of getting written out, the author seems with each month to have discovered a new wellspring of bubbling humor. The cap'n meets new and more enterprising friends with each new story, and he and his old friend Hiram Look both grow richer and mellower with age.

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BOUT as unlike "Veal for a Prodigal" as anything we could imagine, but equally good in its own way, is the complete novel, "Lansing's Daughter," by Virginia Middleton. This is a solid, serious story, interesting all the way, and with real men and women in it. It is the story of years of self-sacrifice on the part of a woman, of the growth and broadening effect upon the woman herself, of its final reward. It is also to some extent a story of heredity. We think it's really worth

while to read a story of this sort. It's so true, so real. It is made not out of fancies, but out of the actual facts of life. It makes the reader think a little and feel as well. It shows that sometimes the easiest way is not the best way, and that a life with some definite altruistic purpose is, after all, the happiest and most successful one.

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NOTHER series of short stories, each better than the one before, is Edwin L. Sabin's succession of tales of college life at a small coeducational institution in the West. The boys and girls are real and human, you will recognize young people you know in some of them, and the humor is genuine and spontaneous. "Thanks to Miss Shepardson," which appears in the next issue, is one of the best of them. The other short stories in the number are up to the same standard of excellence. There's one thrilling and dramatic tale of a woman spy in the Civil War, by Elmore Elliott Peake, there's a charming love story by Alma Martin Estabrook, and a touching story about a lonely old lady and a youngster, called "Wanted—a Grandmother," by Ruth Wilson Herrick. Altogether it's a wonderful collection of short stories, and besides that there are the dramatic and beauty departments.

Beauty Hints for Men

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

THE apparently indifferent male is, in reality, as eager to preserve his good looks as his seemingly frivolous sister, only he is not so frank in admitting it. He regards any outward display of interest in such matters as a mark of weakness, an evidence of vanity, of femininity, and, therefore, to be avoided; despite this, men are more persistent and consistent seekers of beauty than women. Real beauty parlors for men have always existed. Have we anything to compare with the marvelous "baths" of the ancient Romans, where the senator, the philosopher, the exquisite dandy, daily discoursed in the midst of his particular clique on matters of special interest to him, while luxuriating in a thousand and one subtle aids and means, in the hands of experienced beauty culturists, to enhance and preserve their splendid manhood?

No, we have nothing to compare with this to-day; but in our more strenuous age we have the trainers in physical culture, the Turkish and the Russian baths, the tonsorial artists, who, to meet a great demand, have developed into a veritable "beauty doctor" for men; and lastly the rest cures, where, under the guidance of a skilled physical culturist, by means of outdoor life, a simple diet, regular hours, et cetera, et cetera, men may recuperate their vital forces, regain their figures, their hold upon themselves, and cheat Father Time out of a score of finger prints.

What are these finger prints of time that men most dread? First of all, the bald spot, perhaps. An Englishman who recently visited this country observed with amazement the almost universal custom prevailing here of "wearing" the face smoothly shaven, and remarked that the "law of compensation"

is also at fault, as most of our men show partial or extreme baldness by the time they reach the age of forty.

Assuredly the modern American cannot boast of his hirsute adornment, for it must be conceded that an abundant growth of hair upon the head is an adornment, and that a carefully trained beard and mustache are aids to manly beauty, to say nothing of the defects and anatomical abnormalities which they cover. But Americans are the most strenuous people in the world; they are also the most nervous. Now, since the nervous system and the hair have a common origin—both being evolved from the outer skin covering—it can readily be seen how the American temperament must necessarily react upon the hair and materially affect its vitality.

Secondary to this is the frequent cutting to which men subject their hair. Horticulturists teach that a tree or a shrub which is trimmed too short, or too often, loses its power to grow; it becomes dwarfed, or it dies. And as the hair, roots, and scalp closely resemble a plant and its soil, this explanation seems plausible.

No one doubts that dandruff is one of the chief causes of falling hair and baldness. Now, what gives rise to dandruff? One of the chief causes advanced by skin specialists is the practice among men of keeping the hair damp. Some say of shampooing it too frequently. This is *not* what skin specialists mean. Daily shampooing will do no harm if the hair is thoroughly dried afterward.

Most men, however, fail to do this, and not only depend upon the moisture from the shampoo to brush the hair in position afterward, but have recourse to water as often as they use the brush, if

it is a dozen times a day. This has the effect of depriving the scalp of its natural secretions; the oil which should nourish the hair follicles is regularly washed away, the scalp becomes dry and flaky, and the outermost layer of the skin, being in a constant state of impoverishment, is constantly shedding. The hair also grows thin from lack of proper nourishment; it becomes devitalized and falls out, and gradually baldness comes on apace—a premature sign of old age.

Skin specialists also claim that a tight scalp is injurious to the growth and development of the hair. By a tight scalp is meant one that fails to move freely under the fingers over the bones of the cranium. The hair is not supplied with blood vessels or nerves; the scalp contains them; if it is tight, the circulation is impeded, the blood and nerve supply is cut off, the oil glands gradually shrink from compression; when no nourishment and no impulses of any kind reach the hair, it becomes altered in character, fades, dries out, the hair follicles disappear, and incurable baldness results.

Stiff hats have, to a lesser degree, the same influence as that exercised by a tight scalp.

Now, how can these conditions be remedied?

The proper grooming of the head is of first importance. Brushes must be selected with care—it is never necessary to use a comb on a man's hair—and kept scrupulously clean. Dividing

the hair into many parts and brushing it vigorously for five or ten minutes morning and night will rid the scalp of the day's accumulation of dust and grime; it removes flakes of dandruff, loose hairs, while it stimulates the oil glands and promotes the natural gloss of the hair, which is one of its chief attractions.

Next to the daily grooming comes the shampoo, the frequency of which depends upon the condition of the scalp. If the oil glands are overactive, and the dandruff, instead of being dry and flaky, is heavy, oily, and yellow, a daily shampoo is indicated; for this purpose nothing is superior to tincture of green soap. Moisten the hair first with a little soft water, rub the tincture well into the scalp with the finger tips, wash it off repeatedly with a sprinkler, and dry the hair absolutely with warm towels or a sun bath.

The following liquid shampoo is also a disinfectant, in that it contains

tar:

FOR SHAMPOO LIQUID.

Green soap.....	1 ounce
Potassium carbonate.....	2½ drams
Oil of tar.....	30 drops
Alcohol.....	2½ ounces
Water, enough to make.....	5½ ounces

Mix all and dissolve, let stand a few days, and filter. It is not necessary to moisten the hair first when using the liquid shampoo.

It is generally asserted that too frequent shampooing dries out the scalp. Now, a noted skin specialist claims that it stimulates the oil glands, and that



Bring the scalp forcibly together in a series of ripples.



Stimulate the circulation at the base of the brain.

some even complain of overactivity of the glands in consequence of daily shampooing. However, if the scalp appears unnaturally dry, apply a bland oil—either coconut, almond, or olive oil—to the roots of the hair; vaseline is also good for this purpose; use only a few drops at a time, and rub it well into the scalp; or the following ointment for dry hair and scalp can also be used advantageously:

Wool fat, hydrous..... 2 ounces
White petrodatum..... 2 ounces
Oil of lavender flowers..... 10 drops

Apply this to the scalp with the tips of the fingers about twice a week.

Here is a celebrated lotion for dandruff and falling hair:

Quinine sulphate.....	20 grains
Bay rum.....	4 drams
Cologne water.....	2 drams
Glycerin	2 drams
Tincture cantharides.....	2 drams
Tincture of capsicum.....	2 drams
Water enough to make.....	16 ounces

Mix, dissolve, and filter; apply to the scalp morning and night.

Progressive baldness is most difficult to arrest. A beauty parlor for men recently established in one of the world's famous centers is always crowded. Either baldness is extremely prevalent, or their treatment is wonderfully successful. The foundation of their method is *massage of the scalp*. This is the remedy par excellence to keep, first, a healthy scalp in good condition; second, to awaken, as it were, a sluggish one; and third, to stimulate to healthy action, and possibly cure, a diseased one.

In applying the massage to the head, one begins at the nape of the neck, and, by pressing the thumbs well into the structures at the base of the skull, working carefully around the neck to the ears, and then from the collar bone upward to behind the ears, the circulation throughout the great vessels and sinuses in these situations is aroused, and the real work begins. The scalp is pressed, and pushed, and kneaded in circular sweeps of the finger tips all over the head, the prime object being to move and stimulate it.

More forceful treatment consists in the "ripple" movement. The hands are placed on either side of the head and the scalp forcibly brought together in a series of ripples. Tonics are applied by means of a fountain comb, or sprinkler bottle. And finally, in case of complete baldness, the blistering process is used; this is *not* indorsed by reputable physicians; but men are as eager to renew the growth of hair on their bald heads as women are to have their complexions restored; so they resort to any means that holds out a hope to them.

The old-fashioned pomatum has returned to use among well-groomed men. It has much to recommend it besides imparting to the hair a smart air. A noted dermatologist expressed the opinion that it prevents the hair from becoming dry and falling out, and that it may even prevent baldness.

Here is a formula for a stimulating pomatum:

Lard	4 drams
Almond oil.....	30 drops
Marrow	2 ounces

Balsam of Peru.....	5 grains
Powdered Cinchona.....	5 grains
Oil of cloves.....	5 drops
Otto of rose.....	2½ drops

Only enough pomade is applied to give the hair a rich luster and prevent it from looking fuzzy, which is no longer considered "smart." As a rule, it is worn straight back, and "plastered" down close to the head. Some men prefer hair oil to pomade.

HAIR OIL.

Coconut oil.....	1 ounce
Castor oil.....	6 drams
Alcohol	1¾ ounces
Oil of lavender flowers.....	15 drops
Oil of bergamot.....	10 drops
Oil of rose geranium.....	5 drops

A man cannot be too fastidious in the matter of his shaving articles. Under no circumstances should he use any but his own materials and paraphernalia.

It seems almost needless to make this statement, yet when in great haste, and miles away from the "parlor" habitually patronized, one is apt to forget these precautions and run in for a "quick shave and hair cut." In this way, barber's itch and other contagions are spread.

Here is a superior shaving soap for the man of careful habits:

Best soft soap.....	1 ounce
Cold cream.....	½ ounce
Good white soap.....	4 ounces
Oil of citronella.....	10 drops
Essence of lemon.....	10 drops

After the shave, mop the face with toilet water and dust lightly with rice powder.

While the beard has not returned to favor, the small, closely cropped mustache is very much in vogue, and is especially smart looking with short, waxed ends that are trained out evenly on a line with the mouth.

The same daily care that is given to the face and teeth must also include the mustache, which otherwise will soon assume a straggly, unkempt appearance. Hairs of uneven length and color should be removed with forceps, the mustache clipped and trimmed regularly, and pomade applied as often as is needed. The Hungarian formulas are the most

popular; they can be had in wide-mouthed bottles or collapsible tubes. Sticks of cosmetique are also procurable; they are usually highly scented and impart a delightful fragrance to the mustache.

Except during adolescence, men, as a rule, have fresher complexions than women. One reason for this is their necessity for shaving, by means of which the complexion is forced to receive cleansing treatment that few women give to their face; also, men spend more time out of doors, and usually have stronger digestions. However, men are troubled with skin eruptions to a greater extent than women, due, perhaps, to their habits of eating and drinking; these must be corrected, and such internal measures applied as will thoroughly cleanse the intestinal tract and purify the blood.

Blackheads and pimples are a disease of the sebaceous glands; the eruption usually appears on the face, but it may occur on the back, shoulders, and chest. The local treatment consists in the fre-



Mop the face with astringent lotion after shaving.

quent use of very hot water and a bland soap; or, in severe forms, of an anti-septic soap—sulphur, recorcin, et cetera, et cetera. An astringent lotion applied after the blackhead or pimple has been removed will restore tone to the skin and so prevent enlargement of the pores. The following cosmetic liniment is prescribed in such conditions by a famous Viennese dermatologist:

COSMETIC LINIMENT.

Precipitated sulphur.....	2 ounces
Potassium carbonate.....	2 ounces
Glycerin	1½ ounces
Ether	2½ ounces
Diluted alcohol.....	2 ounces

Mix and apply on absorbent cotton.

Here also is given a celebrated cosmetic water, used largely on the Continent by men of fashion for blotted skin:

Sublimed sulphur.....	45 grains
Glycerin	1 ounce
Spirit of camphor.....	3 drams
Spirit of lavender.....	3 drams
Cologne water.....	1 ounce
Distilled water.....	12 ounces

An antiseptic powder is sometimes all that is called for to allay a mild skin eruption, due to a passing error in digestion and the like. These may become chronic, however, when a nicely antiseptic lotion may be more suitable. The use of a good powder after the bath is sometimes preventive, besides its beautifying and beneficial effects.

A physician was recently asked the secret of his beautiful skin; he replied that he had been a victim of bath puritis—general itching after bathing—and had sought to allay this condition by adding bicarbonate of soda to his bath water, whereupon his skin began to improve in every respect, until it is now as fresh and pink as a baby's. This is a valuable beauty hint to those who care to profit by it.

Bicarbonate of soda is also a valuable agent as a beautifier and cleanser of the teeth. Tooth troubles are almost en-

tirely due to acid secretions in the mouth, which the soda counteracts and restores the normal alkalinity of the saliva and the blood. It should be used mixed with tooth powder—or, better still, perfectly plain. At first it is distasteful, but one soon grows accustomed to the taste and is usually repaid in glistening teeth, sweet breath, and fewer visits to the dentist.

The odor of tobacco upon the breath and on the mustache is exceedingly objectionable to refined women, and is a matter that no man who wishes to please, or appear at his best, overlooks. A mouth wash that has the advantage of removing this odor contains:

Benzoic acid.....	1 dram
Tincture of eucalyptus.....	5 drams
Absolute alcohol.....	4 ounces
Oil of peppermint.....	10 drops

Mix, dilute to any strength required, with as much water as is necessary, and use as a gargle and mouth wash.

Many men have occasion to use breath perfumes, and a great many like to have their own formula and have the cachou made up in any quantity and manner they please. The following is a delightful preparation in great favor among men who are careful about every little personal matter of this kind:

CACHOU FOR SWEETENING THE BREATH.

Oil of peppermint.....	25 drops
Oil of lemon.....	15 drops
Oil of neroli.....	15 drops
Oil of cinnamon.....	15 drops
Clove	½ dram
Cardomon	1 dram
Vanilla	1½ drams
Orris root.....	2 drams
Mace	5 drams
Sugar	4 drams
Powdered licorice extract.....	1 ounce
Mucilage of gum arabic.....	sufficient

The drugs are reduced to a powder, the remaining ingredients added, and the whole made into a mass and divided into pills of one grain each, or rolled out flat and cut into small squares.

Dr. Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.





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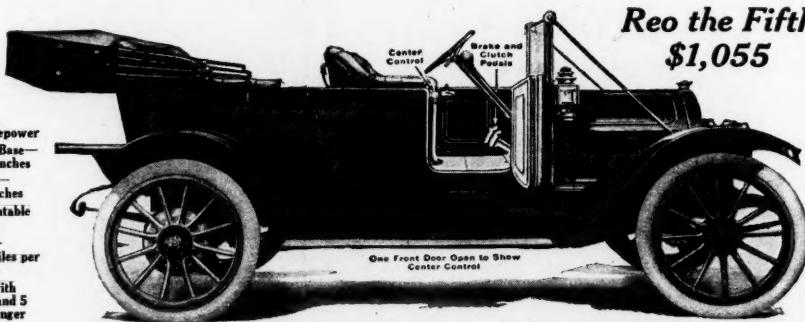
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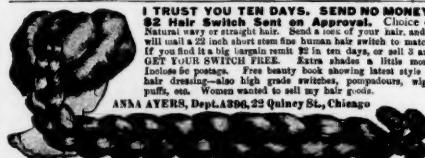
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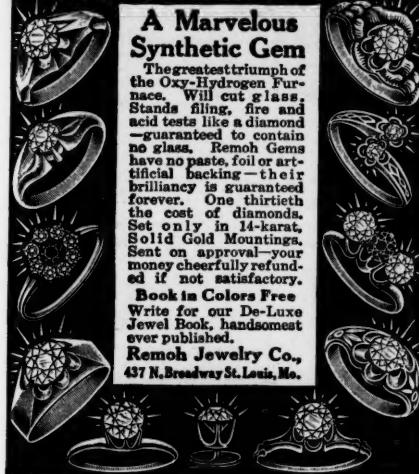
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Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days. Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff and Itching Scalp, Restores Gray and Faded Hair to Natural Color and Brilliance

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Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot."

Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a hand full of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning, scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 390 C Street, Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year now. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as a true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says: "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long, friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans of Chicago writes: "Since using Crystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Macklain of St. Louis reports: "One treatment made my hair two inches longer."

Mr. Morse of Boston declares: "I lost my hair eighteen years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mr. Mourey of Cleveland declares: "Crystolis is the only thing which actually grows hair."

Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia writes after only three weeks' use: "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Lewis Nuff says: "New hair began to grow in ten days after beginning the treatment."

Mrs. Jackson of New York writes: "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mr. Arnott of Cleveland reports: "Itching scalp stopped the second day, dandruff gone, no more falling hair."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove it without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it today.

This invitation is open to bald headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair, stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't lay this paper aside until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 390 C Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly.

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Hoarding Up Happiness

By FRANKLIN O. KING

The Miser Hoards for Greed of Gain—The Wise Man Saves 'gainst Days of Rain. The World hates a Miser, but loves a Provider. By Canceling a few Habits, You will be able to Divide more Comforts with Your Family, and Happiness will Multiply for All of You. Happiness after all is a mere question of Arithmetic. "To Him that Hath shall be Given, and from Him that Hath Not shall be Taken Away even that which he Hath." The Man who Lays by Something each day for his Loved Ones is *Hoarding up Happiness*, because He is providing for them an Independent Future. "You may sin at Times, but the Worst of All Crimes is to Find Yourself Short of a Dollar or Two."

How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year before That? How Much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever and Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, on the

Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

If every Man who reads this Article would Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble to INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glances through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You Couldn't Keep Her away from There with a Shot-Gun, because the Woman is Primarily a Home-Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than

\$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

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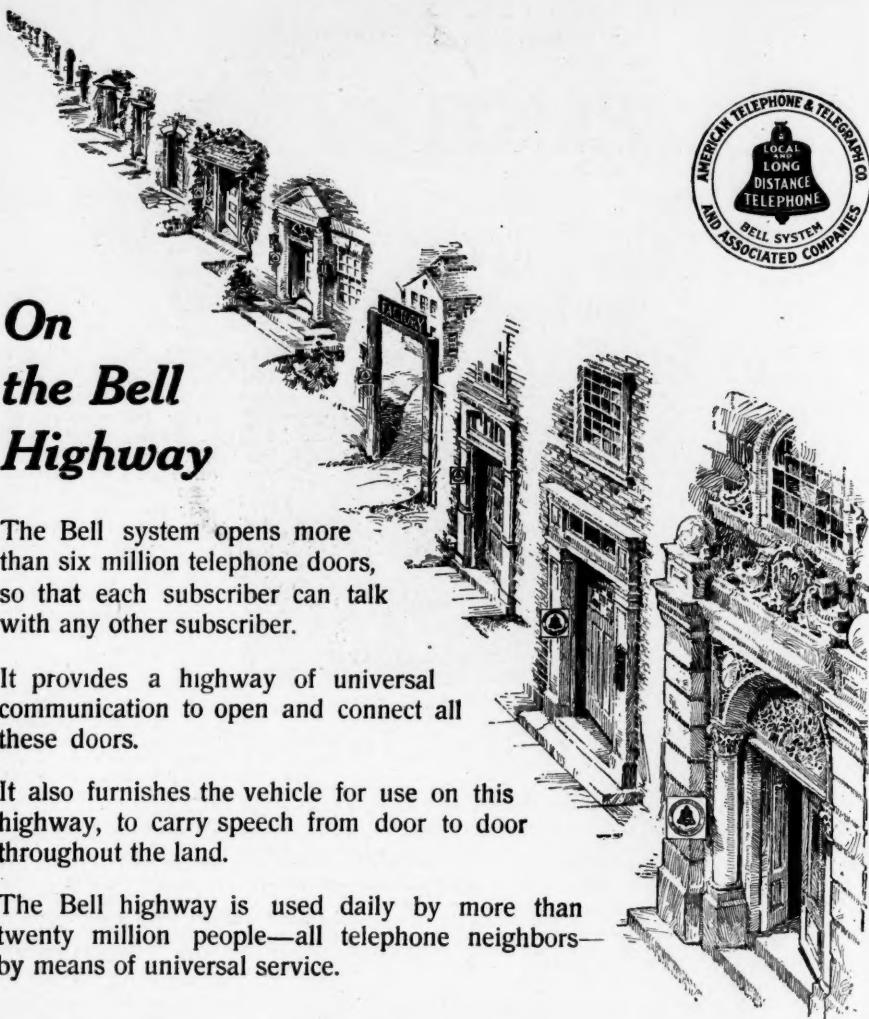
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